



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07607323 2

332
The
Gordon Lester Ford
Collection
Presented by his Sons
Worthington Chauncy Ford
and
Paul Leicester Ford
to the
New York Public Library.







CARLETON,

A TALE OF

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX.

——— Hear me more plainly.—

I have in equal balance justly weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.

SHAKESPEARE. *Henry IV.*

John W. Ellis

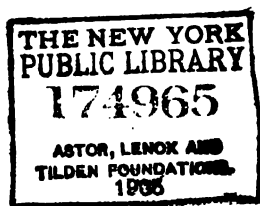
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

LEA & BLANCHARD.

.....
1841.



Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1841,
By LEA & BLANCHARD,
In the office of the clerk of the District Court of the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.

MR. COOPER'S NEW ROMANCE.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF COLUMBUS,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Pathfinder," "Pioneers," &c.

In two volumes, 12mo.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

"By a clever artistical management this accomplished novelist has presented to us a vivid description of the Court of Castile and Aragon at the moment when Christopher Colon succeeded in awakening the old world to the wonders of the new. The trials, the fervent love, and the deep devotion of one of the loveliest and proudest daughters of Spain are entwined with the fortune and the triumph of the bold Genoese. The heroine, Donna Mercedes de Valverde, an orphan child of the noble family of Guzman, is under the guardianship of Beatriz de Bobadilla, the cherished *confidante* of Isabella of Castile. The charms of Mercedes have made their deepest impression upon the roving and sea-roaming nephew of her guardian, Luis de Bobadilla.—His wild and wayward course of life, his frequent unexplained absences, and his carelessness, have lost for him much of the fair fame attaching to his noble race. The news of Colon's daring proposal to seek the Indies by a western passage, to realise the predictions of Marco Polo, have been discussed at Court, and have filled the enthusiastic mind of Mercedes with delight. She persuades her gallant lover to raise for himself a reputation yet more noble than his descent could preserve for him, to cover with renown his seafaring delights, and thus to render himself worthy of her devoted attachment; the guardian avails herself of her close friendship with the Queen to induce her royal mistress to consent to the expedition that has handed down with the highest lustre the fame of the Castilian Queen. Both succeed. The little fleet sails from the obscure outpost. Luis is in the admiral's ship. Henceforth their fortunes are united. Such is the framework of romance in which the tale is set. This work will increase Mr. Cooper's celebrity. From the first page to the last the interest never flags; and though the story of the voyage has been often told; it has never been so minutely described, nor has it received that spirit-stirring vivacity which we meet with in these volumes.—*Chronicle.*

N O W R E A D Y .

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

AND OTHER TALES, BY BOZ.

In one vol. 8vo. with nearly one hundred illustrations.

Done up to match the illustrated editions of *Pickwick*,
Oliver Twist, &c. &c.

THE NEW WORK BY DICKENS.

"B A B B A G E T H E R O S E"

Is now publishing in numbers with numerous illustrations
to match the Old Curiosity Shop.

N E A R L Y R E A D Y .

THE HISTORY OF A FLIRT;

A Novel in 2 vols. 12mo.

THE NINTH BRIDGEWATER TREATISE;
by Babbage, in one volume, to match the other
works.

THE ROSE, "THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS,"
illustrated with colored plates in one small vo-
lume, done up with gilt edges.

FAMILY SECRETS; by Mrs. Ellis, with Illus-
trations.

GUY FAWKES; by Ainsworth, with Illus-
trations.

OLD ST. PAUL'S; by Ainsworth.

ALDA THE BRITISH CAPTIVE; by Mrs.
Strickland.

**AGNES STRICKLAND'S LIVES OF THE
QUEENS OF ENGLAND,** from the Norman
Conquest; from the second and revised London
edition.

CARLETON;

A TALE OF

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX.

CHAPTER I.

WE left Carleton on the road to Harlem. The morning was cool and cheerless; the sky was covered with an expanse of heavy leaden clouds; and the wind, which was from a stormy quarter, the northeast, blew freshly over the fields, giving a dreary and unpleasant aspect to the landscape. The dust of the avenue rose in clouds, and the air was occasionally filled with the leaves swept from the gigantic oaks and other trees that composed the neighboring woods. The dark blue Sound rolled its foamy waves against the solitary shores, and mingled its roar with that of the winds, as they rushed with irresistible force through the immense masses of leaves and boughs. It was one of those days that seem to infuse their gloom into the mind, obscuring as it were, every cheerful ray, and deadening the happier impulses which, under a clear sky and brilliant sun, spring up spontaneously in the heart, like plants from a genial soil.

Carleton was not insensible to the sombre influence.
VOL. II.—2

ence of the weather. He rode along indulging in sad and melancholy thoughts, and in vague and dismal anticipations of the future. The certainty of possessing the love of Alice Stafford, was not sufficient to preserve his mind from forebodings of an unpleasant cast; for he knew that difficulties existed, which promised to oppose an impassable barrier to their union. This was one, and perhaps, the principal cause of his sadness; yet there were others that exerted their unkindly influence, rendering him that morning unusually dejected and unhappy. The reflection that he was passing his time in unprofitable inactivity, while his country was bleeding at every pore, preyed unceasingly upon his heart; and still more uncomfortable was the thought, that his dearest friend was, perhaps, at that moment on the ground of an enemy, who, if he were detected, would consign him without delay to an ignominious death.

He had not proceeded more than three quarters of a mile, when he was overtaken by a person shabbily dressed but well mounted. The stranger on reaching his side, drew up and touched his hat, and Henry recognised a countenance which he had seen before, but when or where, he could not immediately decide. He returned the salute coldly, preferring to ride alone, and did not, therefore, encourage the manifest inclination of the horseman, to commence a conversation. They rode but a short distance in silence, which was at length broken by the stranger's throwing out a common place observation concerning the weather, to which Henry made a civil but very brief reply. Again they rode on, without speaking, till they came to the spot where Carleton had been captured by Crawford and his gang; when the man bade him good morning, and turned suddenly and at a quick pace into the woods.

It now occurred to Henry, that possibly this fel-

low was a follower of that lawless Skinner, and that he might avoid being again troubled with their presence, he put spurs to his horse, and rode for nearly two miles on a brisk gallop. He then drew his rein and looked back, when, at the distance of a mile, he descried a single horseman descending a hill at a most rapid rate. His first impulse was to escape by the speed of his horse; but he immediately reproached himself for the cowardly thought of running from one man in broad day and in a public road, where assistance, if needed, might soon be obtained. He was not armed, and in case of an attack, would, in all probability, be at the mercy of his opponent; but still he could not brook the idea of exhibiting signs of fear at the approach of only one individual, though that individual were an enemy, and possessed of the means to enforce any hostile intent.

He proceeded on his way slowly, and, in less than two minutes, heard close behind him, the clatter of a horse's feet. Looking back, he observed a man whom he immediately recognised as Crawford, dressed somewhat differently from what he was when Henry last saw him, and with a nicer regard to the respectability of his appearance. One glance at his horse was sufficient for Carleton, who saw Romeo at the height of his speed and within fifty yards of him, which were passed in a few seconds. The rider suddenly drew his rein, throwing Romeo almost upon his haunches, and then raised his hat as he smiled and saluted the astonished Carleton.

"You are surprised, I perceive," said Crawford with a respectful air; "but come, sir, I desire a few moments' conversation with you, and as I would be no hindrance to you in your journey, I will, with your permission, ride with you a mile or two. What say you, Mr. Carleton?"

Henry had already seen enough of this indi-

vidual, to know that it would be useless to remonstrate with him, and making a virtue of necessity, he civilly expressed his willingness that Crawford should accompany him for a short distance.

"You gave me the slip the other night," continued Crawford with a smile; "but you had a hard run for it, and deserve credit for effecting your escape in spite of such formidable odds. There is not another man in this county, that could have done the same. But why in Heaven's name did you give yourself all that trouble, when, as I promised, you might have departed quietly on the following morning, and taken this noble horse with you, and your pistols? By the way, Mr. Carleton, I envy you the possession of this fine beast, and have half a mind to keep him, to indemnify me for the loss of mine."

"He is too great a favorite to part with," replied Henry, rejoicing in the prospect of recovering his animal; besides, he was a gift, and, of course, I could not dispose of him, if I were so inclined."

"If you have no price for him," said Crawford, "I must obtain another elsewhere."

"Without money and without price," thought Carleton.

"Tell me now," continued Crawford, "did you not suppose that I intended to deceive you, when I promised to set you at liberty next day?"

"I confess," answered Henry, "that I had little confidence in your pledge. You had taken me forcibly upon the island; and although you did not suffer me to be robbed, yet, to be plain with you, I had every reason to believe that you were no other than one of those lawless characters, who live by committing depredations upon society. With such an opinion of your honesty, what reliance could I place upon your promise? I should have been an egregious fool indeed, not to embrace the first opportunity to recover my freedom."

Crawford's sunburnt cheeks assumed a more ruddy color on hearing these remarks, and, for a moment or two, he remained silent and apparently in deep thought, while a decided scowl upon his brow, told of the working of the spirit within. It was not, however, the excitement of anger that caused him to exhibit those evidences of intense feeling.

"You were right," he said at length, "and the opinion you formed of me was certainly justified by all the circumstances of the case. But I am not, Mr. Carleton, altogether what I seem. I am an unfortunate man, but one not entirely devoid of honorable feeling, and of lofty aspirations. True, I am now without the pale of respectable society, and the associate of desperate men who are ready to do my bidding, but whom I despise; yet I have long cherished a desire to recover my former position, and with your aid, I hope to be successful."

"I should rejoice," said Carleton, "to be the means of turning you from the vicious course into which accident, perhaps, rather than an inherent tendency to evil, may have conducted you. It did not escape my notice, that your language and manners are those of a gentleman; and when you told me that you had known, and even been the friend of my father, I was prepared to believe that, at least, you had once moved in a respectable sphere. How can I aid you?"

"Your present engagement," replied Crawford, "may not permit you to listen patiently to what I have to say; but if you return by this road to day, and will favor me with a half hour of your time, I will then tell you how you can serve me, without compromising your honor."

"I shall probably return this afternoon," said Henry, "that is, if I should escape being killed or wounded."

"What do you mean?" demanded Crawford eagerly.

"Montresor's Island is to be attacked this morning by a party of Americans whom I expect to join."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Crawford with an expression of delight; "Mr. Carleton allow me to go with you. I must and will join the party."

"You cannot under my auspices," replied Henry firmly but calmly. "It is impossible."

Crawford looked disappointed but said nothing.

"It is not for me to say," continued Henry, "that you shall not seek permission to accompany the expedition; but you must perceive, that I can stand to you in no other relation than that of a perfect stranger. Moreover, I cannot consent to ride much farther with you, though I will meet you this afternoon, and hear what you have to say."

"I do not complain," said Crawford gravely, after a moment's reflection; "I understand your reasons for wishing to avoid being seen with me, a disgraced outcast, whose very presence is contaminating, and who—but no more of that. Do you remember the spot where you killed my horse?"

"Perfectly," responded Henry, "it was just past the turn in the road, near the opening in the woods. I marked it this morning as I passed."

"Right," said Crawford, "I will meet you there whatever the hour may be, and rely upon it you shall not again be detained. Your horse shall there be restored to you, and anything else you may have left upon the island. I will now leave you."

Saying this and touching his hat, Crawford wheeled about and took the opposite direction. Carleton stopped a moment to admire the elegant movement of Romeo, and having watched both horse and rider, till a turn in the road took them

out of view, resumed his journey in the direction of Harlem.

In less than an hour Henry reached Horen's Hook, a bend in the shore that forms a point in Hell Gate, and which was at that time occupied by the Americans. He saw a number of soldiers gathered there, and on inquiring for Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, was conducted to that officer by a sergeant, and politely received. On perusing Captain H——'s letter, Col. Jackson observed that he could not oblige Henry, by assigning him a command in the expedition, everything being arranged; but that, if agreeable to him, he might accompany them in any of the three boats. Henry accepted the offer, and was then introduced by the commander to several officers, and among others, to Major Henley, a volunteer in this enterprise. The latter proposed that he and Carleton should go in the same boat, which was agreed to; and through the Major's assistance, Henry obtained arms fitted for the occasion.

All things being in readiness, the soldiers were ordered into the boats, when the oarsmen pulled lustily into the boiling stream, towards Montresor's Island. Henry had never seen the Gate present so rough a surface. It was at that particular time of tide, when the commotion over the unseen rocks is greatest; and the high east wind which drove the water with great violence through these narrow and crooked straits, increased the usual turmoil and confusion of that extraordinary place. Although nearly the whole surface of the stream was covered with froth, floating along upon the swift waves, yet the precise spots where the masses of rocks called, in the common parlance of boatmen, the "Pot," "Hog's Back," and "Frying Pan," lay concealed, were distinctly indicated by large patches of snow-white foam, boiling up from the agitated waters beneath.

The current was so rapid and strong, that the rowers could with great difficulty make head against it, and they consequently made but slow progress, until they had reached an eddy which carried them with considerable velocity towards the island. The boat in which Carleton and Major Henley sat, having first reached this favorable current, was driven in advance of the other two, and kept the lead until it reached the shore.

The British, it appears, had marked the movements of their enemy, and suspecting that an attack was contemplated, had prepared themselves to repel it with their usual vigor. A body of two or three hundred men was drawn up near the shore, and the moment the boats had come within reach of their guns, they poured a tremendous volley upon their assailants, which disabled two men in the leading boat, and killed another. The other boats being at a greater distance, escaped the first round with the loss of only one man.—A shout from the Americans succeeded, which was immediately answered by a discharge of grape shot.

Nothing daunted by this warm reception, the attacking party, as if nothing had occurred, boldly continued their course towards the shore, though constantly exposed to a steady and murderous fire. By the command of Col. Jackson, every man reserved his shot, until he had landed; when it was intended that a volley should be fired, succeeded by an effort to carry the island at the point of the bayonet. They hoped in this way to gain possession of the place, but knowing the enemy with which they had to deal, they indulged in no expectation of beating them, without encountering a most determined resistance. In this so far as it concerned the defence, as the event proved, they were not disappointed, though their hopes in regard to the capture of the island, were not destined to be fulfilled.

-

With the loss of another man who was shot through the head, the leading boat struck the rocks, and the current having swept her stern round, laying her broadside to the shore, the men sprang out almost simultaneously, and fell immediately into the ranks. They then fired one round which threw the enemy into some disorder, and followed it up by a charge without awaiting the assistance of their comrades. At this moment, the other two boats were more than fifty yards distant from the shore, having been carried away by an adverse current into which they fell, immediately after the first volley was fired, in spite of their utmost efforts to stem the rushing tide. The consequence of this untoward circumstance was, that those in the first boat, in their eagerness to land, not noticing that they were likely to be unsupported by their companions, leaped on shore and were obliged, either to betake themselves again to their boat, or to fight the battle with the advantages of superior numbers and discipline on the side of their enemies. The thought of retreating, though they would, perhaps, have been justifiable in doing so, was not for an instant entertained; and they therefore rushed upon the foe, with the hope of being able to maintain the combat, till the remainder of the party should come to their aid.

They charged boldly in obedience to the orders of their commander, and succeeded in driving back a portion of the enemy, but were in their turn speedily compelled to retreat with some loss. They were then rallied by their brave leader, and were about to renew the charge, when another volley from the British, which proved very destructive, made them hesitate whether to advance or retreat. Every man now turned his head in the direction of the other boats, and perceiving that they were still some distance off, and struggling against a powerful current, became alarmed and discouraged, and

refused to go forward. The officer in command exerted himself to dispel their fears, and ordered them to advance, but the well-directed fire of the enemy, which struck them with terror and thinned their ranks, caused them soon to give way and retreat in confusion to their boat.

Major Henley and Carleton were the last that turned their backs upon the foe, and stood their ground till every man had left them; when, seeing that the extraordinary efforts of the officers to rally their men, were ineffectual, they had no choice but to follow the example of the others. At the moment of their re-entering the boat, Major Henley was shot through the head, and instantly expired; sharing the fate of about fourteen others, who, in the short space of a few minutes, had fallen dead upon the field.

The force in the other boats did not effect a landing, and seeing the discomfiture of their comrades, deemed it prudent to withdraw, and leave the British in quiet possession of the ground. Thus terminated this unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the enemy from Montresor's Island—an attempt, which, while it showed that the Americans, with proper discipline and experience, would have been nowise inferior to those with whom they were contending, resulted in unavoidable defeat, and in the loss of a young and meritorious officer.

Carleton was forcibly struck with the immense superiority of the British veterans, over the untaught American militia. The former, with all the courage and skill derived from long practice in the art of war, performed their duty without flinching, and with a seeming unconsciousness of danger; while the latter, though not deficient in courage, betrayed in every movement, the awkwardness and inefficiency of new recruits. The defeat on Long Island was no longer a mystery to him, and if ever he doubted of the ultimate success of the American

arms, it was immediately after this favorable opportunity of contrasting the conduct of his own countrymen, with the valor and discipline of the British soldiery.

On reaching the shore, Henry accepted an invitation from Col. Jackson, to share with him a soldier's mess; but little passed worthy of being recorded. The death of young Henley cast a gloom over the minds of the officers, to whom he was endeared by the sweetness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners. Every man had something to say in his favor, and all gave expression to the regret they felt, at the loss of their young and interesting comrade.

Although we are apt to think that such occurrences in time of war, are lightly considered, and make but little impression upon the survivors, yet it is doing the soldier injustice to believe, that his bosom is not penetrated by sorrow, at the fall of those of his companions in arms, to whom he has become attached by long association in the dangers and duties of the field.

When Henry returned to the little tavern at which he had left his horse, he observed several persons from the city, attracted thither probably by curiosity; and among them, Fowle, the suitor of Lizzy Grady. Henry would rather not have been seen by this individual, but unfortunately, he was discovered as he was about to mount his horse. Fowle regarded him with an expression of fiendish malignity, for which Carleton could not satisfactorily account; as he did not remember to have given him any cause of offence, nor, indeed, to have been aware of his existence, previously to the expedition against the British sloop. It will be recollected that Fowle was supposed to have communicated a knowledge of that affair to Mr. Ralph Carleton; and Henry apprehended that, as he had now become an *object of aversion* to that person, his father

would soon be apprized of this new participation in a hostile enterprise against the king's forces. He did not, however, allow this circumstance to cause him much uneasiness, and before he had ridden the distance of half a mile, he had ceased to think of it at all.

It was towards the latter part of the afternoon, that Henry might have been seen upon the road, returning leisurely to the Woods. The wind during the day had changed, and from a gale it had lulled to a gentle breeze from the south-west. A little rain had fallen, and extracted from the damp fields, that pleasant odor which fills the air of the country, immediately after a shower. The sky towards the east was obscured by heavy banks of clouds, that caught the last rays of the sun, then setting in a full blaze of glory, like a king whose splendor has been the theme of admiration, about to withdraw himself forever, from the eyes of men.

When Henry reached the summit of a hill, he stopped to enjoy the picturesque scene around him. Who has not, on a calm afternoon of summer or of autumn—a clear and serene sky about to succeed a stormy day—had his attention suddenly arrested, by the golden beauty of the landscape; when, as if by the power of enchantment, the sun poured forth a flood of radiance upon the moistened and fragrant earth, and the neighboring fields, the forest, the streams, and the distant mountains clothed in their purple hue, became objects of delightful interest to his enraptured gaze? Henry could see the waters of the Gate, now comparatively tranquil, glistening in the sun, while the dark rocks in their midst and on the shores, threw their lengthening shadows along the stream. The tops of the tall oaks near which he stood, were quivering in light, the brown surface of the fields presented irregular patches of sunshine and shadow, and, in the deeper valleys, the shades of evening had already begun

to descend, contrasting finely with the yellow rays that gilded the hills above.

Having gratified his eye with a few moments' survey of this beautiful scene, Carleton resumed his journey. On reaching the spot where he had promised to meet Crawford, he found a man just within the line of the woods, seated, as if to watch his approach, at the foot of a large oak. When this person discovered Carleton, he requested him to wait until he should acquaint Crawford of his arrival, and then disappeared among the thick foliage of the trees.

In less than a minute, Carleton heard a shrill whistle at the distance of a few hundred yards, which was immediately answered by another, from a remote part of the woods. It was not long after that Crawford appeared, mounted on Romeo, but unattended by any of his men; and when he approached Henry with a polite air that seemed natural to him, he returned the pistols, which, it will be remembered, had been left upon the island.

"You are entitled to my thanks, sir," he commenced, "for granting me this interview, and that you may feel perfectly safe, I have come hither alone, and now have the pleasure of restoring, not only your horse, but your pistols, which are well loaded, and which I hope you will use, if you should discover any symptoms of bad faith on my part."

This was said with such an air of truth, that Henry, who had previously entertained some doubt whether he was not about to trust this fellow rashly, at once felt assured that Crawford intended to keep his word, and to suffer him to depart unmolested. His confidence was increased by the voluntary restoration of the horse and pistols—an act that, for the moment at least, left the Skinner in Henry's power, and furnished the latter with the means of defence, in the event of his being attacked.

by any of Crawford's party. This seemed to him inconsistent with any sinister design.

"You have said," observed Carleton, "that I can be of service to you. I am now ready to hear in what way you propose to employ me."

"I have told you," replied Crawford, leaning against a tree and patting the nose of Romeo, "that I am an unfortunate man, and one not devoid of feelings entirely at variance with the life I am now leading. Such, sir, is the truth. I have told you too, that I once knew your father, and that, after a long intimacy, we were separated by a misunderstanding, which proved ruinous to my fortune and reputation. I am not about to inflict upon you a history of this affair, for, besides that the relation of it would consume more time than you can spare, it would possess, for a stranger, comparatively little interest. At some future period, should my hopes be fulfilled, I may narrate to you the leading events of my life, and make a disclosure that will fill you with surprise.

"Suffice it then for the present, that I prove the fact of my having once been the intimate friend of your father. Here is a watch which he presented to me fifteen years ago, and which, you perceive, has his initials and my own engraved upon the inner case."

Crawford exhibited to Henry a splendid, gold, double-cased watch, which bore the following inscription, curiously engraved within a circle of flowers, surmounted by the arms of the Carleton family:

PRESENTED TO R. C. BY R. C.

He also showed him a letter, the handwriting of which Carleton immediately recognised as that of his father; but for some reason which he did not explain, Crawford kept it in his own hands, and did

not suffer him either to peruse the contents or to examine the signature. Henry could not question that both the watch and the letter had come from his father, but did not feel quite sure that Crawford was the person to whom they had been given. "This fellow," thought he, "may have come in possession of these things dishonestly, and then assumed the name he bears, for the purpose of imposing on me, and working out his own ends."

Henry returned the watch with an incredulous smile, which did not escape Crawford's notice, though, in truth, he felt inclined to believe, that what he had heard, was not altogether destitute of foundation. He resolved, however, not to give implicit credence to the story, until he had learned the nature of the request about to be made, and ascertained how far he would be safe in receiving the statement as true.

"I perceive," continued Crawford, "that I have failed to convince you of the truth of what I assert, but your incredulity is not unnatural, considering the circumstances under which we have known each other, and which, to be candid, were sufficient to inspire you with an unfavorable opinion of my integrity. It did not occur to me until this moment, that the evidence I have produced is not conclusive, since I have not shown my identity with the person to whom this watch was originally presented; but as true as there is a God in Heaven, before whom I shall one day be arraigned to answer for my evil deeds, I have not uttered a syllable that is not susceptible of the most irrefragable proof. Your father, were he here, would corroborate my assertion in every particular."

"I do not discredit your story," replied Henry; "I can only say it is very strange, that a person leading such a life as yours, should once have been the intimate friend of my father; but as stranger things than that have happened, and may happen

again, I am not prepared to decide against the credibility of your statement. As I have before remarked, there is that about you, which convinces me that you have seen better days. Pray let me now hear the object of this interview."

"From what I have observed," said Crawford, "you will naturally infer that I am desirous of relinquishing my present pursuits, and re-entering a sphere of life, more congenial to my tastes and feelings. You may smile, sir, but I assure you that my birth and education are those of a gentleman; and although I may have acted in a manner unworthy of both, yet throughout my career, I have reserved, as it were, a corner of my heart, in which to preserve, in their purity, some of those feelings and aspirations, that formerly reigned in my bosom and governed every act of my life. These, through all the vicissitudes of my life, have remained uncontaminated by impure associations."

"Your wish," said Henry, touched by the melancholy tone in which Crawford expressed himself, "is certainly a laudable one, and I should think it would not be difficult to accomplish so desirable an object."

"I have long cherished the desire to appear again in respectable society, but have not known how to bring it about, as my character has so severely suffered, that I should probably find it a difficult task to obtain re-admission. Whether this be the result of my own folly, it is unnecessary now to inquire, but it is undoubtedly the fact, and it is useless to disguise it, that among my old friends and acquaintances, I am regarded as an incorrigible outcast. This being the case, I can not present myself among them, till I shall have done something to retrieve my character, and give me a claim to be received again upon my former footing. How this was to be effected, it was difficult to conceive. One day, however, not

many weeks since, it occurred to me that, if I could connect myself with the army, I might be able to render such service to the country, as would entitle me, notwithstanding what has happened, to the respect of every individual, who favors the separation of these colonies from the mother-country. With such a reputation as I might and would acquire, if spared by the bullets and bayonets of the enemy, I could again show myself among my friends, without causing them to blush for my unworthiness. But the question presented itself, How shall I, unknown as I am to the Commander-in-chief, and unsupported by the aid of a single person, obtain such a rank in the army, as my abilities and intelligence would naturally prompt me to seek? To enter as a private, I would not, but if I could get a commission, I would do the state good service. Here then lay the difficulty, and how to remove it, has since been the object of almost constant thought.

“When after leaving the inn a few days since, Mr. Marriner told me your name, and informed me that you accompanied Captain H——, when the party under his command captured the British sloop, as she lay under the very guns of the Asia, and that for this service you had received the thanks of Washington, I immediately conceived the design of seeking your aid in the purpose to which I have alluded. Not knowing whither you were going, and fearing that, if I suffered you to pursue your journey, I might never see you again, I determined to hazard your displeasure, by compelling you to pass one night with me upon the little island, where I and my men spend a portion of the time that we sojourn in this vicinity. I might, it is true, have spoken to you in the road upon the subject, but you would not have given me sufficient time to admit of my enlisting your

feelings in my behalf; and however reluctant I was to do so, I saw no way of succeeding in my object, but to take you home with me, and endeavor, by kind treatment during your stay there, to secure your favorable interposition. Your escape frustrated my design; and now that we have again met, I have only to ask, as I then intended to do, whether you will have any objection to using your influence to procure me some honorable employment in the army? The request, I am aware, is a singular one; but, sir, when you consider that, by obliging me in this particular, you may be the means of saving me from irretrievable ruin, I am sure you will not allow me to be an unsuccessful applicant for your kind offices."

Henry remained some time silent, reflecting upon what he had just heard. The circumstance of being thus solicited by such a character, to obtain for him a command in the American army, was so extraordinary, not to say ludicrous, that he scarcely knew what reply to make. Had Crawford not succeeded in exciting in his bosom a degree of sympathy, he would not have hesitated to deny the request; but there was something so noble in the man's appearance, and in his manners and language there was so much to please, that he could not avoid feeling considerable interest in his behalf, which inclined him to give an affirmative answer.

"I confess," said Carleton, "that I scarcely know how to respond to your request. With every disposition to be of service to you, I must say that there are difficulties in the way of my doing so, in the manner you propose."

At this period of the conversation, the clattering of a horse's hoof was heard, and presently Mr. Melville made his appearance. He happened as he passed slowly along, to be looking towards Carleton and Crawford, who were but a few paces

within the wood, and bowed to the former with legible surprise written upon his countenance.

"I see no difficulty," replied Crawford, "for you have only to state my wish to the General, and receive his reply. Of course I do not expect you to vouch either for my respectability or good conduct."

"Would you be willing," demanded Henry, "that I should mention the circumstances under which you first became known to me?"

"Certainly," replied Crawford; "but I should wish you to add all that you can say in my favor, without deviating from the truth."

"I am willing to do so," said Carleton; "but when I shall see his Excellency, it is impossible to tell. Should I have any thing to communicate to you, how shall I ascertain your whereabouts?"

"Let me think," replied Crawford in a musing attitude; "I know of no other way than to leave a letter somewhere hereabouts. Ah, here is a decayed oak that may serve our turn as a post-office; and if, within the next month, you will have the goodness to deposit a note in this cavity, I will be sure to get it. There, I have cut a cross in the bark that you may know the tree again, and remember to turn into the woods by yonder rock. This is all I have to trouble you with at present, and I will not, therefore, detain you longer. I hope, sir, you have not far to ride, as this led horse so full of spirit may cause you some trouble."

Having noted the place well that he might easily find it again, and thrown Romeo's bridle over his arm, Henry struck again into the road; and pursued his way to the Woods. Crawford watched him till he was out of sight, and then went to join his men.

CHAPTER II.

HITHERTO Carleton had found no opportunity of conversing much with Alice, without the presence of a third person. Either Mr. Melville or Mr. Strong had been there almost constantly since his arrival, or else Mr. Stafford and his lady had been in the room, preventing his enjoying the felicity of a private interview. This, he had reason to believe, was the result of accident rather than of design; as he could not suppose that her parents had the remotest idea of his entertaining a passion for their daughter.

In the evening after his return from the attack on Montresor's Island, Mr. Melville again made his appearance. He was paler than usual, his brow was clouded, and his very conversation, though he made an effort to be cheerful and even gay, showed that he was unhappy. It was obvious that he had conceived a strong dislike to Henry, whom he regarded as a trespasser upon his domains; and through the courtesy of his manners, a certain degree of coldness was perceptible, which soon convinced Carleton, that the feelings of his rival were the reverse of friendly.

The conversation soon turned upon the war, that of course being the most absorbing topic of the day; and this led to some inquiries of Henry, as to what he had seen and heard upon that subject during his absence. With the candor which was a conspicuous trait in his character, he gave a correct account to his Tory auditors, of the attack in which he had been a participator; nor, in reply to an interrogatory

of Julian Melville, did he hesitate to avow, that he had taken part in that unsuccessful expedition. As he made this declaration, Mr. Melville smiled and cast a glance towards Mr. Stafford, to see how he would relish this intelligence: and was not disappointed in his expectation of finding him unpleasantly affected by so unwelcome news. That gentleman maintained a strict silence for a considerable length of time; while his countenance, which had suddenly assumed an expression of great severity, betrayed the nature of his feelings.

Julian now became more cheerful, for he imagined that in this circumstance, he saw an insurmountable obstacle to the union of Henry Carleton and Alice Stafford. He was aware of the strong prejudices of her father against the enemies of his king, and felt assured that, so long as Henry adhered to the cause of the revolutionists, he could never obtain the hand of Miss Stafford. From that moment, Julian considered the advantage to be on his own side, and determined to make the most of this unexpected turn of fortune in his favor. With a heart lightened of its burden, he took his departure—not as on the preceding evening, dejected and almost without hope—but with the full confidence that Henry had chosen a part which would materially interfere with his views in regard to Alice, and leave the field uncontested by a more powerful rival than the Reverend Peleg Strong.

Carleton remarked the change in Julian, and thought he divined the cause. His feelings, on discovering the effect which his conduct of that day had upon Mr. Stafford, were by no means comfortable; as he knew that, if there was before, great uncertainty as to the reception he would meet with as the suitor of Alice, now he had little ground to hope, that a consent to his union with her, could soon be obtained. At first he was disposed to reproach himself for having made a disclosure that

might have been avoided, and for having allowed himself to be drawn into a full expression of his political sentiments by the cool and artful Melville; but pride soon came to his assistance, and he no longer regretted having avowed an act which his conscience approved, though the consequences might be such as to destroy his happiness forever.

Shortly after, Henry retired for the night, and feeling a disinclination to sleep, he sought a book which he had been reading at the recommendation of Miss Stafford, with whom the author was a favorite. Recollecting that he had left it in the parlor, he returned thither and found Alice alone, sitting in a large arm-chair, with her cheek resting on her hand. The light was so situated that he could not distinctly see her eyes, but he thought that he discovered indications of her having been weeping, though at the moment he entered, a sweet smile played upon her lips.

Henry took up the book which lay upon the table, and by that act discovered to her the cause of his return; but he did not offer to leave the room, as he seemed enchained to the spot and unable to move. His heart throbbed as if it would have burst, and he stood with his eyes fixed upon the young lady, while the blood mounted to his cheeks, and manifested to her the strong emotions of his bosom. In that moment, how rapidly the thoughts rushed through his mind! He had suddenly encountered the object of his affections in a situation which enabled him, if he chose, to open to her the secrets of his heart;—he might, perhaps, hear from her own lips a confession of her love, and learn whether he was destined to be blessed with her hand, or to live without the cheering hope of being one day united to her without whom, life itself seemed to him but a barren and trackless waste. Then he thought of the unfavorable circumstances in which he was placed, and which

threatened to oppose the dearest wishes of his heart; and felt the conviction that, whatever the state of her affections might be, her stern and inexorable father would never listen to the proposal of uniting his daughter to a man, whom he regarded as in rebellion against his king. All these things and more were in that brief space considered, and he hesitated whether to withdraw immediately, or to avail himself of the only opportunity he might have, of declaring a love which had already been made known to its object, without the unnecessary aid of words.

Alice, on her part, experienced the same emotions which disturbed the bosom of her lover. The blush that suffused her cheek, evinced that she remarked the embarrassment of Carleton, and understood its cause; and the silence that followed his entrance into the room, she felt to be the harbinger of a free expression of their sentiments, and of their hopes and fears.

At length, Henry determined to avail himself to the uttermost of these precious moments. Laying down his book, he approached the young lady respectfully, and took a seat by her side as he pronounced the word Alice in a tone of voice scarcely louder than a whisper. "Alice," he repeated, "I did not come hither with the expectation of seeing you, but now that chance has favored me with this interview, let me improve the few moments we may be alone, by saying that, since the first moment of my sojourn under this roof, I have in vain sought an opportunity of confessing, what, indeed, you must long since have discovered, that I love you most ardently. Pardon me, dearest Alice, if these words have offended you—drive me not from your presence, but deign to listen while I plead with you in behalf of a passion, which has long held possession of my breast."

Alice turned her eyes filled with tears upon her

lover, while a smile irradiated her countenance, as the rays of the sun reach the earth through the crystal drops of a summer shower. That sweet but momentary glance was enough. From that instant he felt that all rivalry would be unavailing—that he was safe in the love of a being, on whom every thought, every feeling of his bosom was concentrated. Though he was before conscious of being beloved, yet no sign had hitherto been purposely given, to assure him that he was not deceived; but in those tears and in that smile, he found an answer to his confession, that left no trace of doubt in his mind, that he alone was the object of her heart's desire. Had other evidence been needed, he would have seen it in the few moments of silence that succeeded, when, with a burning cheek and downcast eyes, she placed her delicate hand in his, and in that act, responded fully, though timorously, to the declaration which had just delighted her ears.

Carleton, trembling through excess of happiness, carried her hand to his lips, and then encircling her waist with his arm, drew her with a gentle force towards him. Scarcely resisting the efforts of her lover, Alice rested her head upon his bosom, which she felt to throb like her own, under the strong emotion of joy which the excitement of the moment had produced. For a brief space she was completely happy: no thought intruded to mar the felicity which pervaded the inmost recesses of her heart.

But a reaction soon succeeded this pleasurable intensity of feeling, as the consciousness of her true situation returned, and brought vividly before her the great, and perhaps insurmountable, obstacles to their perfect happiness. She then raised her head, and, as if ashamed of having allowed herself to exhibit such evidences of affection, half averted her face on which the blood had mantled, turning even

the pure white of her forehead to a glowing crimson. Her hand still remained in his; for to that he clung, as if losing it were the only object of his fears.

Henry too, was suddenly recalled from that joyous state, to the recollection of the untoward circumstance which threatened to prevent the fulfilment of his hope. His feelings, which a moment before, had been those of unmingled felicity, now assumed a more gloomy cast, as he began to reflect that, possibly, ere the lapse of many days, the fiat of eternal separation would be pronounced. "Alice," he said, "you have acknowledged that you love me. Tell me, dearest, is there a possibility that we may be united, or have I, by the acts of this day, forfeited all claim to your hand?"

"Alas! Henry," answered Alice, "I apprehend that your fears are but too well grounded. You know the prejudices of my father—you are aware how he abhors those who have taken up arms, and resisted the power of Britain, regarding them as rebels who merit death by the gibbet. How can it be expected that, since you have incorporated yourself with that party, or, at least, shown that your sympathy is with them, he will look with favor upon our—our—attachment?"

"Can it be," demanded Henry with energy, "that, in a matter which concerns the happiness of your life, he will oppose your wishes, because I happen to differ in opinion with him, on the great question which now agitates the country? I have not yet joined the revolutionists, though I confess that nothing will alter my opinion concerning the justice of their cause. Will he, I ask, incur the risk of making us both unhappy, simply because I cannot view this contest in the same light that he does?"

"You have already," replied Alice, "become a participator in what he considers the crime of rebellion; and although you have not actually joined the army, he regards you as one who has already

decided to promote by his countenance, if not by his acts, the cause of the revolted colonists."

"But what if I should remain neutral? Will he not allow me to enjoy my own opinion, provided I abstain from aiding the party to which I desire success?"

"He does not believe it possible for you to be a calm and quiet spectator of what is passing in this distracted country. He knows the ardor of your feelings—the strength of your sympathy—and your extreme restlessness in the midst of such activity; and he thinks—nay, he is convinced, that, ere long you will follow the example of your friend Captain H——, and join the revolutionary army. He looks upon your assistance in the capture of the British sloop, and the repetition of the same conduct to-day, as indications of what may be expected, too plain to be mistaken."

"Alice," demanded Henry, again raising her hand to his lips, "what do you advise me to do? Shall I say, notwithstanding that I believe it to be my duty to assist my oppressed countrymen, in shaking off the galling yoke of the tyrants who have so long ruled us with a rod of iron, that I will, henceforth, neither act in concert with my compatriots, nor breathe a syllable in defence of their cause? Shall I remain an idle spectator of these events, allowing others to fight our battles, and achieve that independence which we declare to be ours in virtue of our natural rights? Shall I, in a word, remain an obscure gentleman, when a path of glory is open before me—one in which I could carve a name that might descend on the page of history to the latest posterity? Speak, Alice, you shall direct me, and I promise implicit obedience to your commands."

Miss Stafford did not immediately reply. Henry was astonished at her silence; for when he spoke he did not expect that, according in sentiment with her

father upon the grand question of the day, she would hesitate to secure his neutrality, and thus remove the great, perhaps the only, objection that could be urged against their union. It cost him an effort to place himself so completely under her control, and he had no sooner finished speaking, than he regretted having done so, and would have recalled his words. He waited impatiently for her answer, and when he received it, was gratified at having no commands laid upon him, that it would have done violence to his feelings to obey. The nature of her reply, too, was such as to cause him no little surprise, and afforded matter for much thought thereafter.

"I shall leave you to act, Mr. Carleton, according to the dictates of your own judgment, for I am forbidden to converse with you on the subject of the war. I have no wish that I may express—no advice that I am permitted to give. My father had just left me when you entered, and had exacted from me the promise, that, henceforth I would maintain a strict silence with you on that exciting topic. Why he did so, I am forbidden to explain; and now that you are aware of the restraint under which I am placed, may I ask that you will hereafter make no allusion to the interdicted subject, or, at least, that you will require me to say nothing, that will conflict with the solemn promise I have given?"

"If you desire it, certainly," replied Henry. "But, dearest Alice, are we then destined to remain mere friends forever? Is there no argument I can use, that will induce Mr. Stafford to consent to our union?"

"There is, I apprehend, but one way to secure his favor, and that is to declare yourself a loyalist. He will not require you to act in concert with the British, but he will require you to promise, that, if you determine to take any part in the contest, it

shall be against those whom you now regard as friends."

"And is it your wish that I should do all this?" demanded Henry.

"I have already said that I am pledged not to attempt to influence your conduct, consequently I cannot answer your question."

"This is strange indeed," observed Henry. "Your father could not object to your reclaiming me from what he would term my political heresy, yet you refuse to say a word to effect an object that he would consider so desirable. Can it be possible?—no it cannot be: you must agree with him in opinion upon this subject."

Miss Stafford made no reply, but sat in deep thought with her head resting upon her right hand, while Henry still held her left, as he gazed upon her beautiful features, with mingled feelings of joy and pain. To have heard from her own lips, and in her own sweet voice, words that were equivalent to a confession that she loved, was sufficient to place him upon the very pinnacle of happiness; while the adverse news he had received, which confirmed his previous fears, tempered his joyous feelings with sorrow and disappointment. He had now only to enjoy as well as he might, those few but fortunate moments; for in the future he could discover nothing to encourage the hope of ultimate success in his suit. Alice had, indeed, suggested how he might possibly win the favor of her father, but his mind revolted at the idea of making such promises as would be required, though the object to be gained, was one that would establish his earthly happiness. Perplexed by this difficulty, yet urged by the violence of his love to almost any course that would make Alice his own, he endeavored to think of some method by which this could be accomplished, without sacrificing his independence of thought and action. It was in

vain, however, that he turned the subject in his mind: there was apparently but one way to secure her hand—that which the lady herself had pointed out.

“Must I then be content,” said Carleton, “to see you at some future day the wife of another?”

“Never,” said Alice with energy; “no man but yourself shall ever possess my hand. Now leave me, Henry; I have my reasons for desiring it should not be known that we have had this interview.”

“Not yet, dearest Alice, not yet; such moments as these may never come to us again. The future is uncertain—the present alone is ours. Nay, cloud not that beauteous brow; all have retired and slumber but ourselves. You smile, my beloved, and I may remain.”

“I restrict you, then, to a single minute,” observed Alice playfully. “Tell me, Henry, did you believe it possible, that, having acknowledged that I had given you my heart, I would bestow my hand upon another?”

“Not willingly would you have done so; but I feared the persuasion, the influence, perhaps the commands of your father.”

“I would certainly not marry without his consent,” said Alice, “but his commands will never be laid upon me to wed where I cannot love. Oh, deem him not a man so regardless of his daughter’s peace.”

“Forgive me,” said Henry, “if I did him injustice. I cannot express to you, Miss Stafford, the joy which your assurance has given me. Now I am satisfied that whatever may betide, the wishes of my rival will never be realized.”

“Whom do you consider in that light?” demanded Alice with some surprise.

“Mr. Melville,” answered Henry. “He loves you:—every word, look, and action, declare it. Already he dislikes me: his conduct of this even-

ing was not to be misunderstood. You must have observed something peculiar in his deportment."

"He has never breathed a syllable to me that would justify your suspicion. Mr. Melville as a neighbor, and as an intimate friend of the family, has, it is true, been a frequent visitor; but I never suspected that his object was such as you impute to him. If it be as you say, however, I shall be sorry, since he is doomed to be disappointed. Now Henry," she continued rising from her chair, "the minute has expired. There, there, you will take every particle of skin from my hand."

"Then let me transfer my kisses to your lips," said Henry, as he suited the action to the word, before Alice could prevent him. Having done so, and gazed another moment in rapture upon her face, while her eyes were up-turned, and responded, in their lovely expression, to the feelings that beamed in his, he pressed her hand—bade her good night, and retired.

When he regained his own chamber he threw himself into a chair and held an open book before him; but it cannot be truly said, that he read to understand, a single paragraph or even line. His emotions were so lively that he could not sit, and he felt such an impulse to activity, that his remaining in the room seemed like a painful restraint. He rose, walked the floor, sat down again—now pausing for a moment in a musing attitude—and now resuming his short marches, as if he intended to work off his excess of feeling, by rapid and long-continued motion. At length he raised the window, and looked out upon the little green enclosure, where the autumn flowers stood thickly clustered; and as he ran his eye over the fields, and marked the quiet and repose that brooded over the face of nature, he gradually became more calm, and fell into a train of thought strongly tinctured with sadness and gloom. The dim shore of Long Island

with its few lights twinkling like stars upon the horizon, afforded him another topic of unpleasant reflection, reminding him as it did of that friend, who had, with a generous devotion to the interests of his country, jeopardized his life among a vigilant and implacable foe.

He remained for some minutes in a kind of reverie, whence he was suddenly startled by the sound of footsteps upon the grass near his window. He turned his eyes towards the rear of the house, where at the distance of only a few feet, he saw a tall form standing in the moonlight, looking directly at him. He thought he recognised the commanding figure, though the features being shaded by the hat, could not be distinctly seen. Yet what he could see of them, strengthened his conviction that the person was Crawford. Could he have been mistaken? He was strongly affected by the sudden and close proximity of that individual; for an instant his flesh seemed to creep, and as their eyes met, a momentary sensation of fear came over him.

Immediately on finding himself discovered, the person withdrew behind a clump of bushes, and presently re-appeared at some distance in the road, where he was joined by a man who had stood in the deep shade of a sycamore. Henry saw no more of them, though he continued to watch for more than an hour. Closing the windows, Carleton again surrendered himself to reflection. His mind was now chiefly occupied by this nocturnal visitant, who, he was satisfied, was no other than Richard Crawford. "What," thought he, "could have been the object of this man, in thus prowling about the house at such a time of night? Was his visit in any manner connected with me from whom he seems to expect so much?—or was he about to commit some depredation in pursuance of the purpose which I overheard? If the latter, then Mr.

Stafford must be the Tory whom they determined to make their victim."

These were questions which arose in Carleton's mind, and the conclusion to which he arrived was, that Crawford and Marriner had come either to execute their plan, or to reconnoitre the ground preparatory to such an object. He was upon the point of apprising Mr. Stafford of what he had seen, and would have done so, had not that gentleman treated Henry's first warning as something scarcely worthy of a thought. Deeming it unsafe, however, to leave the house totally unwatched, he concluded not to retire to bed; and having carefully examined his pistols, and placed the shutters of the window, so that, without being himself seen, he could hear the slightest noise, he resumed his book, and read till the dawn of day. He then lay down and soon fell soundly asleep.

CHAPTER III.

TAKING it for granted, that the courteous reader will not dispute our right to tell this story in our own way, we shall exercise our privilege, and suspend for awhile the course of this narrative, by turning our attention to a young lady whom we have already introduced as the sister of our hero. Did we say that she was beautiful?—If we did not, it was because we thought it unnecessary to do so, inasmuch as every reader of romances knows that he rarely, if ever, met with any but very handsome *young* ladies, however ugly the *old* ones are generally represented. Our impression is, however, that we gave the reader positive information on this subject, telling him as plainly as language could express it, that Grace was a most charming creature. Believing this to be the case, we should deem it a work of supererogation to add any thing more on that point, particularly as no reasonable person will be disposed to question the fact, that Miss Carleton was fair as the moon, clear as the sun, though not by any means so terrible as an army with banners.

This matter being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, we shall proceed with what comes next in order. The reader is already apprized, that a close intimacy existed between Grace Carleton and Alice Stafford. We have had the means of obtaining some of their correspondence, which, after mature reflection, we have concluded to incorporate into this history; that a little insight may be gained into an affair of the heart, in which the sprightly

Grace was concerned. The first letter was written about three months previously to the date of Henry's arrival at the Woods.

GRACE CARLETON TO ALICE STAFFORD.

"Your letter, borne by the immortal Cato, came safe into my hands. What a charming letter-writer you are, my dear Alice, to be sure!—and how much interested I am in every line, syllable, and word, which you trace for my eye. I read them a hundred times, and every time with increased delight. If you knew the pleasure that your letters afford me, I am sure you would write oftener. To hear from you but once a month is quite too seldom; write to me every week at least. Do Alice, there's a good girl. To be sure, a silly, thoughtless creature like myself, can make but a poor return for such favors as you send me; yet, foolish as my scrawls are, I would fain hope that you find something in them to interest you. But you love me, and in that circumstance, I have assurance that these, my epistles, are not altogether unwelcome.

"You ask me, my dear, to give you a minute history of my intercourse with Charles Wentworth from the beginning, professing to believe—indeed you tell me in so many words—that I am attached to him! How absurd! Alice I shall be offended with you if you talk in that manner; indeed I will.

"I have no objection, however, to tell you, since you request it so earnestly, how I first became acquainted with him, and how he has talked and acted when in my presence, from that time to the present. But do not imagine, my dear, that my heart is in danger: it was never safer I assure you. What if I did say that he is good looking and talks well?—Does it necessarily follow that I love him? And if I did mention to you that he has been a frequent visiter at our house, what right have you

to infer that he loves me? Nothing can be more fallacious than these conclusions of yours, and I really feel quite put out, to find you talking to me, as if I were not only head and ears in love, but on the very eve of matrimony!

“ Well, then, once upon a time, as the story-tellers say, we, that is my parents and myself, were making a little tour through the country, and when in the neighborhood of the Highlands, at a beautiful and secluded little spot, containing a few houses and dignified with the name of a village, we stopped late one afternoon at an inn. A number of men and boys were gathered about the door, eager to obtain sight of something within the house. On inquiry, we ascertained that a young gentleman had met with an accident, his horse having fallen in descending a high and rocky hill, and thrown him with great violence upon the ground. Papa was immediately conducted by the landlord to the chamber where he lay, and found him insensible, and, as was then supposed, dangerously hurt. The village physician who was in attendance, looked grave, and told the by-standers that nothing short of the most consummate skill, could possibly save his patient’s life. He considered it, moreover, extremely fortunate for the young man, that the mishap had occurred precisely where it did, inasmuch as it enabled him to receive forthwith the benefit of the best professional aid that the country afforded.

On learning the young man’s name, and finding him to be the son of an old friend, my father determined to remain there that night, and ordered the carriage to be put away. Next day Mr. Wentworth, contrary to the predictions of his physician, was much better, and came to the table. After breakfast he was introduced to me, and I thought him agreeable enough and good looking. He was pale from the effects of a copious bleeding, and

most young ladies would have called him interesting. *My* heart was proof against his attractions.

"Well, he could not resume his journey homeward, and we left him at the inn, and pursued our way among the mountains. On our return about a week after, he was still there, not having sufficiently recovered to be able to travel on horseback, and as there was a vacant seat in our carriage, papa offered it to him and he accepted it. Only imagine, my dear, how unpleasant it was to be so crowded. There we were, four of us in our small coach, with scarcely room to change our positions. If ever I was provoked it was then.

"On our way down, this youth, thinking, probably, that he must do something by way of showing his gratitude, bestowed much of his attention upon me. He was ever at my side, and strove to be excessively polite. To do him no more than common justice, I should say that he certainly played the beau exceedingly well, and contrived to render his conversation very entertaining. He handed me out and into the carriage, carried my parasol and fan, and when I made little rambles through the villages at which we stopped, or through the fields, he constantly attended me. I found him very useful in driving away the dogs.

"When we arrived in town, he asked permission to pay his respects to me, and without thinking what I was going to say, I granted it. Did you ever!—Well, sure enough on the following day, along came my amiable young gentleman, spent half the morning with me, and talked about our journey, assuring me that the cause of his being thrown into our society, was the most fortunate event of his life! Now did you ever hear anything so perfectly ridiculous? He was thrown from a vicious horse, came near breaking his neck, and calls it a lucky event! I thought the youth was beside himself, and but for some other more

sensible remarks, should probably have been of that opinion to this day. These men, Alice, are certainly strange creatures.

"For several days subsequently, he continued to call upon me, as if I had nothing else to do than to entertain him. To be sure I might have denied myself, but then one does not altogether like to do that, you know, particularly, when the visiter, to be candid, is one that we should not wish to offend. I was, therefore, obliged to see him almost daily, and I should certainly have been provoked, had he not so recently been severely hurt. This consideration, especially as he still looked pale, made me feel for him; and I could not bring myself to drive him away, although I have many a time wished him—I don't know where. Well, dearest Alice, I uniformly received him kindly, and I do believe the man had the vanity to think that I was affording him some encouragement. But you must have heard enough of this young gentleman for once, so I will reserve the remainder of this important history, till I write you again. My sheet is nearly full, and I must conclude. Do write immediately on receipt of this, and believe me, dearest Alice, ever yours
GRACE."

"P. S.—I open this to say that Charles has just called and chatted an hour. He looks as well as I ever saw him."

Alice Stafford to Grace Carleton.

"Cato brought me your interesting letter, dear Grace, and I do assure you that it has afforded me much amusement. I say amusement, because your comments upon Mr. Wentworth and his conduct, had an effect directly the reverse of what you intended. You have labored to make me believe, that you do not reciprocate the young gentleman's attachment; and if any doubt as to the state of your feelings had existed before, it would have been

entirely removed by your last and most agreeable letter. How little, my dear friend, do you know your own heart. Will you be offended if I tell you again that you are in love? I know you will not, though you have assured me that such an assertion is absurd, and that you would think hard of it, if I repeated my belief, that Mr. Charles Wentworth has become a decided favorite.

"Now I could prove to you, my sweet friend, that what I have said is strictly true. An advocate in the court of love, would have no difficulty in establishing it to the satisfaction of a jury of Cupid's own empannelling, that Miss Grace Carleton has acknowledged under her own hand and seal, that she has no longer a heart at her disposal; having, for value received, parted with the commodity on a summer's morn among the highlands of the Hudson, to a pale and interesting young gentleman, half dead from a fall. You admit, dear Grace, that he played the beau exceedingly well, and that he contrived to render his conversation very entertaining. Now, here is an admission which, although it is not, of itself, conclusive evidence of your being in love, certainly shows that, even in a very early stage of your acquaintance with him, he had succeeded in preparing the way to a successful assault upon the citadel of your heart. The avenues were open and unguarded, and he had naught to do, but to march up to the walls and demand an immediate surrender. (These warlike times, you perceive, supply me with figures.) His conversation, then, was interesting! When a young lady admits that her admirer is agreeable enough, that he is even what some might call interesting, and that his conversation is very entertaining, depend upon it he has succeeded so far, as to make the remainder a matter of easy accomplishment. He has but to play the lover a little while longer, and when ready to make his confession, he will

have no reason to fear that the lady will prove unkind.

"When you had arrived in town, you say, he asked permission to pay his respects to you; and, without knowing what you did, you granted him leave! Now does not this corroborate what I have been saying? You did not stop to inquire, whether the granting of this permission would, under all circumstances, be consistent with propriety; but, yielding to the impulses of your heart, you readily answered in the affirmative. Is not this a rational explanation, Grace?

"Again, you say that you might have avoided him, by refusing to see him when he called; but you are candid enough to add, that *one* does not like to offend so interesting a visitor. Certainly not, my dear; that *one* being Grace Carleton, of course it could not be expected that she would deny herself to Mr. Wentworth, whom, it appears by her own confession, she could not bring herself to drive away, because his pale and interesting face made her feel for, and receive him kindly!

"Ah, Grace, Grace, if ever there was a young lady in love, it is you, and I will insist upon it, though at the hazard of putting you out. But why should you hesitate to acknowledge it to me, your most intimate friend?—Shall I tell you why?—because you have not yet acknowledged it to yourself. By and by you will open to me the secrets of your bosom, and then I shall hear you extol my sagacity. 'You knew that I loved, (such will be your language) before I knew it myself. How strange!' Well, I will wait patiently till you shall be pleased to make me your confidant, and the day is not far distant, I predict, when this will certainly happen. Let me recommend you, meanwhile, to place the most implicit confidence in what I have said, and no longer deceive yourself with the idea that you are still free; for Cupid has entwined his strong

though invisible chains about you, and delivered you bound into the power of your lover.

"Come and see me. The country is now in the height of its beauty, and our own neighborhood is charming indeed. My flower garden, I think, would delight you. Since you saw it, I have added some plants of a rare description, and I am very desirous to show it to you, not only because I am proud of it, but because it would afford you some pleasure. We cannot, it is true, ramble over the fields as we used to do, but I can promise you many agreeable occupations, that will make the time fly with inconceivable rapidity, and tinge all things round us with *couleur de rose*. Come then, Grace, let us spend some time together, and if there be any gentleman whom you would like to see occasionally, invite him to visit you during your sojourn at the Woods.

"What are you reading, Grace? Have you finished *La Gerusalemme*? I am now reading it the second time, together with the letters of Madame de Sevigne, first one and then the other, as chance or inclination directs, unless some other book should happen to claim my attention. You know that I am very immethodical in my studies, reading this book or that, as accident may throw the one or the other in my way, scarcely confining myself to any one sufficiently long, to acquire even a smattering of its contents. This is a miserable practice, and one that I advise you never to indulge in, as it unfit for close application to any particular study, by increasing one's thirst for variety."

"Now, my dear, let me relate to you an incident that took place a few days since. The scene of it was in the little grove at the end of our garden, in which we have so frequently walked together, in days past and gone. I had been there since the middle of the afternoon, perusing an interesting volume of poetry, and I was engaged with my book,

till sunset, when there was scarcely light enough among the trees, to enable me to read. Presently I fancied that I heard a rustling in the bushes near me, and, starting up, I was proceeding towards the house, when a man suddenly emerged from the midst of some coppice, and stood directly in my path. He was a tall man, with black hair and eyes, and one of the fiercest looking creatures I ever beheld. Fancy my situation at that moment.

"I was so much frightened at first, that I scarcely knew what I did; but recovering my presence of mind, and with it my courage, I requested him to stand aside and let me pass. He took no notice of my request, but in a calm tone, and with a severe expression of countenance, asked me whether I was the daughter of Mr. Hugh Stafford. I replied in the affirmative, and then without waiting to learn the object of the inquiry, I stepped aside among the bushes, intending to gain another path which led to the garden; but he made a corresponding move, and again opposed my progress. This aroused my anger, and with some sternness, I demanded to know his object in thus intruding himself upon my privacy, and preventing my return to the house. He made no answer, but, turning his head as if to satisfy himself that no person was within the grove, advanced swiftly towards me, and seized me by the wrists.

"Thus rudely handled, I screamed as loudly as I could, at the same time endeavoring, with all my strength, to disengage myself from his powerful grasp. He said something to me, which I was too much agitated—not to say alarmed—to understand; and then strove to force me towards the farther side of the grove, where a small gate communicates with a lane leading to the road. I struggled hard, and at the same time continued my screams, which, fortunately, were heard by Cato who came immediately to my relief. As he was crossing the garden,

he hallooed to apprise me that assistance was at hand, and at the instant his voice was heard, the man left me, darted into the bushes, and disappeared. You may imagine how rejoiced I was at the unexpected deliverance.

"When Cato arrived, I directed him to follow the villain, which he did with all the haste he could command; and on reaching the lane, he saw a man crossing the next field towards our lower woods, but so far off, as to preclude the possibility of his being overtaken by the faithful old slave. Had my father been there instead of Cato, he would have given the fellow a chase; but, unfortunately, papa was then several miles from home, and did not return till late in the evening.

"Who the man was, and what his object could have been, I cannot divine. These are horrid times truly, when one cannot stray the distance of a stone's throw from one's own house, without being subjected to such indignities. I have since considered it unsafe, to take my accustomed walks in that sweet little grove, unless accompanied by my father; and I suppose that it will not be long, ere I shall be compelled to deny myself the pleasure of plucking a flower from my own garden, lest some graceless vagabond should enter and insult me.

"Here is a long letter for you, Grace, and much as I like to receive your epistles, I have half a mind to forbid your making a reply, until you shall have made me a visit. You will oblige me, however, by doing one or the other very soon, and if possible, let it be the latter. Adieu. ALICE."

GRACE CARLETON TO ALICE STAFFORD.

"MY DEAR ALICE:—Your letter has been lying in my desk more than a week, and I should have answered it before, had I not been provoked by your persisting in the notion that I am in love. Your proofs, as you term them, drawn from a for-

mer letter of mine, would hardly satisfy such a jury as you speak of; though the gentlemen composing it, would probably give you credit for some ingenuity. What a pity it is you are not a man, that the legal profession might be adorned by your talents. I doubt not you imagine that your letter carried conviction to my mind, on the point you have so ably argued; but rest assured, my amiable friend, that I am quite as incredulous as ever. What! will you not grant that I am acquainted with my own feelings? You might as well deny that I have now an appetite for dinner—which, by the way, happens to be the case, and I shall dine as soon as this paragraph is finished.

“There, I have had a good dinner, and now, dear Alice, the remainder of the afternoon I devote to you. In my last I promised to continue the history of my acquaintance with Charles Wentworth, and I shall now resume it, though little remains to be said.

“When he had visited me for about three weeks, taking up much of my valuable time, he ventured one day, after felicitating himself upon his good fortune in becoming acquainted with me, to say something which I thought bordered upon the tender. Now this did not altogether suit me, and I showed it in my manner, which alarmed the young gentleman, and made him solicit my forgiveness. As he did this so handsomely, and really appeared to be so sorry for his offence, I could not do otherwise than excuse him. I should have exacted a promise that he would not do the like again; but this did not occur to me till I had pardoned him.

“Not many days after this, we quarrelled in good earnest. I thought him the most provoking creature that I ever knew, and almost made up my mind never to see him again. He left me in anger, and, as I thought, forever. In a day or two, not having seen or heard from him, I began to regret

•

that we had parted while under the influence of such feelings; for, since there was a fair prospect of my being no longer the object of his importunities, I preferred that we should part good friends at least. I determined, therefore, if he should visit me again, to conduct myself as if nothing had happened, in order to obliterate from his mind any unpleasant impressions that our last interview had created. In less than a week, lo! the young gentleman reappeared. The expression of his face was sorrowful, and there was something so meek and humble in his language and bearing, that I was sensibly touched. I relented. I reproached myself for having been so cruel, and then spoke to him in so kind a manner, that his usual cheerfulness immediately returned, and he once more appeared happy. This made me happy, too, for I do dislike to be on bad terms with any person; and I could not endure the thought of having been the means of making even him uncomfortable. Of course I expected that, when this flare-up was settled, he would quietly withdraw, and no longer trouble me with his visitations; but I was mistaken, dear Alice; his intentions were quite different, and he forthwith became ten times more troublesome than ever. Now, is not this vexatious? How shall I rid myself of him? What do you advise me to do? I cannot tell him that his visits are not acceptable, for that would hurt his feelings, and pain me beyond measure. I dare not speak to my father, for if I should, he would probably go to Mr. Wentworth, and say something which I am sure would render him unhappy. Thus you see how unpleasantly I am situated. If I say nothing, he will continue his attentions; if I take measures to put a stop to them, I shall give pain to an amiable young man. Do, Alice, give me the benefit of your advice.

“How horrible must have been your situation in

the grove with that dreadful man standing before you! I should have died upon the spot with fright, and I wonder that you did not faint at the first sight of him. But then you have so stout a heart, although you are both gentle and lovely. You will doubtless remember to have heard me say, that you have the courage of a man; and does not this incident prove the truth of my remark? Your strength of character would make you equal to any emergency, and yet I do not perceive that in any of those qualities which are so much prized in females, you are inferior to the mildest and most amiable amongst us. Think not, dearest Alice, that I wish to flatter, or that my attachment to you renders me a partial judge. I know you thoroughly, and what I say, I mean.

“You observe that these are horrid times. Horrid indeed they are, and how guilty must those men be, who, in defiance of the ordinances of God and man, have raised their impious hands against the authority of their lawful sovereign. Papa says they are wicked men to act thus, and I believe him. What dreadful scenes have already been enacted through their means! Think of the blood that has been spilt—the ties that have been sundered—the grief that the death of fathers, husbands, and brothers, has brought into so many families. How long this is to continue, God only knows, but my father says it may be a year before the rebels are completely subdued. Does not your heart sicken, my amiable friend, when you contemplate the devastation and ruin which this unnatural war is bringing upon our country? It makes me melancholy to think of it, and when I hear my dear papa talk of the rebels, and particularly of their great leader, I feel so indignant that, if Washington were present, I should be tempted to scold him for bringing such trouble to our peaceful firesides. I abominate him—that I do; and I am sure you will

concur with me in the wish, that he may soon be delivered into the hands of the loyalists.

"Pray let me hear from you again soon. I intended to write more, but my head begins to ache, and I must conclude.

Yours, sincerely, my dear Alice, GRACE."

P. S.—Since I wrote the above, Charles has been here and spent two hours. Would you believe it? You see, my dear, how I am persecuted. What *shall* I do? Mr. Wentworth certainly looked better to-day than I ever saw him. His black, glossy hair is longer, and this morning its natural curl was, I thought, much increased, making him look rather more effeminate, it is true, but enhancing his beauty. His cheeks, too, have recovered their rosy tinge. I long for you to see him, as I am curious to know whether you would agree with me in opinion as to his appearance. Dear me, I had almost overlooked your kind invitation, my dear friend. I should like it of all things to make you a visit, and I will immediately propose it to mamma. Should I come, rest assured I would not invite the gentleman to whom you allude. How could you think I would, you silly creature? I dare say, however, he might follow me, and if he should, how mortified I should be! I would send him back immediately, if the distance were not so great.

"G. C."

Four days after the date of the preceding letter, Cato went to New York to make some purchases for the family, and bore the following reply to the beautiful young lady to whom it was addressed. With the insertion of this letter, we shall, for the present, take leave of the correspondence.

ALICE STAFFORD TO GRACE CARLETON.

"You ask my advice, dear Grace, respecting a matter upon which I am, at present, but ill quali-

fied to give counsel. You request to know how you may get clear of a young man, whose visits, you pretend, are not acceptable. Now I am sure, that, to send him away, is the last thing upon earth you desire. You think that you would gladly dispense with his attentions, but you are mistaken. You love him, it is plain; and, that he loves you, is equally apparent. A young lady in love may be very saucy to her lover, and even imagine that he is odious to her; but let him take her at her word and disappear, and she would give the world to recover him.

“This being the case, I give you no advice in regard to the proposition of terminating the intimacy, because I know that it is not needed. The only question with me is, whether to recommend you to accept him or not. I will say this, however, that, if he be found unexceptionable by your parents, you had better say *yes* when he proposes for your hand; because I am satisfied, from the tenor of your letters, that he has become necessary to your happiness. I say this in sober earnest, my dear friend, and I sincerely hope that he may be found worthy of you. I love you too well not to feel a deep interest in this matter; and I assure you that, since the receipt of your last two letters, it has daily engaged my thoughts. You have said nothing from which I could form an opinion concerning his mind; but I am inclined to think favorably of it, since he has succeeded in rendering himself so attractive to you. You are not one to be caught by beauty alone; for, possessing a superior mind yourself, you know how to appreciate mental excellence in others. I know the contempt you feel for those thoughtless young men, who are ignorant and conceited, bestowing all their attention upon dress, as if that alone were worthy to be considered; and I feel assured, therefore, that Mr. Wentworth is not one of that foolish class, for, if he were, he never

could have won the heart of Grace Carleton. Hoping to see you, ere long, my dear friend, and to talk over this subject in the grove, I will say no more about it at present. Think of it calmly meanwhile, and endeavor to realize the true state of your heart; so that when we meet, you will be prepared to exclaim, My dear Alice, you were right—I do indeed love him.

“I agree with you, Grace, that this war is much to be deplored. As you remark, it has made many a hearth desolate, and it is destined to fill many more hearts with unutterable grief. But who is to blame? Let us not rashly censure those men, who think that their natural rights have been disregarded and trampled upon by the mother-country: they may be mistaken, but they are sincere in their belief. There are two sides to every question, and of this, I fancy you have heard but one. If the reasons for this revolt as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, be true, the colonists are justifiable in resisting what they consider the tyranny of Great Britain; if false, the sooner they are brought into subjection, the better for all parties. I would not say a word in defence of a rebellion produced by bad men to subserve their own private ends; on the contrary, I would regard it as a great crime, commanded as we are, to submit ourselves in all things unto the powers that be. The case is different, however, when rulers disregard the rights of their subjects; for it is unreasonable to expect, that an intelligent people should quietly endure the grossest oppression and injustice. We ought, therefore, carefully to examine the merits of this unhappy controversy, and endeavor to ascertain, what degree of truth there may be in the reasons assigned by the colonists, for attempting to sever their connection with Britain. If their statements be untrue, and their positions untenable, no censure will be too severe; and I will freely join with you in condemn-

ing the men, who could thus wantonly involve this fair country in all the horrors of war. But when we form an opinion, let us do so with a full and accurate knowledge of the subject.

“You and I are blessed with parents, who would sacrifice their lives, if necessary, in defence of their king; and from them we stand but a poor chance of hearing the arguments of those who are stigmatized as rebels. Now is it not possible, (I do not say probable,) that these men can say much that is true in extenuation of their so-called crime?—and if so, ought we not to hear them patiently before we condemn? I think we ought. There is a Latin maxim, *audi alteram partem*—hear the other side—which is a good one—one without the observance of which, justice between disputants cannot be done; and I, for my part, have already seen, read, and heard enough of this controversy, to bring me to the conclusion of Sir Roger de Coverly, that much may be said on both sides.

“Do not, pray, infer from the foregoing, that I am a rebel. I love England as the greatest nation upon earth, and am proud of her as the land of our forefathers. I glory in her supremacy in letters, arts, and arms; but I love the land of my birth, and would require that England should treat us as a daughter should be treated by a parent. If she has the right side of this quarrel, I will approve the course she has adopted; if the wrong side, her conduct is indefensible. By and by, dear Grace, we will talk more fully upon this subject, and decide “under which king” we shall marshal our troops.

“One word in relation to the leader, who is so unfortunate as to have provoked your ill will. Did I ever mention to you, that I once had the pleasure of an introduction to him? It was even so, and that not many months since. He is tall in person, grave and dignified. I had some conversation with him, and found him affable and polite—intel-

ligent upon every topic that came under discussion, and with a happy faculty of communicating his thoughts. I must say that I admired him. Not that I consider him as possessing brilliant talents but his judgment appears to be sound, and his abilities such as may be successfully applied to the great business of life. I should say that he is not calculated for those achievements which dazzle the world; but in situations, where difficulties beset him on every hand, his prudence, foresight, and firmness, will enable him to triumph, where other men would despair. In a word, he is *the* man of all others to lead the American army. Remember what I say, and see if the result will justify my estimate of his character. Write soon. Adieu my dear Grace.

ALICE."

CHAPTER IV.

WE left Captain H—— upon the road, and we shall now follow him for awhile, and record his progress to the British camp. After his interview with Henry Carleton, he pursued his way eastward, and in the evening arrived at Fairfield in Connecticut, whence he designed to cross the Sound to the Long Island shore. Immediately on reaching that village, he went directly to the house of a staunch Whig friend, where he remained that night, and early next morning was conveyed across in a small sloop, and landed at Huntington.

"Here, Captain H——," said the young officer's friend on approaching the shore, "I must leave you to the care of another. I shall be able, perhaps, by means of this letter, to procure you a conveyance to Brooklyn, but as I am known in Huntington, we had better avoid being seen together, lest some suspicion might thereby be excited. I will pretend to have come hither on my own business, and while I engage the idlers on the wharf in conversation, do you saunter carelessly into the village, and proceed directly to the house of a farmer named Jones, a shrewd and courageous man, who, although he is reputed to be neutral, is, nevertheless, a secret well-wisher of our cause. In this letter I have requested him to assist you in carrying into effect the object you have in view; and as I know him to be true, you will be entirely safe in entrusting him with your confidence."

When the vessel came up to the wharf, a number of idle vagabonds were, as usual, drawn to the

spot, and while Captain H——'s friend bustled about among them, and engaged their attention, Captain H—— himself, in whose appearance there was nothing to attract particular notice, walked into the village, and thence, taking a by-road according to direction, sought the farm of Mr. Jones. The description given to him of the house and its situation had been so accurate, that he had no difficulty in finding the object of his search. The person he desired to see was fortunately at home—a rough, jovial man, but one whose conversation showed that he was not deficient in intelligence. He invited Captain H—— into that sanctum sanctorum of farm-houses—the parlor; an apartment that had not, perhaps, been profaned by the presence of a mortal, since the last time a neighbor took tea with the family.

Captain H—— immediately explained to him the object of his visit, handing him the letter with which he was charged, and exhibiting his credentials, bearing the signature of Washington, who directed all true Whigs to convey the bearer whithersoever he should desire to go. Mr. Jones read and re-read the papers, pausing some minutes over them, as if he were hesitating to comply with the requisition; but at length consented to undertake the dangerous task of carrying Captain H—— to his place of destination.

“I was thinking, sir,” said Mr. Jones in a low tone of voice, and shutting the door to prevent his being overheard, “how I shall manage this difficult business; but I believe that I have hit upon a plan, that will enable us to accomplish it without much danger. It is this: I have a quantity of vegetables, and a lamb or two ready for market, and we can take them in my small wagon and go into Brooklyn, without exciting any suspicion of our purpose. This, too, will afford me a satisfactory excuse for leaving my family, as I mentioned

last night that I should go down either to-day or to-morrow. That dress of yours gives you sufficiently the appearance of a countryman, to admit of your passing as my son; and when we shall have got into the midst of the enemy, you can make your observations, while I dispose of my vegetables and lambs. What do you think of the plan?"

"I see nothing against it," replied Captain H—; "indeed, I believe we may pursue it successfully. Will it be convenient for you to set off immediately?"

"Not under two or three hours," replied Jones, "as I shall have to kill and dress the lambs, and attend to some other matters that require looking after. But come, let us breakfast, and then we will go as soon as possible."

"By what name, and in what character shall I be known to your family?" demanded Captain H—.

"Let me see," replied Jones; "I will introduce you as my friend Mr. Thompson residing near Brooklyn, just returned from visiting your relations on the main shore. We must not be too regardful of truth in these times, especially in matters involving the safety of our necks. It would not do to let my family into the secret, for women, you know, sweet creatures, will blab occasionally. Now, Mr. Thompson let me caution you against betraying yourself to my daughters by your language. You have assumed the character of a young countryman, and if you talk too high flown, my girls will certainly suspect something. So you must converse in a homely style like the rest of us."

Captain H— promised to support the character to the best of his ability, and was then introduced to Mrs. Jones and her three daughters, whom he found to be rather pretty and intelligent, and very inquisitive. He had fifty questions to answer, and was obliged to tell every thing like news; but

he made brief replies to their interrogatories, and adapted his language to his appearance. The youngest, he thought, scrutinized him rather too closely, and her notice seemed to be particularly attracted by his hands, as if she were astonished at their size and complexion.

At length, breakfast being over, Mr. Jones followed by his guest, went out to prepare for their departure, and having killed the lambs and stowed them into the wagon together with a quantity of vegetables, they set off for Brooklyn, Mrs. Jones charging her spouse to keep himself quiet, and not get into difficulty among the troops. The youngest daughter, who seemed more pleased with Captain H—— than either of her sisters, stood in the piazza watching them till they were out of sight; when she followed the others into the house, remarking that the youth looked as little like a farmer as any attorney's clerk. This observation, together with her general deportment while Captain H—— was in the house, caused her sisters to charge her with being smitten, and made her for the remainder of the day, the subject of their raillery.

Mr. Jones and his passenger quietly pursued their journey for some distance, without the occurrence of any thing likely to cause uneasiness, till they stopped at an inn to refresh their horse. The day, as we have mentioned in a former chapter, was exceedingly windy and unpleasant, and doubtless had some effect upon the spirits of the young officer, who, in spite of Jones's efforts to cheer him, was gloomy and sad. He now seemed more fully than ever, to realize the hazardous nature of his mission, although fear had little to do with producing his dejection.

To the young—buoyant with hope, to whom life presents nothing but a bright and sunny picture—there is something revolting in the very idea of death, which they cannot contemplate without a shudder; and although in the tumult of passion, or

impelled by a thirst of glory, they may rush headlong upon destruction, yet in more quiet moments, when all the peculiar feelings of youth are predominant, they cannot regard without a pang, the probability of being soon cut off from this beautiful world, and separated forever from all they hold dear.

"Thus it was with Captain H——. During his journey he recalled to mind all that made life charming;—his home, relatives, friends—every thing, indeed, that attached him to the world—passed in review before him, exciting emotions in his bosom, that filled his eyes with tears.

We know not whether the great Author of our being ever permits us to foresee the fate that awaits us, and whether those presentiments which strangely enough, have so often had their fulfilment in disaster or death, are supernatural, or merely the result of feelings depending upon the physical system; but true it is, that the human mind is occasionally visited by the most gloomy forebodings, amounting almost to conviction, that, in the bosom of the unknown future, some evil is lurking which time will evolve with unerring certainty. Too enlightened to be superstitious, and of too sanguine a temperament to be subject to melancholy, Captain H——, nevertheless, allowed his feelings to be depressed; nor could he for some time reason himself into the belief, that his unpleasant sensations arose from the apprehension which his situation was well calculated to inspire. So strong, at one period, was his presentiment of impending evil, that he was undecided whether to go forward or return; but this hesitancy was but momentary, for his powerful mind soon recovered itself, and though the feelings of which we have spoken, continued till he had accomplished two-thirds of his journey, yet his resolution of persisting in the undertaking was not again shaken.

Discovering Captain H——'s disinclination to converse, Mr. Jones paused in the middle of a

story, and they rode on in silence till they stopped at a small inn, around which were a dozen or more of those vagabonds, who are in the practice of congregating at such places. Immediately after getting out of their wagon, they were grossly insulted by one of the number, who was partially intoxicated, and whose filthy jests excited the laughter of his bloated companions. Jones was excessively indignant at such treatment, and being a courageous and powerful man, would have made some havoc among them, but for the restraint which the peculiar situation of Captain H—— imposed.

Having placed their horse and wagon under a shed, and left them in charge of the ostler, they walked into the bar-room, followed by two or three fellows, one of whom was the man who first insulted them. There he continued his offensive remarks, and seemed disposed to breed a quarrel; but no notice was taken of him by the young officer and Jones, who were determined to avoid a collision if possible, and to leave the house as soon as their horse was sufficiently refreshed. Finding he could make no impression upon them with words, Skaates, as he was called, walked up to Jones who was reading a placard pasted against the wall, and slapping him with a smart blow upon the back, said, "Look here friend, you've got yourself into a hornet's nest here, and d—n my eyes if you sha'nt treat all round or take a flogging."

Incensed beyond measure by this language, and losing his self-control, Jones turned and administered a blow upon the breast of Skaates, which prostrated him upon the floor, where he lay like a corpse without breath or motion. This was sufficient to bring the whole posse into the room. When they discovered what had been done, they rushed upon Jones like a horde of savages, and would probably have despatched him and torn his limbs asunder, but for the timely interference of the land-

lord and Captain H——. The latter succeeded, after great exertions, in rescuing him from their fangs, and, having pushed him into a corner, stood between him and his furious assailants. He then endeavored to make himself heard, and, in a few moments, allayed the tempest of passion, which, a little before, had threatened both him and his friend with instant destruction. Knowing the importance of conciliating these fellows, so that he might be allowed to depart without further molestation, he invited them to drink at his expense, which they did with alacrity, declaring him to be the finest fellow they had met for many a day.

During this fray, Skaates lay where he had fallen, and was trodden upon by half a dozen men and almost killed. He was afterwards picked up for dead, and carried away by two of his friends.

The noise occasioned by this rencontre, attracted from the upper story of the house, a lodger whom Captain H——instantly recognised as a person to whom he was known. This individual was formerly a resident of the place in which the young officer was born, who, on the breaking out of the war, had connected himself with the British army. Whether he still belonged to it, we cannot say; but he was a violent Tory, and, in consequence of a misunderstanding which had taken place between him and the father of Captain H——, would not have hesitated to cause the arrest of the latter, had he been certain of his identity. Fortunately, during the preceding four or five years, Captain H—— had been so long absent from home pursuing his studies at college, that Joy (such was his name) had lost the familiarity with his countenance which he once possessed.

When Captain H—— saw this man, his heart leaped into his throat, for he did not doubt that he would immediately be recognised and secured. He pulled his hat as far as possible over his brows, and

turned to read the numerous papers that were sticking to the walls, hoping to escape the notice of this malignant Tory. Jones, meanwhile, had gone out to look after his horse, for he felt impatient to leave a place in which he had been so roughly handled, and where he stood a fair chance of having his wagon materially lightened of its burden.

Joy walked up to Captain H——, and commenced a conversation by inquiring the cause of the disturbance; when the latter, finding it impossible to conceal his features, and fearing that any attempt to do so, would excite suspicion, turned round and gave a brief statement of what had occurred. He did not fail to remark that Joy observed his features very closely, and examined him from head to foot, apparently measuring his height and endeavoring to decide the question as to his identity with the person for whom he was evidently taken. Uneasy under this severe scrutiny, the officer availed himself of the first pause in the conversation to walk away; but Joy, desirous of gratifying his curiosity, begged permission of the Captain to ask his name, alleging a strong resemblance to a person he once knew, as his reason for taking such a freedom.

This question would have somewhat embarrassed Captain H——, who saw the imperative necessity of passing under an assumed name, and yet was unable to do so, without uttering a falsehood. At that moment, Mr. Jones who had just brought up his horse, called him Mr. Thompson, and inquired whether he was ready to go.

"Thompson?" said Joy to himself, "Thompson? —I could have sworn you were Mr. H—— of Coventry, Connecticut, so much do you resemble that young man. You are taller than he, however, and browner; but your face is the very image of his, only that it looks a trifle older. He is gone off with the rebels, the young scamp, and is now, I'm told a

captain in the army. By Heavens! what a likeness!—Had I seen you anywhere but upon our ground, and dressed in the rebel uniform, I could have taken my oath that you were the son of Deacon Richard H——.

"I have heard of the young man you name," said the Captain smiling, and attempting to appear unconcerned; "but I was never before told that I resembled him. Was he not killed at the battle of Long Island?"

"Killed!" exclaimed Joy; "not that I am aware. Did you hear such a report?"

"Whom are you speaking of?" demanded Jones, who had overheard these remarks with much uneasiness.

"Young H—— of Connecticut," replied Joy, "who is a captain, if alive, in the rebel army. Do you know anything about him?"

"Of Captain H—— of Knowlton's Rangers?—To be sure I do, he was killed at the battle of Long Island. I know a man who saw him after he was dead. He was bored in three places, and fell near Brooklyn in the retreat."

"Good enough for him," said Joy; "I wish every d—d rebel would meet the same fate, though halters would suit them better."

"Amen!" exclaimed Jones: "I should'nt like the hangman's office, for my customers would be too numerous. Come, Thompson, let's go or we sha'nt sell our meat to-day."

Captain H—— did not wait for a second invitation, but jumped into the wagon followed by Jones, who, without saying a word, drove back in the direction whence they had come. A turn in the road carried them beyond the view from the inn, and at the next corner, he left the main avenue, with the intention of going round, and coming into it again, a mile below the tavern. This was done to deceive Joy as to their destination, so that they should be

safe in the event of his suspicions being again aroused to a degree, that might prompt him to pursue and arrest them. They saw nothing more of him that day, however, and made the best of the way to Brooklyn, without the occurrence of anything else worthy of notice.

They passed the outposts of the British with difficulty, and late in the afternoon reached Brooklyn. Jones, who was well acquainted in the village, selected an obscure tavern as their lodging place; and having driven there, engaged rooms for the night, and agreed to meet again in the evening they separated, Captain H—— to perform the object of his mission, and Jones to dispose of his meat and vegetables.

The former sauntered through the village, keeping a sharp lookout on every hand for persons that might recognise him, though, in truth, he felt himself in little danger, since he was comparatively a stranger there, and known but to very few persons. When he was passing a tavern, he observed in the back room a number of officers congregated; and having satisfied himself that there was no person with whom that knew him, he entered, took a seat, and called for a glass of liquor, by way of excuse for remaining. There he sat an attentive listener to all that was heard, and much information was thus acquired which he treasured up as likely to be of great service to his commander. But the most important knowledge he gained was from a very intelligent officer, who came and sat near him, and began conversation by making inquiries about the surrounding country, particularly of that portion comprised in the counties of New York and West Chester. As that district was to be the scene of the operations of the British, the officer appeared desirous to make himself acquainted with it; and with this view he put numerous questions to Captain H—— which the latter answered with apparent candor.

histurn, Captain H—— adroitly drew from the Englishman, all the information he desired, relative to the condition of the British army—the number of men fit for duty—their plan of operations et cetera;—all which was freely communicated, much to the gratification of the American. Having thus established a sort of acquaintance, the courteous and intelligent young Englishman, with whose manners and conversation Captain H—— was particularly pleased, thanked him for having so politely answered all his interrogatories, and then withdrew in company with his brother officers.

When they were gone, Captain H—— learned from the landlord, that the gentleman with whom he had been conversing, was a relation of the British general; from which he inferred that the information thus obtained, was such as could be fully relied upon. The result of his subsequent inquiries in the village, confirmed all he had heard, and about nine o'clock in the evening, he repaired to the inn, well satisfied with his success. Jones congratulated him upon his excellent luck, and manifested much joy on the occasion. They retired to their rooms, having ordered their supper to be brought to them, and remained up till near midnight, amusing each other with anecdotes, of which both seemed possessed of a plentiful supply.

The tavern at which Captain H—— and Jones lodged, was a low wooden house, situated near the water on the outskirts of the village. On returning to his own room—a small apartment barely large enough to contain a bed and chair—the officer took a seat by the window, to indulge, after the excitement of the day, in an hour of calm reflection. He felt no disposition to sleep; for the thoughts that crowded his brain, and the feelings that swelled his bosom, were such as to render him wakeful, though he was oppressed with fatigue.

There being no building between him and the
Vol. II.—7

river, he was able to take a wide survey of the scene that stretched away before him. The broad and majestic stream, smooth as a mirror, glistened in one bright streak beneath the moon; while all above and below him it lay in shade, and in the distance was blended with the dark shores of Jersey, or to the east, lost itself in the obscurity of night. Several small crafts were riding at anchor on its quiet bosom, and the Asia, with her lofty spires, and huge black hull, seemed like a powerful guardian in their midst. At her bows hung a single lantern, and from her side a faint light or two shot their rays along the unruffled surface of the river.

Beyond lay the city—a shapeless mass, dark and dense at its lower point, while at the upper or eastern extremity, now the most thickly populated portion, the buildings were more rare, being not only few in number, but scattered over a wide space interspersed with trees. A few lights were twinkling among that array of houses, the only evidence of man's presence there; for though the city contained so many souls, and held an army within its bounds, not a sound made its way across the space that intervened. Had the town been depopulated, the silence in which it was apparently wrapped could not have been more profound.

How strange and inexplicable were his sensations! Surrounded on every hand by an enemy—a spy in the very camp of his foe—with a long distance to travel in retracing his steps, and many difficulties, perhaps, to overcome, before his life would be out of jeopardy;—suffering under those vague but uncomfortable anticipations of evil to which we have before alluded, and which now took possession of his mind with redoubled force—he experienced a tumult of emotions more distressing than any that had ever disturbed his bosom. At one moment, when the memory of home and all its endearments called

a tear to his eye, he was ready to curse himself for the rashness he had displayed, in thus accepting a commission fraught with so much danger; but when he recollected the importance of the duty with which he was charged, the success with which he had so far performed it, and the strong claims which it would give him, upon the gratitude of his commander, his mind was relieved, and he felt rejoiced that he had allowed no unworthy or selfish consideration to prevent his assuming a task, which would at once render him conspicuous among his fellow soldiers, and, perhaps, be of immense service to the cause which he loved.

On the following day, he felt some curiosity to see the British general, and determined to gratify it, if he could do so without exposing himself to too much risk. Having ascertained where head quarters were, he started to seek them, and, on his way, again met Joy, whom he endeavored to avoid without being seen. That person unfortunately caught sight of him as he was about to turn a corner, and immediately bent his steps towards him. Captain H——'s first impulse was to run, but apprehending that an attempt to escape would lead to bad consequences, by confirming any suspicions that Joy might entertain, he stopped and held out his hand, but exhibited no signs of uneasiness. He saw enough in Joy's countenance, however, to disturb his presence of mind, had he been of a timid disposition; but he preserved his composure, and immediately commenced a conversation.

Without accepting his proffered hand, or noticing his remarks, Joy observed: "Sir, my opinion as to what you told me yesterday"—and then checking himself as if afraid of alarming his prey, and looking about him apparently to seek assistance, he continued in a more pleasant tone, "of course what you told me was true, but how strange that I should have taken you for Captain H——.

of Coventry! ha! ha! ha!—Come, my good sir, let us go and drink together. There is a tavern below, yonder, where they keep as good brandy as ever you put into your throat.”

Joy pointed to the place where Captain H—— had stopped on the preceding afternoon, and before which several British officers were now standing. His object in wishing him to go to that tavern, was too apparent not to be immediately discovered; and the Captain now felt that his danger was most imminent, as it was quite clear that Joy knew him, and was intent upon his capture. For a moment, his presence of mind seemed to forsake him, so sudden and unexpected was this meeting with the man whom he had so much reason to dread. He saw that whether he accompanied Joy or not, the result might be the same, inasmuch as aid could very easily be procured where they were, and his escape rendered impossible. Without showing any embarrassment, however, or seeming to hesitate in his reply, he observed:

“I accept your invitation, sir, with thanks; but first go with me to my lodgings, where I have a little matter requiring attention, and that done, I shall have leisure to try which is the better man over the brandy which you praise so highly.”

“Agreed,” said Joy, “but let us make haste, for, to tell you the truth, Mr. —— Thompson, I believe your name is—I long to drink to our better acquaintance.”

They proceeded to the inn which was not far distant, and entered the small bar-room, where Captain H—— desired Joy to take a seat and wait for him till he should go up stairs and return; to which the latter readily assented. The officer then passed through a back door, which he closed behind him, and having written a note in pencil to Jones, explaining his situation and the necessity he was under of leaving the village forthwith, he

handed it to a girl living in the house, together with the price of his lodging and meals. After adding a gratuity to secure a faithful performance of her promise to deliver the note into Mr. Jones's hands, he went into the yard, and thence through a gate communicating with a narrow lane, the end of which was a considerable distance beyond the outskirts of the village. Pursuing this avenue at a quick pace, he came to an open field which he speedily crossed, and soon gained the main road running eastward.

He had not travelled more than two hours, before he had the satisfaction of being overtaken by Jones, who, the moment he received the note, prepared to start upon his homeward journey. Long before night they arrived at Huntington, where, in compliance with the urgent request of his new friend, Captain H—— concluded to remain until the following morning. The narrative of what subsequently befel that brave and faithful officer, we shall reserve for a future chapter.

CHAPTER V.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lateness of the hour which he retired, Henry rose early with the intention of taking a ride on horseback before breakfast. The morning was fine; a fresh breeze from the northwest, a cloudless sky, and the sun not high enough to be uncomfortably warm, were inducements to a ramble which he could not resist. When Cato was currying Romeo, he strolled through the garden into the grove, which he always took pleasure in visiting, because he knew it to be the favorite resort of Alice. Every tree and shrub had interest in his eye on that account, and he almost envied them their situation so near her person.

When he approached the little seat in what was called Alice's Bower, he discovered Mr. Stafford sitting there, holding a book in his hand. Henry stopped and was about to withdraw, when the latter observed him, closed his book, and requested him to draw near and sit down. Had this been simply an invitation, Carleton would have immediately declined it, unwilling to interrupt the study of his friend; but the request was couched in language and delivered in a tone, that made him regard it rather in the light of a command. Mr. Stafford's countenance wore an unusually severe expression, the contraction of his brow, and the compression of his lips showed that he was displeased.

No sooner did Carleton perceive that his friend was in no pleasant humor, than he felt his spirit rise within him. "By what right," thought he, *does this man presume to speak to me in such*

manner?—or why should he be displeased at any thing I have done, as if I were his son and subject to his control? I will not consent to be called to an account by one, who has not the shadow of authority for interfering in my affairs." These thoughts passed through Henry's mind as he advanced towards Mr. Stafford, causing the blood to mount into his cheeks, and the expression of his countenance suddenly to change. He paused before his friend without uttering a word, for, in truth, he was at the moment afraid to trust himself to reply; nor did he take a seat, till Mr. Stafford with a motion of the hand, had again requested him to do so.

"You are moving early this morning, sir," began Mr. Stafford in a tone of voice that immediately convinced Henry that he had not mistaken that gentleman's feelings; "I trust your object, Mr. Carleton, is less belligerent in its character than that of yesterday, when you so gallantly assisted in fighting your country's battles. I ought, perhaps, to congratulate you upon the success of the expedition against his Majesty's troops upon Montresor's Island."

Henry did not immediately answer this salutatory speech. His self-control was such, that he was able to repress his inclination to retort; and the reply that rose to his lips, was, consequently, not uttered. The colour of his face, however, demonstrated the nature of his feelings, and showed how difficult he found it to maintain a respectful silence. Had such a remark been made by any other person, he would have replied with some asperity; but, as we have already observed, he had determined to avoid, if possible, every thing like altercation, or dispute, with Mr. Stafford, of whose hatred of the Whigs and their cause, he was fully aware. Agreeably to this resolution, he commanded his temper so far as to answer after a few minutes,

with more mildness than could have been expected from one so spirited and impatient of control.

"My object in rising so early," said he, "is simply to take a ride on horseback; and since it seems necessary to explain my movements, I will add that I do not contemplate leaving the Woods to-day, unless it should be to return to New York."

Mr. Stafford's countenance underwent some change on hearing this reply. It had not previously occurred to him that, what he should say on the subject of Henry's conduct of the preceding day, might cause his young guest to leave the house in anger. Accustomed, as we have before remarked, to speak his mind in regard to the war, he did not permit himself to reflect upon the consequences of too much freedom with Henry, who would act as he saw fit, without much regard to the wishes of one, who had no right to exercise a controlling power over him. Mr. Stafford knew his disposition sufficiently well to be aware, that he could be influenced only by argument or persuasion, and that an attempt to intimidate him would be worse than useless. But Hugh Stafford's nature inclined him to command rather than to persuade. Disappointed in his hopes of making Henry a loyalist, and angry at finding him acting openly with the rebels, he had yielded to the impulse of his feelings, and thrown as much of bitterness and sarcasm into his remarks, as was consistent with the slightest show of politeness. When, however, he saw that the only effect of such a course would be to offend his guest, and place him under the necessity of returning home, he became somewhat alarmed, and immediately altered his tone and manner.

"Of course you will not go to New York so soon," said he, "unless, indeed, you have become tired of our poor society; in which case I would by no means insist upon your staying. But you should not be offended, sir, at what I say. You know

what I am, and what my feelings are in regard to this wicked revolt; and if I should express my mind freely to you, as I do to every body else,—(for on that topic I talk boldly and without reserve,) I trust you will overlook all that you may consider objectionable in my language.”

“I am disposed to make every reasonable allowance,” said Henry, “for the warmth of feeling you have exhibited; and I cannot refrain from expressing the hope, that I shall be permitted to think and act agreeably to the dictates of my own judgment, since others claim and exercise the right of doing the same.”

“No, sir,” said Mr. Stafford with emphasis, “you are but a young man, and however sound may be your judgment in regard to most matters, in this it misleads you, and proves itself a bad guide. Your father is diametrically opposed to you in opinion;—so am I. Now can it be possible that we are wrong, who have lived so much longer than you, and whose knowledge of the world enables us to understand and appreciate the motives by which men are governed? Does it appear likely, I would ask, that you are right and that we are wrong?”—

“If all those who think as I do,” replied Henry, “were of my age, I should have less confidence in the correctness of my opinions; but there are hundreds and thousands supporting the colonial cause, who cannot be charged with youth and inexperience. I have great respect for your judgment, as well as for that of my father; but, on this momentous question, I think that loyal feelings, and horror of resistance to established power, have prevented you and him from examining both sides of this controversy with your usual impartiality. I trust that I fully understand our relations with the mother-country; I know what we owe to her, and what is due from her to us; and had the government of Britain conducted itself properly towards us, I should have been

the last to sanction a resort to arms, for the purpose of establishing our independence. But why should we quietly submit to the tyrannical regulations, adopted with a view to its own benefit, and with little or no regard to our rights as men and subjects? —What! are we colonies of slaves, that we should acquiesce without a murmur in the intolerable exactions of that haughty and insolent government? Have we no respect for ourselves, and have we no duty but that of abject submission to its gross and insulting impositions?"

"You are growing warm, as well as eloquent, in defence of rebellion," said Mr. Stafford; "but I see that it is useless to argue with you. Your mind, I fear, is unalterable, and it will become my duty to inform Mr. Carleton, that his worst fears are realized, and that his son has become a confirmed rebel. Who could have believed that the offspring of such a father, would have despised the principles in which he had been educated, and openly aided and abetted those wicked men, for whom the gibbet itself would be too good? You look surprised, sir, but I mean what I say. I regard this rebellion as an act at which the devil himself would stand aghast, and if my wish would consign the leaders of it to perdition, not a man of them should have another instant to live. A parcel of political knaves who have their own sinister purpose to accomplish, they have had the ingenuity to set forth their pretended grievances in a way that has made dupes of thousands of unreflecting and innocent men. In the latter category I rank you, for though you have erred in judgment, you are at least sincere. Excuse my vehemence; I mean no disrespect."

As may well be supposed, Henry's anger was excited, but he struggled hard and successfully against it. He remained silent, scarcely knowing what to say. He felt hurt by the remarks which he had just heard, and which he could not but con-

sider insulting in their character, though he knew that, to insult him, was the last thing of which his friend would willingly have been guilty. After a few moments' pause, Mr. Stafford whose agitation had somewhat subsided, continued:

"You leave me then, Henry, no ground to hope that I may have the satisfaction of announcing to your father, a radical change in your political sentiments, instead of the displeasing intelligence to which I have alluded?"

"We may as well, Mr. Stafford," replied Henry, "come to a distinct understanding upon this subject. I have decided in favor of those whom you call rebels, and my decision, the fruit of mature reflection, is unalterable. I have not, however, determined to join them, but shall be governed by circumstances. They have my sympathy and good wishes, and to these ere long, I may add my assistance. I acknowledge, sir, that it gives me pain to find myself thus opposed to you and to my father, but it is a matter of conscience with me, and I dare not withhold my approbation from a cause, which, in my heart, I believe to be that of men actuated by the purest and most patriotic motives. I call God to witness that I make this declaration with a perfect conviction of its truth."

Mr. Stafford arose from his seat, walked back and forth several times, and exhibited signs of strong agitation. At length he went to Henry, extended his hand and calmly observed, while his features relaxed into a faint smile, "We have both been a little too much excited, Henry. Let us continue to be good friends, notwithstanding that we are unhappily to differ, where I hoped that we should perfectly agree. It is true that I despise the party you have espoused, and hold its supporters to be my personal enemies; yet towards you my feelings are quite the reverse, and I would not by any means allow a difference of opinion to interrupt our friendship."

"I rejoice to hear you say so," replied Carleton, "for knowing that the Whigs find no favor with you, I certainly expected to be proscribed, the moment I communicated my decision."

"Your horse, I perceive, is ready," added Mr. Stafford, and then walked into the house. Notwithstanding that his latter remarks were all that could be desired, yet there was something in the tone of their delivery, and a want of a corresponding warmth of manner, that were not satisfactory to Henry. He regarded the words as having been extorted from Mr. Stafford by his character of host, and considered the coldness with which they were pronounced, as the true indication of his feelings.

Dissatisfied with his friend's conversation and conduct on this occasion, Henry mounted his horse and set off on his little tour. As he rode leisurely along, he began to consider what he should do next—whether to remain at the Woods a few days longer, or to return immediately to New York.—Having made an avowal which could not but render him an unwelcome guest, to continue his visit seemed impossible. He could not forget that he was now confessedly one of that party, of whom his friend had expressed so much abhorrence, and, consequently, that his entertainment could no longer be cordial, however the external forms of politeness might be strictly observed. On the other hand, he was reluctant to return home, for he well knew that his father would receive him coldly; and he was averse to separating himself so soon from Alice, to whom, as the reader has seen, he had become most ardently attached. He saw, however, but one course to pursue, and that was to withdraw himself from the Woods at the earliest possible moment, and he finally determined that, in two days at farthest, he would take his departure. He would have done so immediately, but that he did not wish Mr. Stafford to suppose that his leaving so much

sooner than was expected, was the consequence of what had passed at their interview.

Having come to this conclusion, his thoughts turned upon Alice and their conversation of the preceding evening. However painful was the thought of parting with her under circumstances that made the future dark and unpromising, he had the consoling assurance that she would never become the wife of Julian Melville. He knew Alice well enough, to feel entire confidence in her firmness and decision, even when opposed by one so resolute as Hugh Stafford; but he had no reason to believe that her father would ever insist upon her marrying a man whom she could not love. He was thus relieved from all fear that her hand would be given to another, while he was permitted to hope, that, however unfavorable the prospect then was, he would one day become her accepted suitor.

As Henry was returning by the river road, he drew his rein and allowed his horse to walk under a canopy of boughs that projected from the trees on both sides of the avenue; when he heard his name distinctly called in a voice which he immediately knew to be that of Marriner. Looking in the direction whence it came, he discerned that individual seated on a large stone at the foot of an aged oak, smoking his pipe, and apparently enjoying the fragrant air of the morning.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Carleton," cried Marriner, "I am glad to see you stirring so early, for young men like you should always be abroad by cock-crowing. That is the grand secret of my success in life."—

"I thank you for imparting so excellent a piece of advice," said Carleton;—"it must indeed be good, since you have thrived so well by following it."

"There is more in it than you are willing to allow," returned Marriner laughing. "I once knew a young man to escape from durance vile, by

getting up before light, taking French leave of his keeper, and walking off as fast as his legs would carry him. Had he postponed it till next day, he might have been a prisoner till now."

"I know to whom you allude," said Carleton, "and in that case at least, early rising was certainly advantageous. Then I was not mistaken, it appears, when I took the companion of Crawford to be a certain Captain Marriner."

"You never hit nearer the mark. But now I think of it, let me explain that matter. You may suppose that I had a hand in your capture, but such, I assure you, was not the case. After we had thrashed those villains at the inn, (where I took care that you should not know me,) Crawford asked me whether I knew you. I replied that I did, mentioning your name, and then gave an account of the capture of the British sloop. A few minutes afterwards, I left him to visit a friend in this neighborhood, and when I went to the island late at night, was astonished to learn that he had you there a prisoner. What his object was, the devil himself only knows, for I have not been able to learn. I believe, however, he meant no harm, for he told me that he should have released you next day. I rejoiced at your escape, and told Crawford plainly what I thought of his stopping one of our people on the highway. Had you been a Tory, he might have done as he pleased, even to hanging you upon the first tree; but to treat a good Whig in that way, was too bad—it was an outrage, and I told him so."

"It was indeed," replied Henry, "and he came near paying dearly for his conduct. As it was, I killed a valuable horse with a shot aimed at himself. But what news from below? Have you been in New York since I saw you?"

"I was in town yesterday," replied Marriner, "and heard it rumored that Washington would

back out to-day. Howe would like to catch him napping, and by crossing above the city, prevent his escape; but the General is too wide awake to be caught in that way—he gets up too early in the morning for the slow-moving Englishman. By the bye, Mr. Carleton,” continued he lowering his voice and looking carefully about him, “have you heard where your friend Captain H—— has gone?”

“Ay; I saw him the day before yesterday, and he told me what he was about to do.”

“Dangerous duty that, Mr. Carleton;—he must have a stout heart to put his neck into a halter.”

“I thought his going thither was a secret,” said Carleton; “pray, Marriner, be prudent;—these very trees may have ears.”

“Never fear, sir;—it is a secret, but I have the ways and means of learning what’s going on among our folks. Ay, ay, there’s precious little stirring, that doesn’t by hook or by crook reach my ears; but what goes into them a secret, never drops out of my mouth. Mr. Carleton,” continued Marriner rising and throwing a degree of energy into his delivery, while his voice sank almost to a whisper, “should anything happen to that officer, whereby he meets the fate of a detected spy, by G—d I’ll do such a deed as will make Howe, his army, and every Tory in New York, tremble in their shoes. I will, as true as there’s a Heaven above us, and the plan is all arranged, to be executed immediately on hearing of any mishap’s befalling Capt. H——.”

“I cannot conceive what a few individuals could do that would be so very terrible,” said Carleton; “but I hope my friend’s safe return will render such a step unnecessary.”

“Amen! say I,” observed Marriner, sitting down and resuming his pipe after drinking from a flask that he drew from his pocket; “I hope so too—but he has not returned yet. To get in and get out are

two things. If Crawford were here now, he would quote you Latin to this effect, that it's easy to get into hell, but to get out again, ah! there's the trouble. Perhaps you remember it."

"Very true," said Henry musingly, "there is danger, that is certain." He kept a smile upon his countenance, but, in truth, his heart sank within him, at hearing so courageous and reckless a character as Marriner speak as if the chance of Captain H——'s return, were much against him. He knew as well as the other the extent of the danger, but he had persuaded himself that his friend's courage and presence of mind would stand him in good stead, and enable him to perform the unenviable task without detection. His mind had become comparatively easy, and he had almost ceased to regard the expedition of Captain H——, as a matter that should cause much uneasiness.

"Yes," said Marriner, "should that young officer not return, you may expect to hear of something that will make your hair stand on end. Mark my words, Mr. Carleton. But, as you remarked, perhaps he will come back, and God grant he may, for the General can but ill spare so brave a man. Well—I must go over to the island. Crawford is there by this time. Good morning, Mr. Carleton—success to you. That's a fine nag of yours—by Jove I've half a mind to steal him one of these mornings."

Saying this, Marriner took another draught from his flask, and then walked down the hill towards the river, singing a Bacchanalian song of which we have already given two or three stanzas.

Henry returned to the Woods and found the family ready to breakfast. Mr. Stafford had but little to say, and it was easy to perceive that his feelings were of no comfortable description. There was no want of courtesy in his manners, however, other than the silence he observed, which affected the

others unpleasantly. Henry wished himself in New York, and Alice almost regretted that he had made them a visit, since it was likely to have so unfortunate a termination. She looked pale, and well she might, having scarcely closed her eyes in sleep during the night; and although she had not been apprized of the interview between her father and Henry, she saw enough in the former's countenance and manner, to foster those feelings which had been the cause of her wakefulness. She made great efforts to restore a degree of cheerfulness to the little circle, and was seconded by her mother; a woman of strong mind, and when she chose, of great fluency of speech. But all would not do; for the unusual taciturnity of Mr. Stafford seemed a dead weight which it was impossible to remove, and which caused the conversation to flag, and occasionally to relapse into a painful silence.

Breakfast being over, Mr. Stafford excused himself for the morning, alleging that important business required his attention; and retired to a small room dignified with the name of library, where he spent the remainder of the day among his books. He felt that his presence was a burden, and not being able to converse in a cheerful vein, or perhaps, unwilling to make an effort to render himself agreeable, he chose to absent himself, that he might not exert an unfavorable influence upon the feelings of the others. Mrs. Stafford also withdrew to busy herself with those household matters, which, in her opinion, it was the duty of every matron to be familiar with, and superintend in person;—thus differing from many would-be fashionables, who, in their ignorance of what constitutes the true dignity of woman, deem it beneath a lady, and a sure mark of vulgarity, even to know anything of, to say nothing of overseeing, domestic affairs.

At this moment, Henry and Alice happened to be standing together, near the front window which

overlooked the Sound. Both were somewhat embarrassed on finding themselves unexpectedly together. When their eyes met, a blush overspread her face, and restored the exquisite beauty which a few hours' sleep had in a slight degree impaired. A faint but forced smile played upon her lips, and she then dropped her glance to the unopened book she held in her hand. Neither spoke for some minutes. Henry was at first enraptured by the contemplation of her features, and his thoughts afterwards so much engrossed by the recollection of their last conversation—his own confession of love—her acknowledgment that it was returned—the difficulties that beset their path, and opposed one great desire of his bosom—that he did not immediately improve this favorable opportunity. He seemed to feel that silence was even preparatory to a further interchange of thought. He had communicated to her the secret of his heart—had drawn from her own lips all that he could desire to hear, and what had already passed was so delightful a theme of reflection, that he had no wish to break the pleasurable stillness that prevailed.

But these thoughts, so fraught with happiness, when he saw only the bright side of the picture, soon gave way to those of a more painful character, as the late interview with Mr. Stafford recurred to his mind. Then, indeed, he regarded her as a beautiful flower which he was forbidden to pluck—one thrown in his way to taunt him with his beauty, but destined to please the eye only, and not to decorate his bosom. An impassable barrier seemed to spring up between them, and no comforter of man—the best, and often the truest friend of the distressed, was all that remained to throw a cheering ray into the future, otherwise impenetrably gloomy and obscure.

“At length, perceiving that the silence was becoming embarrassing to Miss Stafford, he said

low voice that expressed in its tone the melancholy which brooded over his feelings, "I have this morning, dear Alice, had a short but painful interview with your father."

The young lady looked up with some surprise. "Indeed!" said she; "I was afraid that something unusual had occurred. Pray let me know what passed."

"My meeting him in the grove was quite accidental," said Henry, "and he made an observation which led to a declaration on my part, of my sympathy with the opinions and acts of the Whigs, and of my determination, should I join either party, to connect myself with the forces of Congress. Yes, the Rubicon is passed—I have declared myself an uncompromising opponent of Great Britain—and in future I shall be classed by your father among the rebels whom he so thoroughly detests."

Alice turned her eyes from his to the beautiful and sunny scene visible from the window, and remained several minutes in deep thought. A shade seemed at first to rest upon her brow, as if the intelligence she had heard was a subject of regret; but in a little while her countenance became serene, and Henry, who watched it closely, thought he perceived a faint smile trembling upon her lips. "His prediction then has been fulfilled," said she at length; "and perhaps it is for the best," she added after a short pause.

"Am I wrong, dearest Alice," said Carleton taking her hand which she suffered him to do, "in believing that you approve what I have done?—say that it meets your approbation, and I shall be content, whoever may complain."

"Do you not remember," she asked, gently withdrawing her hand, while a most lovely expression irradiated her features, "that this is an interdicted subject?"

"Pardon me, Alice; indeed I had forgotten that

you cannot answer me without violating **your** promise. But let us talk of the future; that, at **least**, you are privileged to speak of, though I fear there is nothing in it, that we can contemplate with **much** satisfaction. To-morrow I must leave you, and Heaven knows whether I shall ever revisit this spot."

Alice looked up with some surprise depicted on her countenance, and seemed to say "so soon?" But her eyes immediately fell and she made no answer.

"Yes, dearest," continued Henry, "to-morrow we must part; but let us hope that, however gloomy the prospect is before us, fate has many a happy year in store. The consciousness that I am beloved will be my consolation, and the assurance you gave me, that your hand shall never be given to another, will be a source of comfort under all the vicissitudes to which I may be subjected. Alice, do you believe that all will yet be well?"

"We have no reason to despair," she replied in a low voice, the hue upon her cheek becoming deeper as she spoke; "though there is but little to build upon, we should look for better days. The choice you have made, and the course you will probably pursue, will separate us for a season; but time may work out some auspicious changes, that will give a far different and more joyous aspect to the future."

"I fear," said Henry, shaking his head, as if her words contained but little to encourage, "that we are doomed to disappointment. It is my fortune to see my wishes crossed—to realize nothing on which I set my heart. I was born, I believe, under a most malignant star, that thwarts me at every turn. The dearer the object I have in view, the more certain am I to fail in its accomplishment."

"If such be the case," said Alice with an incredulous smile, "you may reasonably expect better *luck* for the future. There is a tide in our affairs,

as well as in the ocean; and if yours has hitherto been ebbing, it must soon begin to flow. But your life" she continued more seriously, "has not been one of disappointment. Ah, how few must you have experienced of those bitter griefs, which have been the portion of so many! Compare your situation with that of hundreds, whom this cruel war has robbed of their nearest friends, and left, perhaps, in hopeless poverty and wretchedness. How little you would discover to complain of—nay how much to be thankful for in the position which you occupy, and in the means of enjoyment placed at your command!"

"Thank you, Alice, for that gentle rebuke," said Henry; "it is wrong—very wrong to complain. I am indeed possessed of much to prize—rank, kind friends, and, more than all, your love; but we are unreasonable and weak creatures, frequently regarding our very blessings as curses, and longing eagerly for what we do not need. This is all I can plead in my defence."

At this moment, Julian Melville was seen approaching by the straight path leading from the road. Alice glanced at Henry, and while she felt provoked by this inopportune arrival, she read in his countenance, the indication of feelings corresponding to her own. Carleton was angry, and he met Melville coldly. The latter, on discovering that Henry and Alice were alone, manifested some surprise and embarrassment, which, however, were but momentary, as he soon appeared to be quite at ease, and commenced a conversation with Miss Stafford, but scarcely addressed himself at all to Carleton. He had evidently come with the intention of spending the morning; and whether he perceived that he was *de trop* or not, he certainly did not appear to be conscious that he was an unwelcome visitor. He was not a man to regard the wishes of his rival, especially as he now considered,

that he was the more likely to be the suitor; and not believing that Carleton's would be encouraged by Mr. Stafford, he saw reason why he should hold him as the ac lover of Alice, and withdraw without an from the field. He remained, therefore, and forth all his powers, which were admitted great; and in that quiet, insinuating way p to him, discoursed most fluently upon various as if he intended to carry his point by dint of sant, yet elegant conversation.

In the course of a quarter of an hour, having listened till he was tired, went out up lawn, where he amused himself in plucking flowers which decked both sides of the path afterwards seated himself in the piazza ne parlor window. He had not been there long, he heard the tones of a harp touched by the tised fingers of Alice. In compliance wi urgent request of Julian, she had consented t and she then ran over the wires with tha dity of execution, and delicacy of touc which she was remarkable. When she her voice to the sound of the instrument, C listened with rapture to the exquisite ha: while Julian, no less transported, stood by h and as the music fell upon his delighted ear, his eyes upon the beauty of her face and When she had finished the third song, he l her to favor him with one more, to which sl sented, and sung the following words set to a ing air:

SONG.

I.

Go, Warrior, to the tented field—
Thy bleeding country calls thee there,
Our cruel foe advances—hark!
His war notes rend the air.

See how his bristling bayonets gleam—
How proudly all his banners stream!

II.

O Warrior! why in lady's bower,
Thus idly dost thou linger long?
Glory and fame await thee—go
Thy brave, true friends among;
They watch thy coming—haste away!
And share the dangers of the day.

III.

Sweet moments these that tranquilly
Glide on and fill our hearts with joy—
When woman's smile, and voice, and eye,
Beguile but to destroy;
But not for thee at such an hour,
Should woman's smile have charm or power.

IV.

Then hie thee hence—go seek the camp—
And draw thy sword for liberty;
When far away, dream not of home,
Of Love forgetful be;
And while our foes unconquered stand,
Think not of me—sheath not thy brand!

V.

But when rough War has ceased to rule—
And Peace resumed her quiet reign
O'er town and field—o'er wood and stream,—
Come thou to me again.
No trumpet's peal thy heart to move—
I'll tune my harp once more to Love.

"The lady," observed Alice, when she had concluded the song, "appears to have been desirous that her lover should distinguish himself in the wars:—her sentiments are worthy of a Spartan maid."

"And yet she was not wanting in the feelings of a lover," replied Melville, "judging from the invitation she gave him to return when the wars were over; but perhaps there was another she preferred, and took this method of ridding herself of one, whom she no longer loved. Oh! Alice," he continued in a tone scarcely above a whisper, "if I

could feel assured that the song expressed your own sentiments and wishes, how cheerfully would I face the dangers of the field, to be afterwards rewarded by your approving smile. I must confess it, Miss Stafford, for I can no longer conceal that I love you—”

“Mr. Melville,” said Alice, turning her eyes upon him with an expression of great surprise, and rising slowly from her seat, “pardon me for interrupting you; I cannot listen to such language, indeed I cannot.”

“One moment, Alice, ere you go,” said Melville; “can you permit me to hope that I may one day speak to you on this subject without offending?—or must I regard myself as destined never to see the fulfilment of that hope which I have so fondly cherished since the first hour that I had the happiness to know you?”

Before Alice could reply, Carleton entered the room, and was somewhat astonished when he saw her face covered with crimson, and observed the embarrassment of Julian, who stood silent with his eyes cast down, as if he had been detected in the commission of a crime. The lady immediately withdrew, and left the young gentlemen together. Mr. Melville was in a passion, and, contrary to his practice, suffered it to be discovered. The repulse he had met with, was altogether unexpected on his part, as he had persuaded himself into the belief, that, if Alice was not prepared to accept his hand, she would, at least, afford him some encouragement. As we have before remarked, he had considered Henry’s participation in the affair at Montresor’s Island, to have decided the question between them, who should be the successful competitor; and he had come thither that morning with high hopes and buoyant feelings, arising from the conviction that he should one day bear away the prize, and enjoy the discomfiture and despair of his

rival. In a word, he looked upon Miss Stafford as already his own; and it was his intention, if an opportunity presented, to obtain a private interview, in order to make his proposal before he joined the army, which he expected to do within the ensuing fortnight. The temporary absence of Henry, as we have seen, gave him the opportunity he sought, and he made his declaration under the full belief that it would be favorably heard. Though he was liable to be interrupted by the return of Carleton, his feelings impelled him to the tender confession; for, to say sooth, he not only hoped and believed that Miss Stafford was in love with him, but vainly imagined that she had purposely selected the song, with a view to express in the words of another, those sentiments which she could not even hint at in a less equivocal way. The reply of Alice and her unaffected surprise, opened his eyes to his mistake. Disappointed and chagrined, under the first impulse of anger, he imputed his ill success to Carleton, whom he now regarded as the favored one of Alice, however distant he thought him to stand from her, in consequence of his political opinions.

Henry's feelings were quite different from those of Melville. He had been slightly irritated, it is true, by the interruption of his conversation with Alice, but he had now become quite calm, and would willingly have spoken to Julian, had the latter been in his usual state of mind. Having nothing to fear from that gentleman, he was not disposed to harbor any ill will towards him, especially as it was now quite clear that something had passed between him and Alice, with which Julian was by no means satisfied.

Mr. Carleton walked towards the window, and stood there without speaking; while Julian remained where Alice had left him, with one hand resting upon the harp, and his eyes fixed intently upon

the floor. The contraction of his brows, and the stern expression of the mouth, showed how much he was affected by the unfavorable response which Miss Stafford had made to his declaration. At length he resumed his usual appearance of cheerfulness, and suddenly recollecting that his thoughtfulness might lead Henry to suspect the cause, he walked to the other window, and, with a forced smile upon his countenance, commenced a conversation in as pleasant a vein, as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity of temper.

Alice soon returned, and conversed freely with both gentlemen, but particularly with Julian, whom she seemed desirous of soothing. She succeeded in making him forget, for a time, what had passed between them, and unintentionally inspired him with the hope that he might yet have the good fortune to obtain her hand. On reflecting upon the very few words which both had uttered, he found that, after all, there was no cause even for discouragement—much less for despair. He had declared his love, and her answer had only been such as many ladies would have given, in order that it might not seem that they accepted the offer too readily. What her reply would have been to his questions that followed, of course he could not conjecture; “but is there not,” thought he, “some ground for the belief that it would have been favorable, considering the marked distinction with which she has treated me, since her return to the room?”

The more he thought of this, the less disposed he was to regard his case as hopeless; and before he left the house, he even imagined that his chance was a good one, and his prospects as fair as could reasonably be expected. He went home comparatively happy, but at the same time convinced, that he had a rival in Henry, whose pretensions, notwithstanding his political bias, were not to be lightly held.

CHAPTER V.

IN the course of that day, Carleton, as if he disliked to remain in the house when Alice was not present, went out and strolled over the fields and through the woods, wherever chance, or a beaten path, or a shady walk invited him. He gave himself up to reflection, scarcely heeding what he saw around him, or caring whither he was going. At length, having gone more than a mile from the house, he stopped beside a brook that came leaping in tiny cascades from a gentle declivity; and as he watched its shallow and noisy waters, he could not but acknowledge how aptly such small and troubled streams had been compared to the chequered life of man. The descent from its source, he thought, might represent his downward progress towards the grave, from the moment that his lungs expand with air; the ripples, and foam, and noise, might be regarded as emblems of the troubles, contentions, and complaints, which mark his short career; while its quiet flow for a brief space over golden sands—uninterrupted by rocks or stones—might picture those occasional intervals of peace and happiness, which come to all of every rank and condition.

Interested in this train of thought, he sat down upon a projecting rock, and cast his eye along the brook, to observe how it corresponded with the course of his own existence. He had heard of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and why, since accident had led him to that place, might he not read the future, so far as it concerned him, in the pure brooklet that

murmured at his feet? Seen from where he sat, the waters seemed to well, at a short distance, from a clump of green bushes that overhung and shaded its smooth surface; and nearer still, it maintained the same quiet and noiseless flow, and sparkled in the sun-light that found its way through the lofty trees; nor was the stream at all broken, until it reached a spot above, but near him, where a few stones that lay in its course, caused it to leap, and foam, and shout. Opposite to him it was far more disturbed; a deep shadow rested upon it, and the bottom, so clearly seen above, was there invisible. Below him, the turbulence increased as the waters descended and shot hither and thither in their impeded and crooked channel; and almost as far as he could see, there was little but the same boisterous rushing and confusion among the opposing rocks. Beyond this, however, the green bushes again stretched their leafy branches over the stream; and through an opening, he could perceive a space shining in the sun, and apparently flowing on with the same peaceful and gentle descent, as the undisturbed portion that lay above him. His view was bounded by a mass of low trees, through which the brook held its way, till it joined another stream which emptied itself into the Sound, after a devious route through meadows, fields, and woods. Bringing back his eye to the darker and more unquiet parts, he was surprised to see a long and faint ray of light resting upon it, like a silver thread attached by one end to a stone, and floating upon the shady surface. "I shall not," said he, "be without a hope to cheer and sustain me through the vicissitudes I may be destined to encounter. Ah, Alice! thy image and thy promise shall console me, whatever may be my fate; and thou shalt be my guiding star through the darkness that may surround, and the storms that may assail me!"

Carleton sighed as he uttered these words, and

leaning his head upon his hands, with his eyes looking intently upon the waters before him, he was startled by a slight tap upon the shoulder. At the same instant, a letter dropped into his hat which lay beside him upon the ground; and before he could turn round, the person who brought it had disappeared in a neighboring thicket. Surprised at this unexpected incident, it did not occur to him to follow the bearer until it was too late. The note was written upon coarse paper, and superscribed with his own name in a large and inelegant hand. The contents were brief, and mysterious as they were brief. "Should you need advice," it simply said, "within the next four-and-twenty hours, go to the spot where you last saw Crawford."

These words were without a signature, more than one of them were misspelled, and they had evidently been traced with a bad pen, by a person unaccustomed to writing. Carleton was unable to conjecture by whom this could have been sent, as it was impossible, he thought, that it could have come from Crawford, who was unquestionably a man of some education, and capable of writing a few words decently and correctly. Excepting Mr. Stafford's family, and Mr. Melville, only one person—the man who was stationed at the road side, to give notice of Henry's approach—was aware of his having met Crawford; but Henry could not believe that the billet had come from him or any of that fraternity, as all of them, as nearly as he recollected, were men whose appearance and occupation indicated a greater familiarity with the trade of robbing barn-yards, than with writing notes or giving advice.

He remembered, as he passed from the grove at the end of the garden into the adjoining fields, to have observed a man at some distance, walking in the same direction as himself; and he also remembered that, just before he entered the woods where

this incident occurred, he perceived a person whom he took to be the same individual, also about to enter the woods from the other extremity of the field. As there was nothing singular in this circumstance, it did not arrest his attention for a moment, but was almost immediately forgotten.

Having puzzled himself in conjecturing who the writer could be, and unable to think of any one likely to be his unknown correspondent, he put the note into his pocket, and thought no more about the matter. After remaining in the woods for a short time longer, he returned home by a circuitous route, in season to prepare himself for dinner.

Julian Melville did not return to Mr. Stafford's that day, but there came a gentleman in his stead, with whom the reader has already been made acquainted. We allude to Peleg Strong. The clergyman was all smiles, and as talkative as the most comfortable feelings and the highest spirits could render him. He was most assiduous in his attentions to the great magnet of that house, and seemed happy that Miss Stafford received them, as if they afforded her unqualified pleasure. The truth is, she regarded her answer to his recent avowal, as having forever put at rest the absurd project which he entertained; and as she really respected the man as a kind-hearted, but somewhat pompous individual, she desired to smooth over her rejection of his suit, by appearing to be delighted with his conversation. She succeeded to her wish, and Mr. Strong was the happiest of mortals.

But Peleg was not the man to be easily discouraged, nor to be satisfied with a single refusal, however emphatic or positive the manner in which it was given. After the conversation between him and Alice, which we have already recorded, he went home in rather low spirits, and with feelings somewhat depressed by the unsatisfactory replies which his tender remarks had elicited. One night's

sleep, however, sufficed to work a great change, and when he arose next morning, he felt the same as usual, and considered his unsuccessful effort of the preceding day, as one of those rebuffs, to which every suitor is liable in a matrimonial campaign, whatever may be the fair one's intentions, or the state of her affections. He soon confirmed himself in the belief, that there was not the slightest cause for discouragement, and determined to persevere till success should crown his efforts. In pursuance of this wise decision, he continued his visits to the Woods, confident that he should one day have the satisfaction of leading its beautiful inmate to the Hymenial altar.

On the day in question, Mr. Strong thought he might as well renew the subject which lay nearest his heart, but hesitated whether he should first speak to Alice or to Mr. Hugh Stafford. He debated the matter in his own mind thus: "It is barely possible that the young lady may not have conceived the degree of affection for me, which would induce her to respond affirmatively to my proposal; although there cannot be a reasonable doubt, that she is much attached to me, and daily becoming more enamored. If I should wait six months till my personal attractions added to the insinuating attentions I might bestow upon her, shall have had time to do their perfect work, and complete the conquest now so nearly achieved, she would doubtless accept my hand with joy, the moment it was proffered. But then six months are a long time, and it is impossible to foresee what may occur within that period. If, on the other hand, I should apply to my friend her father, who has already appreciated my merits and advanced me in the world, his influence in my behalf could easily be secured, and my matrimonial plans be immediately carried to a successful termination. Alice is dutiful and obedient, and one word from Mr. Stafford, in addition

to the promptings of her own heart, is all that would be necessary to perfect my terrestrial happiness."

By this process of reasoning, did Mr. Strong come to the conclusion, that his chance of success would be increased by applying to the lady's father, who, in the clergyman's opinion, could not fail to see the advantage of bestowing his only daughter upon a worthy divine, whose pretensions to her hand were based upon some theological lore, a tall person, and an empty purse. To him, therefore, Peleg decided, after mature reflection, to disclose the object he had in view, and to request, if the alliance proposed should meet Mr. Stafford's approbation, that he would exert himself to obtain Alice's consent to their union. Not doubting in the least, that his friend would regard his proposal favorably, and even consider himself honored thereby, Mr. Strong repaired to the Woods in season to be certain of an invitation to dinner.

Immediately after dining, Mr. Stafford having, for appearance sake, exchanged a few words with Henry, retired to his library. Mr. Strong remained some time with Mrs. Stafford, Alice, and Henry, and then inquired of the young lady where her father might be found. Having learned that he was in his library, the clergyman stated that he had some important business to transact with him, and immediately withdrew, assuring Alice in a low tone, by way of consolation for his absence, that he would shortly return. A smile rose to her lips as her only reply to this absurd remark, and Mr. Strong, ever ready to interpret every thing in such manner as to square with his wishes, thought it denoted the pleasure she felt in the certainty that he would not be long away.

"You and Mr. Strong are certainly on excellent terms to day," said Mrs. Stafford to Alice; "I should not be surprised were he to become a devo-

ted admirer, if, indeed, such be not already the case."

"Mr. Strong really seems to be in a good humor," replied Alice, "and has gone to see papa on important business. What important business a clergyman can possibly have to transact with him, I cannot imagine."

"Perhaps he has gone to propose for your hand," said Mrs. Stafford, laughing, but without the most distant idea that she had hit the nail on the head.

Mr. Strong knocked at the library door, and was admitted. Its inmate was seated on a large fauteuil, or arm chair, with a quarto volume before him, and his head resting on his hand, in an attitude of deep thought. When the clergyman made his appearance, Mr. Stafford closed the book with a sign of impatience; and the scowl upon his brow, evinced that the visitor was decidedly unwelcome. These evidences of vexation were, however, unnoticed, for Mr. Strong was one of those who have the happy faculty of overlooking, what it would give other people pain to discover.

Without being invited to do so, he drew a chair near to Mr. Stafford, and seated himself with an air of great respect for the presence into which he had come. Mr. Stafford said nothing, but looked at Peleg with an expression that would have caused any other person to place himself on the outer side of the door, with the greatest possible expedition.

"You have a snug retreat here," began the clergyman, throwing his large eyes around the room; "I never come into this apartment, lined as it is with the productions of those noble and gifted minds, that have long since gone to the God who created them, without a feeling of awe—such as the society of the greatest men of the earth, would be likely to inspire."

A spectator would have thought, that there was more in the living than in the dead or their produc-

tions, to impress Mr. Strong with awe. But he did not think so, it appears, and without being much disturbed by the fixed and stern gaze of Mr. Stafford, he proceeded with what he had to say.

"I have had a little matter on my mind, my good friend, which I deem it proper to lay before you, in order to solicit your advice, and perhaps your assistance, should my purpose meet your approval."

Here he paused as if for a word of encouragement, which was immediately afforded. Mr. Stafford knew that he was doomed to listen, at some time or another, to what the gentleman had to say, and thought he might better hear and dispose of the case immediately, than to postpone it to a future day. He therefore requested him to go on.

"You have hitherto kindly manifested a deep interest in my welfare," said Mr. Strong, "and I doubt not that your goodness will lead you on this occasion, to listen with your usual patience, to what I shall communicate. Since I owe to you the station which I now hold, I could not proceed in my present scheme, without first consulting you, my dear friend; especially as I regard the step I propose to take, as the most important of my life, and, on that account, one on which I require the advice of an experienced gentleman like yourself. I have now lived considerably more than half the time allotted to man, and so far I have had no one to share with me the sweets of domestic life, to sympathize with my sorrows, and to rejoice when I rejoice. In a word, sir, I have lived a bachelor,—a lonely, and I might also add, an unhappy bachelor; and I have come to the conclusion that it behoves me to take a wife, in order that my domestic felicity may thereby be enhanced. I feel that it is my duty to do so, to say nothing of that inclination to matrimony, which has held possession of my breast for the last few months. I think I should be rendered happier in the domestic circle, by being

united to an affectionate woman; and I am confident that the married state is calculated to increase a clergyman's ability to promote God's kingdom in this wicked world. My attention would then be divided between two legitimate objects—my family and the high and sacred calling of the ministry—and my eye prevented from roving among the young and beautiful of my congregation, whose bright eyes and fair cheeks—I speak it with shame and sorrow—have so often attracted my notice, even while I was, or should have been, piously engaged in gathering them into the fold. Thus, while I was occupied in the holy office of saving their precious souls, I was trifling with an important duty, and losing my own.”

Mr. Stafford's features relaxed, his eyebrows raised, and, for an instant, a smile played around the corners of his mouth. “The married state, sir,” said he, “certainly has its peculiar enjoyments, and if you are of the opinion that your happiness would be promoted by the change, I see no good reason why you should not furnish yourself with a wife.”

“I knew that you would coincide with me,” said Mr. Strong, with evident satisfaction, “for you have ever studied to promote my views, as I have, I trust, been exceedingly grateful for your long continued goodness. I may add, that, on most subjects, I have had the honor to agree with you in opinion; and it is a source of no small degree of pleasure to me, that, in this serious undertaking, I am so fortunate as to have secured your full approbation. Yes, sir, you are correct: the married state is far, far preferable to that of celibacy. The latter I have tested thoroughly, and found that I shall not be completely happy, till I shall have abandoned it for that into which I so much desire to enter. The confirmed bachelor, Mr. Stafford, is a lone, melancholy, unfriended being—one that stands aloof, as

it were, from his kind—having no sympathy with those around him, and closing his heart against those feelings which would otherwise flourish there, and make him yearn for companionship with a tender and affectionate woman. I have hitherto felt like one standing alone in the world, almost without a tie (save that between your family and me) to unite me to my fellows; and it has seemed to me that I was sinfully neglecting some great duties, which it belongs to me as a man and a Christian to perform.”

“May I ask,” said Mr. Stafford, amused by the clergyman’s eloquence in favor of matrimony, “who the lady is, that is so fortunate as to have won the heart of so estimable a man?”

“Certainly,” replied Mr. Strong. “She is, I need not say, very beautiful and accomplished, and one who has all the requisite qualifications for a clergyman’s wife. I have long thought of her with reference to marriage, and I believe that I might add without vanity, that she has not been insensible to my merits. I have made myself perfectly acquainted with her character and disposition, and possessing a mind of the first order, she is admirably calculated to increase my domestic comfort and happiness. Indeed, sir, we were made for each other. It might, perhaps, be objected, that the difference between our ages, would render the match unsuitable; but then it should be recollected that I am not far above forty, and of course still in the very prime of manhood. It should be considered, too, that she, although young in years, is old in judgment, and that her extraordinary mind has already the maturity of thirty or thirty-five. It only remains for me to say, sir, that your daughter Alice is the lady I have chosen.”

“Alice!” exclaimed Mr. Stafford looking the clergyman full in the face, with as much astonishment written on his countenance, as if the house

were falling about his head, from the shock of an earthquake.

"Alice," responded Mr. Strong. "I was sure it would cause you an agreeable surprise. Yes, sir, the inimitable Alice is, as you correctly and very happily observed, the fortunate lady; but I must do her the justice to say, that, in the prospect of marrying her, I consider myself one of the most fortunate men that ever existed. I have already had the honor of speaking to her on the subject, but her response, as is usual, I believe, was not so favorable as I could have wished; and I have, therefore, made bold to interrupt your studies this afternoon, in order to solicit your influence in my behalf, with your lovely and most accomplished daughter."

Mr. Stafford remained silent, looking intently upon Mr. Strong, as if he were endeavoring to decide, whether the reverend gentleman was insane, or only foolish. The possibility of the clergyman's entertaining such views with regard to Alice, had never entered his mind; nor would he have believed that such was the fact, without the indisputable testimony of his own ears. "Mr. Strong," he said, at length, "I can be no man's advocate in such a cause, but I will say this, however, in reply to what you have communicated, that when you shall have obtained my daughter's consent, you may depend upon receiving mine."

"Thank you, thank you!" cried Mr. Strong, seizing his friend's hand; "I expected as much—believe me—I looked for no less from your goodness. Already I regard you as something nearer than a mere friend."

After a few more unimportant remarks on both sides, Mr. Strong withdrew, when Mr. Stafford with a contemptuous curl upon his lips, and pronouncing audibly a word which sounded very like "fool," re-opened his quarto and resumed his lecture.

CHAPTER VI.

LATE in the afternoon of that day, the weather underwent a change, and the sky became overcast with a thin gray film, which gradually grew darker, till the threatened storm, beginning with a light drizzling mist, broke forth in a hard and incessant rain. It had been one of those days so common in the northern states in early autumn, when the brilliancy and glory of morn fade at mid-day, and are succeeded by clouds and gloom, as the cheerless and uncomfortable evening approaches. The east wind whistled among the trees, and the air without was chilly.

The little circle at the Woods composed of the host and hostess, their daughter and Henry Carleton, when the last meal of the day was finished, drew round the table and spent most of the evening in conversation, from which politics were carefully excluded. Henry and Alice played a game or two of chess, in which the latter, who was an excellent player, was victorious; and then Mr. Stafford, for the sake perhaps, of the silence which it permitted, requested Carleton to play with him, and after a hard contest of an hour, check-mated his adversary.

About ten o'clock, Cato made his appearance, and stated that a pedler on his way to the city was in the kitchen, and desired permission to sleep in the barn, being fatigued and unable to proceed farther that night. Mr. Stafford allowed Cato to dispose of him as he thought proper, aware that the negro's aversion to stragglers of all kinds, was a sufficient

security against his harboring any improper character.

The arrival of a pedler at a country house, as every one knows, is a very common occurrence; and it not unfrequently happens that, when an inn is not at hand, they solicit lodgings at any dwelling they may meet, and are generally allowed to take up their quarters for the night, somewhere upon the premises. In the vicinity of the Woods at the time of which we write, this was much more frequent than at present, when such gentry would doubtless be considered unwelcome guests, although they might be well contented with the humble accommodations offered by the barn.

During the evening, Cato, the oracle of the kitchen, had been expatiating as usual upon the subject of the war. All the information he had that day picked up in the parlor and elsewhere, had been retailed with such coloring and additions, as were necessary to increase the wonder of his enlightened audience; and he had given free expression to his opinions (already well known) concerning the revolutionists and their celebrated leader. The latter, especially, had come in for a large share of his ob- jurgation, and had Cato's wishes been attended to, would soon have inhabited a place, to which the access was said by Virgil to be far more easy than the departure therefrom.

Having finished his tirade against rebellion and those engaged in it, he repeated, for the twentieth time, one of those interesting stories of witches, in which the negroes of that day, as well as their white brethren of an earlier period, were full believers. Just at the moment when the feelings of his auditors were wrought up to the highest pitch, a loud rap at the door was heard, which made every one start to his feet, as if it had been a summons of one of the beings they so much dreaded. They stared at each other with eyes almost start-

ing from their sockets; and Cato himself, though he was not a coward in the day-time, when real flesh and blood were before him, was scarcely less under the influence of fear, than the rest of his brethren. Not a man offered to answer the call, and all turned their eyes towards Cato, who, in turn, looked anxiously from one to another, and exhibited the most indubitable evidences of fright.

In a moment or two, however, he recovered from his fears, and to make it appear that he alone had not been scared, began to laugh and charge the others with cowardice. Then striding towards the door with a most courageous air, he unbarred it and opened the upper half, but started back a pace or two, when he discovered a man with something on his back, standing on the flat stone that served as a step. In a tone of authority, he demanded what was wanted at such a time of night, and was told by the stranger in reply, that he was a pedler thoroughly drenched with rain, and desired accommodation for the night, in exchange for some trifling articles that might remain in his pack. The negro commiserated the pitiable plight of the pedler, and touched by the humble tone in which the man expressed himself, invited him to come in, and having again closed and barred the door, reached him a chair and bade him sit down near the fire.

The pedler accepted the invitation with thanks, and throwing off his bundle took his seat. Cato resumed his chair, and began to interrogate him concerning his travels through the country, and the news he had gathered in his solitary wanderings; to all which questions, satisfactory answers were given.

After drying himself thoroughly, the pedler opened his pack which was nearly empty, and drew forth all that remained of his stock, which consisted of two or three handkerchiefs, a shawl, and a few *trinkets* of trifling value. These he distributed

among the servants, giving to Cato a knife, and to his wife a gaudy shawl which pleased her excessively, and brought a grin upon her sable countenance. He succeeded in establishing himself in the favor of the whole kitchen, and was soon looked upon as the most liberal pedler they had ever known. Having disposed of his merchandise in this gratuitous manner, he commenced telling stories, much to the delight of his audience, and in the midst of one, hinted that a little good brandy, by way of preventing any ill consequences from the rain, would be very acceptable. Cato, who kept some of that article in his chest for his own private use, brought in a well filled bottle, and gave him a copious dram.

When he had thus put the little company in a good humor, and made it a matter of certainty that the request for lodgings would be granted, the pedler again mentioned the subject, and expressed a hope that he might be allowed to pass the night upon the floor of the kitchen or in the barn. Cato had no objection provided his master would consent, and he then went to consult Mr. Stafford, who, as we have seen, gave him permission to act as he pleased.

Armed with discretionary power, he returned to the kitchen, and observed in his own peculiar manner, that it rested solely with him to say, whether the pedler should be accommodated or not. Like most men in authority, he liked to show it, and, instead of granting the favor immediately, he professed to entertain some doubts as to the propriety of allowing a perfect stranger to spend the night upon the premises. The pedler, who had the sagacity to perceive, that a little persuasion and flattery would effect his object, soon brought him to consent; but not, however, till the most positive assurance had been given, that he was a staunch

friend of king George, and, of course, an enemy to the rebels.

"For," said Cato, "if I thought you had a hair in your head in favor of dem debblish rogues, I would send you in de road in less dan no time, I tell you."

"Do you think," demanded the pedler, "that I would have come to this house, if I had been a friend to the rebels?—No, no; I should have gone to the village; but being a Tory, you see, I did'nt like to go there among the soldiers of Clinton, so I came right here where I knew I should be well treated."

"And how comed you to know," asked Cato, "who lib here?"

"Why isn't it known in these parts to every body, that this is Mr. Stafford's house, and that he is the greatest, and richest Tory in the whole county? Let me alone for finding out the king's friends; I've paid many a one a visit, at a later hour than this."

"Well, well," said Cato, "I told you dat you mought stay—but you must go in de barn."

"Why not let me lie down here before the fire?" demanded the pedler. "I would not disturb any thing. Or, I might sleep up in the cockloft, just as you like."

"Couldn't do it," responded Cato, "my young missus would scold like fun."

"Then your young mistress sleeps up stairs—oh ho!—I did'nt know that."

"Yes but in t'other end of de house—not ober head zactly."

"Aha!—then these stairs lead up where you can see her room, do they?"

"To be sure" responded Cato; "you go right long de entry straight ahead till you come to her chamber door. So you see 't'wont do for you to sleep up dare."

"Certainly not," said the pedler; "but never

mind, put me where you like. Beggars, they say, mustn't be choosers."

The pedler remained in conversation with Cato and his fellow-servants, for nearly half an hour, during which, he amused himself by playing with the dog that lay in a corner of the fireplace. Tray was a little cross at first, as he always was to strangers, but soon perceiving that the visiter was well-treated by the others, he probably saw no reason why he should be the only inhospitable inmate of the house. In a very short time, therefore, he became quite friendly to the pedler, and suffered himself to be rolled about and teased, without growling or showing his teeth.

At length, bed-time arrived and Cato led the way to the barn. Having seen the stranger prostrate upon a bed of hay, he retired, taking the precaution to lock the door after him, that his lodger might not depart in the morning, till the faithful slave had satisfied himself, that no article of value had been abstracted.

Soon after his return to the house, all retired to rest. On reaching her little chamber, Alice, having thrown on a light shawl, sat down with a book in her hand, but not to read. Her eyes were indeed upon the page, but her thoughts, dismal and sad, were far differently occupied. Need we say that the speedy departure of him she loved, rendered unavoidable by the language of her father, was the subject on which she dwelt with feelings of pain and sorrow? On the morrow they would be separated, but who could tell when they would meet again? What time might elapse—what dangers might he encounter,—before she would again be blessed with the sight of one, who had become dearer to her than life itself! In those dark and changeful times, what fortune would be his, should he join the defeated army of Congress, whose recent conflicts with the enemy had argued so unfavor-

ably for the future? How could she be assured that death did not await him while fighting under the banners of his country?—or, if he escaped with life from the field of battle, that a worse fate would not overtake him, should the supremacy of England be re-established by the overthrow of Washington and his forces? These were questions that arose in her mind, and gave to her subsequent reflections a melancholy cast.

She had remained in an attitude of deep thought for more than an hour, when she was suddenly startled from her gloomy revery, by what she supposed to be footsteps in the little corridor that led to her chamber. She listened a moment for a repetition of them, then opened the door, and by the light of the candle, saw that the passage from one end to the other was vacant, which satisfied her that one of the servants had probably passed through it, and made the sounds which she had heard. She closed the door and was soon again immersed in thought.

When Henry entered his room, he, too, felt little inclination to close his eyes. The idea of parting with Alice, and his determination to make that night the last he would pass at the Woods, till the future should produce such changes, as might warrant his returning thither, and claiming her as his bride, were sufficient to keep him awake till midnight.—As the clock struck twelve, he rose to put off his coat, but the motion was suddenly arrested by the noise of steps overhead. Mingled with these sounds, he thought he distinguished a faint cry, but was uncertain; and as the noise soon ceased altogether, he concluded that it was deserving of no farther attention. He began, therefore, to prepare for retiring, but was made to pause the second time, by a smell of smoke, which gradually became stronger, till he felt much alarmed for the safety of *the house*. He forthwith proceeded to Mr. Staf-

fords' room and awoke him. That gentleman's chamber was free from smoke, but when the door was opened, he immediately discovered the cause of that sudden alarm, and exclaimed, "Good God! Mr. Carleton, what is the meaning of this smoke?—Does it come from the kitchen, or is the house on fire?"

"I do not know," replied Carleton, "but fear the worst."

"Then go immediately to the farm house, if you please, and call up the servants; meanwhile I will dress, and do what I can to extinguish the fire."

Henry went direct to the small house in which the servants lodged, distant only a stone's throw.—While he was absent, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford dressed themselves, but before they had left their room, Henry returned, followed in a few moments by Cato and the rest of the servants. By this time the house was filled with smoke, but whence it proceeded no one could tell. Mr. Stafford went immediately to the kitchen, groping his way among chairs and tables, and seeking in every part of it for the fire, but without success. He discovered that the outside door was open, but supposed that Henry and the servants had entered through it, and, in their hurry, omitted to shut it after them. He closed the door immediately, to prevent the draft of air from increasing the flames wherever they might be; and then, having satisfied himself that there was no fire in the kitchen, bent his steps towards his bed-room, where he had left his wife.

In the meanwhile Henry and Cato, while the female servants were getting lights, went to the parlors and examined every nook and corner, but without discovering any signs of fire. Returning they met Mr. Stafford in the broad corridor, or hall, and on learning that his search had likewise been unsuccessful, Mr. Carleton expressed the opinion that the fire was above them, and advised that

water should immediately be carried to that part of the house. Cato was charged with the duty of bringing it in pails, and, with the assistance of his fellow servants, supplying Henry and Mr. Stafford by the stairs which led from the kitchen. The faithful negro undertook the task with considerable coolness, calling to the others to follow him to the rear of the house where were a cistern and pump. Pails, tubs, et cetera, were put in requisition, and in a very few minutes they were all filled and carried to the foot of the stairs, whence they were conveyed by Cato into the second story.

By this time lamps were brought into the hall, and one of them was given to Henry and another to Mr. Stafford. It now first occurred to the former to inquire in what part of the house Alice slept, and on being told that she usually occupied a room above stairs, he lost no time in endeavoring to apprise her of the danger, and to assist her, if necessary, in escaping from the house. Mr. Stafford felt much alarm on his daughter's account. He was satisfied that the fire was in the second story, and as she had not made her appearance, he apprehended that something serious had already happened, and prevented her from leaving her apartment. The thought at first almost unmanned him, but soon recovering his presence of mind, he followed Carleton who had already gained the narrow entry at the head of the stairs, where the smoke was so dense as almost to preclude the possibility of breathing. Not knowing which way to turn, he waited a moment till Mr. Stafford came up and directed him, and then proceeded along the passage towards Miss Stafford's room, which, as the reader already knows, was at one extremity of the building. Before he reached it, however, the flames burst from a small room on one side, and crossed the entry, threatening to prevent his going any farther. The heat was intense, and the smoke scarcely endura-

ble. Mr. Stafford was at Henry's side in a moment, and on discovering the formidable obstacle to their progress, made an exclamation that evinced the horror he felt, at the prospect of their being unable to rescue his daughter from the flames.

Carleton paused but a single moment, and then dashed through the fire, followed by Mr. Stafford. When they reached the chamber of Alice, much to their surprise, they found the door open, and the room entirely filled with smoke. All was dark, for the light of the flames in the passage scarcely penetrated the thick fumes, and afforded them no aid in the search. They called Alice, but no answer was returned, and their supposition was, that she had already been suffocated. Mr. Stafford, who knew the situation of the bed, went to it, and found that the clothing had not been disturbed; and both then walked round the room, expecting, at every step, to find her lying prostrate upon the floor.

In a very few minutes they were convinced that she had left the room, but whither she had gone, they could not conjecture. If she had descended the stairs, they certainly would have seen her; so Mr. Stafford at least thought, whose alarm for her safety increased every moment, till he was forced to confess, that his intense anxiety about her, almost unfitted him for farther exertion. Henry's suggestion that she might have gone down and passed out of the house, while he and Mr. Stafford had been occupied with their search below, in some degree relieved him; and it was agreed that the latter should proceed immediately to look for her, while the former, with the aid of Cato and the servants, should endeavor to extinguish the fire, which was now roaring furiously, and threatening to consume the house in spite of all human exertions.

In pursuance of this arrangement, both passed through the flames a second time, and while Mr. Stafford went down stairs, Henry called Cato, and

directed him to bring the water. The slave obeyed without loss of time, and very soon a constant supply was afforded, which was thrown towards the fire by Henry, but apparently with no good effect. He was prevented by the flames from entering the room, and could only dash the water at random, without being certain whether it touched the fire or not. This was all that it was in his power to do, however, and he worked hard for some minutes, almost against hope; so fiercely did the flames rage among the combustible materials with which the room was evidently filled.

Thus far the fire had gained upon him, although he had not relaxed his exertions for a single moment. The heat was increasing, and had already become so intense, that it was only with the greatest difficulty he could maintain his position; while the volume of smoke with which he was enveloped, impeded respiration, and threatened to drive him from the only situation, whence the fire could be advantageously attacked.

During the time that he was thus engaged, Mr. Stafford was anxiously occupied in searching for his daughter. He left no room unvisited, and when he had ascertained that she was not within the house, he went outside, and walked several times round the building, calling her repeatedly, but receiving no answer. He then bent his steps towards the farm-house, but she was not there; nor could any of the servants say they had seen her, although one or two of them maintained that, if she had quitted the building after the alarm was given, they could not have failed to observe her. The general opinion seemed to be, that she was still somewhere in the building; but every part had been examined from the cellar to the garret, except the room in which the fire was burning. Could she indeed be there? The very possibility inspired her father with horror. Such a catastrophe seemed to

him nowise improbable. He was aware that she was in the habit of reading in her room at night, and he thought it not unlikely that her clothes had accidentally taken fire, and that, in her fright, she had fled into the small room and been consumed. Or, if the fire originated in that apartment, she might have entered it, and, in her efforts to extinguish the flames, perished by the same awful death. He was almost convinced that such had been her fate, as she certainly would have appeared among them, had she made her escape in safety from the house. Distressed beyond measure, he hardly knew what to do, or which way to turn. Walking hither and thither, he acted like one without any definite object in view, and yet desirous of doing something he knew not what.

Mrs. Stafford, on learning that Alice had not been found, sank into a chair and fainted. Here was a new source of trouble. Her husband dared not leave her in that situation, and there was no servant at hand to take her in charge. How to remain with her, while his exertions to save the house were so imperatively demanded, he did not know; there she was, lifeless as a corpse, and he felt that he should not be justifiable in leaving her alone, till she had entirely recovered. He took her in his arms, carried her to her own apartment, and laid her upon a bed, where, with the aid of a little water, she soon revived to a recollection of the distressing circumstances in which they were placed. Fortunately, at this moment, a female servant was heard on the stairs, and Mr. Stafford, after calling her into the room, and bidding her remain with her mistress, rushed up the hall stairs, and found Henry still employed in extinguishing the fire.

By unwearied exertions, he had, at length, succeeded in deadening it considerably, and was then able to advance a short distance into the room, and to labor with greater effect. Mr. Stafford now re-

ceived the pails as Cato brought them, and taking Henry's place, relieved him for a while, and afforded him time to breathe. Under the well-directed efforts of Mr. Stafford, much progress was made, and in the course of fifteen minutes, they were enabled to go to every part of the room, and throw the water directly upon the fire. Another ten minutes sufficed to extinguish every spark, when the windows and doors were thrown open, to permit the escape of smoke.

Lights were then brought and Mr. Stafford examined the room thoroughly, expecting to alight upon some trace of his beloved daughter. Nothing was discovered, however, to show that she had been there, and his mind was much relieved on finding that his worst fears had not been confirmed.

The room contained many superfluous articles of household furniture—some bedding, chairs, et cetera, that had been stored there, not being wanted in other parts of the house; and if the fire was the work of an incendiary, the place had doubtless been selected on account of the many combustible materials it contained, and the consequent facility it afforded, for a rapid spread of the destructive element. Few articles were found to be entirely consumed, but all had been burned to a greater or less degree.

Having satisfied themselves that no farther danger was to be apprehended, Mr. Carleton and Henry next turned their attention to Alice, whose mysterious disappearance, as may well be supposed, was the cause of the most intense anxiety, to every inmate of the mansion. They returned to the hall below, to consult about the measures to be pursued. The servants, whose attachment to their young mistress was such, as to render her absence, under these circumstances, almost as alarming to them as to her parents, collected around the family, and showed themselves impatient to do whatever

their master might deem necessary, towards recovering his missing daughter. Each had something to say—something to suggest. Every person expressed an opinion as to the cause of her absence, but all was conjecture based upon nothing to give it a color of probability.

In the midst of the confusion arising from so many voices, Mr. Stafford requested to be heard. He stated that as the house had been thoroughly searched, it remained for them to examine the garden, the grove, and other places in the vicinity; and, if they should not succeed in finding her, to go forthwith to all the neighboring houses, to one of which, it was barely possible, she might have fled for safety.

No sooner were these directions given, than all left the house by different doors, and commenced their task with great vigor. It was raining, but not so hard as to prevent their using lights, and every person travelled quickly over the grounds, examining the trees, shrubs, bushes, and every thing that might serve to conceal the beloved object of their search. Each was in hopes that he would be so fortunate as to find and restore her to her distressed parents.

There was one servant, however, who, at first, took no part in these active proceedings. When the fire was extinguished, Cato, whose thoughts had been busily at work, while his brawny arms were employed in carrying water, went straight to the barn, to ascertain whether the pedler was still there. His astonishment may readily be conceived, on finding the door wide open, and the bird, which he thought so safely lodged, no longer within the cage. Yes, there was the bed on which the fellow had lain, and Cato stood before it a moment or two, unable to decide what it behooved him to do in this singular emergency. He cursed the pedler whom he believed to be the incendiary, and himself for

having been so easily deceived. He then walked back to the house, examined the fastenings on the kitchen door, and found that a hole large enough to admit a man's arm had been cut in the lock, through which the key had been turned and the bolts shot back without giving alarm.

Having satisfied himself as to who was the author of this fire, he joined in the search for A and passed nearly the whole night, in running from place to place, in the hope of getting some clue to her whereabouts. Feeling that he was somewhat to blame, he was afraid to appear before his master, from whom he expected a severe rebuke and therefore remained abroad till daylight, visiting every place in which there was the remotest chance of hearing of his young mistress. His search, however, as well as that of his fellow-slaves, was fruitless. In the course of two or three hours, they returned, one after another, and reported that no traces of Miss Stafford had been found. Cato at length came in, and, with tears in his eyes, went direct to Mr. Stafford, and implored forgiveness for the unintentional mischief which his conduct had produced. His language and distress occasioned much surprise to his master, who, on hearing all the particulars, relieved the mind of his faithful slave, by assuring him that his conduct had been quite proper, inasmuch as he had taken every precaution to obtain authority for what he had done.

The feelings of Hugh Stafford and his wife may be easily imagined. The latter especially, though a woman of strong mind, gave way to her excessive alarm in such manner, as to cause pain to the father who saw the mental agony she endured, at the prospect of losing her child. Her husband endeavoured to calm her agitation, while his own feelings which he was obliged to conceal, almost overcame him. He spent the remainder of the night in

fruitless attempt to convince her that their daughter had not perished in the flames; but Mrs. Stafford persisted in the belief, that no other supposition was at all probable as accounting for her absence, and that, consequently, she must have been burned to death. No argument could shake her conviction—nothing console her for the supposed bereavement.

At length morning dawned and found Mr. Stafford by the bed-side of his wife. He hailed the first appearance of day, as terminating one of the most horrible nights he had ever spent. The situation of Mrs. Stafford had greatly augmented his distress, already sufficiently poignant; although, since he had become satisfied that the fire had not been fatal to his daughter, his alarm for her safety had considerably diminished.

Henry did not permit himself to remain inactive for a single moment during the night, but continued till morning both to search the neighborhood himself, and to direct the servants in their efforts to recover their absent mistress.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN H——'s feelings on arriving at his friend's house, were of the most pleasant description. He had successfully performed an important and dangerous duty, and he had a right to anticipate, not only the gratitude of that country for which he had exposed his life, but the warm thanks of the Commander-in-chief, whose approbation alone would amply repay him for the perils and fatigues he had undergone. He looked forward therefore, with much pleasure to his return to the American camp. He felt that he had done good service to the cause in which he was engaged, and the idea of having been useful in promoting the views of his general, was the source of much satisfaction. He was impatient to return to Headquarters, to report the information he had obtained and to receive the congratulations of his brother-officers; but as it was near nightfall, and a conveyance across the Sound could not be easily procured, he yielded to the solicitations of Mr. Jones, and consented to remain until the following morning. Having spent a few hours in committing to paper the knowledge he had gained while in the British camp, and in writing a letter to his friend at the Woods, to be left there in case of Henry's absence, he passed the remainder of the evening with the interesting family of his host.

Next day he breakfasted early, and, accompanied by Mr. Jones, walked down to the wharf, to ascertain whether he could get a passage to Fairfield. He had authority to command the services of an

American armed vessel, but at that time none happened to lie in the harbor of Huntington, and he was, therefore, compelled to avail himself of the first safe conveyance that might offer. They had not been long upon the wharf, when they discovered a sloop of war approaching the entrance of the harbour; and either from the fact of a colonial vessel of that description, being then expected in the vicinity, or from something peculiar in her appearance, they both judged her to be American. As she drew near, her sails were taken in, and presently she came to an anchor within a short distance of the land. A boat was then manned and despatched towards the shore, and Henry, in obedience to instructions, determined to require an immediate conveyance to the opposite side of the Sound.

In a few minutes the pinnace was within hailing distance, when Jones raised his hand to shade his eyes, while he looked intently upon the sloop, as if he had suddenly perceived something very suspicious in her appearance. Captain H—— noticed the act, and was surprised at the alteration in the countenance of his friend.

"Captain," said Jones, without averting his gaze from the vessel, "look there!"

"What is it you see?" demanded the officer eagerly.

"I see the British flag flying at her gaff," replied Jones hurriedly, but in a low tone; "it has just been run up—for God's sake begone!"

"The British flag say you?" observed Captain H——, turning his eyes to the sloop; "it is beyond a question. We must not stir, however, for if we should, suspicion might thereby be excited. Besides, there can be no danger in remaining, as I shall not be recognised by any of the boat's crew. In this dress, an ordinary acquaintance would hardly know me, unless his attention were drawn

particularly to my face. What, then, is to be apprehended from entire strangers?"

"But why run unnecessary risk?" demanded Jones impatiently; "it is possible that some person in that boat may know you, and should that unfortunately be the case, you would immediately be arrested. Let us walk away at least, if you will not run, for you are hazarding too much in staying here, and looking your enemies in the face."

"Well," said Captain H——, smiling, "if you insist upon it, I will go; but really I do not see the necessity of avoiding these men, as it is highly improbable that any of them ever saw or heard of me."

So saying, he turned and walked slowly towards the village, while Jones, to give an air of unconcern to their movements, stopped two or three times, and cast stones over the surface of the water, watching them as they skipped from wave to wave. Captain H—— smiled as he observed these manœuvres, and noticed the suspicious looks which were from time to time darted at the strangers, showing, in his opinion, a needless degree of uneasiness at the approach of a boat, laden, in all human probability, with men whom neither of them had ever seen or heard of before.

In less than two minutes from the time it left the sloop, the pinnace struck the wharf, and the crew jumped on shore. One of their number remained to secure it to the dock, while the others, preceded by the officer in command, walked towards the village, and very soon overtook Captain H—— and Jones sauntering carelessly along in the same direction. The British officer, supposing them to be villagers, passed with a slight inclination of the head by way of salutation, and all the men save two went by, without taking much notice of either.

The last man, who was not a sailor, followed at the distance of fifteen or twenty paces, and presently was abreast of Captain H——, walking rather hastily to overtake his companions. When the others passed him, the Captain, as if his notice had suddenly been attracted by something on the shore, turned his face from them, and paused a moment, shading his eyes with his hand—a movement perfectly natural, and one that excited no suspicion. But it happened that he did not observe the approach of the last person, who was the only one from whom the slightest danger was to be apprehended; and, instead of using the same precaution at the time it was most needed, he suddenly turned and looked the individual full in the face. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, or the earth opened before him, making his instant destruction inevitable; had the sky suddenly divided, and revealed to him the world beyond the ken of mortals, he could not have been more astounded, or experienced a more violent revulsion of feeling. His heart seemed to leap into his throat, and, for a moment, his strength deserted him; an indescribable sensation paralyzed his limbs, and he felt as if he should fall lifeless upon the ground. He recognised in the individual who stood before him his townsman Joy,* and in the countenance of that person, he read the fate that awaited him. After hailing the officer of the pinnace, Joy, with a malignant smile, observed, as he took Captain H—— by the arm, “Sir, you are my prisoner: I arrest you as a spy.”

These words, so appalling to him to whom they were addressed, sent the blood to his heart, and for a short time the paleness of death rested upon his handsome face. But his violent emotions were but momentary, and he very soon recovered his com-

* It is said that the person who thus caused the arrest of Captain H—— was one of his own relations—a Tory refugee.

posure. With the perfect conviction that he was a doomed man, came a feeling of resignation to his destiny. He did not immediately reply to the words of Joy, for he saw that any attempt to deny his identity with the person for whom he was taken, would be worse than useless; and under the excitement of the moment, it did not occur to him till it was too late, to make a trial of Joy's fidelity to the cause he served, by the offer of a tempting bribe.

The officer of the pinnace now approached, and inquired of Joy what he wanted, and who Captain H—— was. Joy replied, stating the facts as they were, and concluded by appealing to his prisoner for the truth of what he had said. To this the latter made no answer, but remained silent, looking the British officer in the face, as if to ascertain whether any thing could be perceived, on which the hope of release might be grounded.

The Englishman was about the age of Captain H—— with light hair and fine blue eyes, in which beamed the "*lumen juventæ purpureum*;" and his countenance indicated great frankness and generosity. No sooner did he hear the answer of Joy, than an exclamation of surprise and pain escaped him; and he regarded Captain H—— with a mingled expression of pity for the unfortunate predicament of his gallant prisoner, and of admiration for his person, and for the daring courage evinced by so bold an undertaking.

"I would fain believe, sir," said he to Joy, "that you were mistaken when you declared that this gentleman is an American officer in disguise."

"There is no mistake about it, sir," replied Joy; "it is Captain H—— of Coventry, Connecticut; and I know him as well as I should his father the deacon, were he now before me. Put the question to him, and see if he will deny the truth of what I assert."

"I deny it," said Jones with unparalleled effront-

ery, "and challenge you to prove your words.— It was no longer ago, sir, than yesterday morning," he continued, addressing the officer, "that we met this individual a few miles below this at a tavern, when he mentioned that my friend here, Mr. Thompson, bears a likeness to a certain Mr. H—— who, it appears, entered the rebel army, and was killed last month at the battle of Long Island.— Now, sir, do you believe it possible that, if this person were the same Mr. H—— of Coventry, this individual who knew him from boyhood, would then have permitted him to pass? If he was not certain of his identity yesterday, how can he be certain of it now? Men do not so soon forget the faces of their friends, that, after the lapse of a year or two, they can doubt when they see them, whether the faces are indeed those of their friends, or of strangers bearing a strong resemblance. It is a little too bad that a person cannot favor another, without being subjected to such treatment by every man who may discover an accidental likeness."

The earnestness of manner with which these words were pronounced, produced a different impression upon the officer, from that intended by the speaker. It served to convince the former, that Joy had spoken the truth; and this conviction was strengthened by the fact, that the accused himself remained silent under the charge of being a spy.

"I fear," said the officer, after a short pause, addressing Captain H——, "that my duty will compel me to detain you a prisoner. I would, sir, that you had become such under different circumstances."

"I am ready to follow you," said Captain H—— calmly.

"If you have anything to communicate privately to your friend," said the officer, "you are at liberty to do so."

Captain H—— thanked him, and withdrew with

Jones a short distance from the group, where they held a short conversation which it is unnecessary to repeat. We may say, however, that the latter urged Captain H—— not to acquiesce so readily in the arrest, but to use persuasion, threats, force, any thing to save himself from being carried a prisoner to the British camp. His efforts were useless. Captain H—— disdained to say a word that was not in strict accordance with the truth, and he clearly saw that it would be the height of folly to contend forcibly against superior numbers. He persisted, therefore, against the urgent remonstrances of his friend, in submitting quietly to the fate that was inevitable; and concluded the interview by shaking Jones warmly by the hand, and thanking him for the important assistance which he had rendered in the execution of a task that was destined to terminate so unfavorably.

To these observations of the Captain, Jones was scarcely able to make a reply, and he only succeeded in saying, "God bless you!" as he pressed the hand of the unfortunate officer. They then walked to the end of the quay, followed by the Englishman and his men, where, without speaking, they again shook hands and separated. Captain H—— stepped into the boat, and in a moment was on his way to the sloop. Before he reached her, he turned his eyes several times towards the wharf, and saw Jones still standing there, watching the pinnace as it leaped over the sparkling waters to the measured strokes of the oars.

At length, the boat arrived at the sloop, (called the Cerberus,) and the young American, with a firm step, and without the slightest appearance of fear or trepidation, accompanied the officer to the presence of the Captain. What passed we shall not stop to relate; suffice it to say, that the determination was to carry the prisoner to New York, which

place was, on that day, to be taken possession of by General Howe.

The commander of the sloop was cold and extremely reserved in his manner, and treated his prisoner with as little respect as if he had been an ignorant boor, caught in the act of robbing a roost. He was one of those arrogant upstarts, who, having through extraordinary luck, attained positions in the navy for which they are fitted by nothing but animal courage, imagine themselves to be men of singular importance and dignity. In his examination of Captain H——, he managed to control his tongue in a degree somewhat remarkable for him; yet the word *rebel* escaped him more than once, accompanied by an offensive sneer, that sufficiently betrayed his feelings. We must do him the justice to say, however, that, instead of confining his prisoner below, as he would have been justified in doing, he allowed him, during the passage, to remain on deck, where the sight of the blue waters, and sky, and land, and the freshness of the air, and the bright sunshine, were exceedingly grateful to one, who had reason to believe, that, in a few hours, without hope of pardon, he would be the tenant of a prison.

The unhappy officer seated himself upon a gun, and with his eyes fixed upon the distant land, that bordered the Sound as with a dark blue ridge, surrendered himself to reflection. As the vessel bounded over the waters, with her white canvass swelling in the breeze, his thoughts wandered back to the quiet village in which he had lived from infancy, and to which he had fondly hoped one day to return, loaded with honor, and enjoying the approbation of his country. Every house so familiar to him—every tree that bordered the road side—the church—the green fields—all presented themselves to his mind's eye, as objects dear to his heart, but never to be seen by him again. There too—dearer than

all—were the relations and friends whom he had left, and who, perhaps, at that moment, were thinking of him as one destined to be an ornament to the profession he had chosen, and a valuable instrument in liberating the soil from the dominion of a tyrant-king. He saw every face as distinctly as if it had been before him, and as those that dwelt under his own roof, were remembered with the emotions which strong affection alone could excite, tears bedimmed his eyes, a pang shot through his bosom, and, for a short time, he was miserable indeed.

If “hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” what must be the feelings of him whose hopes are blasted in an instant?—to whom the beautiful world with all the treasures it contains, vanishes like the vague but pleasant pictures of a dream at the approach of morn. But a little while before, there was nothing to disturb the current of cheerful thoughts that flowed through his mind; all things conspired to give him the assurance of a welcome reception by the head of the army; and, in the expectation of rapid promotion to the highest honors of his calling, he may be said to have been completely happy. What a change in all his relations to the world, had been effected within the space of an hour! From sunshine all had turned to darkness and gloom;—the prospects which were his—so flattering and brilliant but a few moments before—had been suddenly converted into a dismal picture painful to contemplate. Instead of the life of usefulness and honor, which he had expected to enjoy, he could see nothing in the future, but a few miserable hours terminating in a horrible death.

As the vessel passed swiftly through the Sound, he watched the main shore, and, at length, descried the Woods embowered among its lofty trees. He wished for a telescope with which to penetrate its shades in search of one, to whom, as we have seen, he was bound by the strongest ties of friendship;

but he was too proud to ask such a favor of a man, who would probably have denied it with a rebuke, and he contented himself by gazing fixedly upon the quiet spot, till an island intervened and cut off the view. This seemed to be the last object of interest in his eyes, and, from the moment he lost sight of it, he appeared to look upon vacancy—so little notice did he bestow upon what, under other circumstances, would have delighted him to behold. Even the foaming floods of the Gate, which are seldom looked upon with indifference by those who have passed it a thousand times, scarcely attracted his attention for a single instant.

It was nearly noon when the sloop of war was anchored in the East River, a short distance from the Battery. A boat was ordered to be immediately manned and the commander of the vessel, attended by a small guard, entered it with their prisoner and started for the other shore. A moment before Captain H—— stepped into the boat, the young officer by whom he had been arrested, approached him, and, in an under tone, observed, "Sir, allow me before you go, to express my sorrow for the situation into which I have been the means of bringing you. I trust your accuser was mistaken, and that he will fail to establish the charge he has brought against you."

These words, pronounced in a tone of kindness, had the effect to bring a tear into the eyes of Captain H——, whose heart was too full to admit of an immediate reply. They were so different from what he could have expected to hear in the midst of a heartless foe, not one of whom, he had reason to believe, felt the slightest interest in his fate, that he could have embraced the generous young officer as a brother or a friend. He thanked him sincerely, for the expression of his sympathy, and requested him not to entertain a feeling of regret at having

done, what could not have been omitted, without an unpardonable neglect of duty.

Captain H—— was conducted to a prison in Crown street, (now Liberty street), where he was consigned to the custody of the provost—an infamous wretch by the name of Cunningham*—to await the orders of General Howe. The keeper, having heard a brief statement of the circumstances under which the prisoner had been arrested, spoke to him as he might have done to an offensive cur; and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, dragged him towards a cell situated in one corner of the building overlooking the street.

“There is your place,” said Cunningham after unlocking the door, “but it won’t be long before you’ll be disposed of, you d—d spy!”

Captain H——, without deigning to cast even a reproachful glance at the person who had thus needlessly insulted him, walked to a little stool, and sat down. Presently the door closed, the bolts were shot, and the retreating footsteps of the keeper apprized him that he was alone. In this awful situation, with a full knowledge of the penalty he had incurred, he again gave himself up to reflection, and as busy memory recalled to mind the friends that were as dear to him as life itself, from all of whom he was separated forever, his heart became full and he wept.

Three days subsequently, he was summoned by Cunningham to follow him to another room, where there was a small guard in attendance, to conduct him to Head-Quarters, not far distant. When they issued into the street, the prisoner observed a large number of persons assembled before the prison, to catch a view of him as he passed—the news of his capture having been rapidly circulated through the

* This brute soon became notorious for his inhuman treatment of prisoners, and is said to have been particularly harsh towards Captain H——.

city. As he walked along, he overheard many expressions of sympathy, uttered by some of the bolder among the people; but his ears were also assailed by the insults and reproaches of that portion of the vulgar rabble, who favored the Tory cause.

At length, amid much noise and confusion, he arrived at the house in which General Howe had taken up his abode, and was conducted to the chamber where that officer and his staff were in readiness to receive him. An attempt was made by the crowd of people to effect an entrance, but they were successfully opposed by the guard and excluded.

Silence having been commanded, Captain H—— was requested to seat himself upon a chair placed in front of the table, behind which were General Howe, his council, and secretaries. With a firm step, and a countenance grave but not dejected, the officer obeyed, and fixing his eye upon the chief personage before him, calmly awaited the proceedings.

After a little consultation with those who sat near him, General Howe requested the commander of the sloop, to state the circumstances of the prisoner's capture. This request was immediately complied with, and when the speaker had finished, Joy was called, who testified that he had long known the family of the spy, and had been intimately acquainted with the individual himself, since he was an infant upon his mother's knee. He said it was commonly reported in the village where both he and young H—— resided, that the latter had connected himself with the rebel army, and attained the rank of captain. He gave a circumstantial account of his first meeting with Captain H—— at the tavern, where, he confessed, he was for a short time, uncertain as to his identity, so much had the prisoner changed within the last two or three years; but no sooner had Captain H—— and his friend de-

parted, than he felt convinced that his first impression was correct, and that the young man was no other than the person for whom he had taken him. This conviction was so strong, that he determined to follow them. He suspected from the officer's dress and conduct, that his destination was the British camp, and accordingly, without loss of time, he set off for Brooklyn. There he met Captain H—— and would have caused him to be arrested, but for the superior cunning of the officer, which enabled him to effect his escape. Late the same afternoon, hearing that the Cerberus sloop of war was about to proceed up the Sound, he obtained permission to accompany her as far as Huntington, whence he designed to repair to the inn before mentioned, in the hope of capturing Captain H—— on his return from Brooklyn. The remainder of the story was but a plain statement of facts already known to the reader.

When he had finished, a brief silence followed. There was more than one present who, prepossessed in favor of the prisoner, by his handsome and intelligent countenance, regarded him with emotions of pity; while all admired the courage he had displayed, in the execution of so perilous a mission. General Howe himself was not unmoved, and seemed to sympathize with the unfortunate young American, whose ardor in the service of his country, had thus hurried him to the portals of death.

After a short pause in the proceedings, the General observed to Captain H——, "If the testimony we have just heard be true, (and I have no reason to question its truth,) it appears that you hold a commission in the rebel army commanded by one George Washington,* and that you were found in

* The British were averse to recognising Washington as a General. Lord Howe wrote a letter addressed to George Washington Esq., which the latter returned unopened, alleging that, as a private individual, he could hold no intercourse

disguise upon ground possessed by his Majesty's forces. By the rules of war, your life is forfeited, and to-morrow the punishment prescribed by custom in such cases, will be inflicted."

From the moment he took his seat, Captain H—— had kept his eyes fixed upon Howe; but when the appalling sentence was thus coldly and unfeelingly uttered, his eyes dropped, and a slight shudder was seen by those near him, to agitate his frame. He was then delivered to the custody of the guard who attended him to prison, where the detestable Cunningham, with a malignant sneer accompanied by an insulting remark, again took him in charge and conducted him to his cell.

The proceedings which had taken place, amounted to nothing more than the hearing of a single witness, whose testimony, for aught that appeared, might have been false in a very essential particular—the connection of the prisoner with the American army. Joy's statement, however, was assumed to be true, and without requiring any corroboration of it, or allowing the accused an opportunity of making a defence, sentence of death was pronounced, to be executed within four-and-twenty hours, upon Montresor's Island. Captain H—— was much astonished at this sudden disposal of his case, as he had naturally expected a trial, and, perhaps, cherished a faint hope that something might turn up, to afford him a chance for his life.

Finding that he was a doomed man, he began to prepare for the awful change. The few hours that remained to him were passed in a manner consistent with his pure and excellent character. He did not allow unavailing regrets, or a dread of what he was to suffer, to divert him from the duty imposed

with the enemies of his country. This course was universally approved.

upon him by the religion he professed; but, like a true Christian, passed the most of his brief time in supplication to that Deity, before whom he was destined shortly to appear.

In the course of the evening, Cunningham entered the cell to bring the prisoner's last supper, when the officer solicited the favor of pen, ink, and paper. They were at first denied him, but after the prisoner had renewed his request, and enforced it with a persuasive eloquence that might have excited pity in a stone, the brute consented to supply him with what was desired. In a few minutes, writing materials were brought, and when Captain H—— had written a letter, he delivered it to Cunningham, begging that he would cause it to reach the dear friend and relative to whom it was addressed. Like the former request it was refused, but afterwards, when the officer asked it as a particular favor—the last he should solicit from man—the fellow received the letter, and, muttering a reluctant promise to see it delivered, thrust it into his pocket and left the cell. When he reached his own room, he drew it out, broke the seal, and, having perused the contents, tore the paper to pieces, declaring that "*the rebels should never know they had had a man in their army who could die with such firmness!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL was activity at the Woods on the morning succeeding the fire, and the disappearance of its lovely inmate. The neighbors had collected very early, all desirous to contribute their aid in recovering their young friend, whose mysterious abduction—for it was now thought she had been forcibly taken away—was the subject of no little alarm to many of the Tories of that vicinity. Another general and thorough search was planned, to extend over a circle of several miles; and it was proposed to enter every house, barn, and shed, and to examine every piece of woods within the space they designed to visit. Eight or ten mounted men set off in various directions, while others confined their search for the present to the vicinity of the house, in the hope of discovering something to afford a clue to her place of concealment. It had occurred to several, that, as the ground was soft in consequence of the rain, tracks might be discovered about the house, that would show the direction in which she had been taken; but, on examination, it was found that the servants in passing to and fro, had obliterated all traces about the doors and in the road.

It was not long, however, before a little shawl was found hanging upon a bush, by the side of a path which led through the grove to a gate communicating with the adjoining field. It was evident she had passed that way, and as soon as the discovery was made, all the servants and neighbors, including Julian Melville who was early on the spot, and

Henry Carleton, were summoned to the grove, with a view to examine the ground, and endeavor to find some other traces of the fugitives.

The marks of footsteps were visible in this path, and they were of two sizes, both being those of men. In the grove itself, they were so much obliterated by other tracks that they could not be distinguished; but in the field they were very distinct, and could be traced, for a considerable distance, in the path that ran by the side of the fence, when they suddenly disappeared, making it apparent that the persons, whoever they were, had either crossed the fence into a small lane that led to the road, or struck into the field, to the right, towards the woods that bounded it on the other side. On examining the lane, no appearance of footsteps was visible, and the prevailing opinion was, that no person had passed through it since the rain commenced. Their attention was, therefore, turned in the opposite direction, but as the field was covered with grass, no marks were perceptible, and it was found impossible to ascertain which way the fugitives had gone.

After deliberating a few moments, it was determined to cross to the adjoining woods, where, it was hoped, they might again fall into the track; and they immediately set off, carefully examining the ground as they proceeded, and scarcely leaving a stone unturned.

They had not gone far, before Carleton found a ribbon, to which was attached a small golden cross curiously wrought, which he instantly recognised as one that he had seen Alice wear. It was lying within a few feet of the mouth of a very deep well, which, in former years, had been used by the people of the Woods. Around the well in many places, the grass was trodden down, and on one of the stones that lay near the moss-covered box that still surrounded the aperture, there was the print of

a man's foot made with soft mire. Other marks were visible, showing that the place had been visited during the night; and as it was evident that Alice, too, had been there, Carleton summoned the people, and exhibited the discovery he had made.

It immediately occurred to every individual present, that there was a strong probability of her having been thrown into the well. The idea was sufficiently alarming, and the facts were such as to justify their worst fears. It was apparent that the abductors of Alice had gone along the path leading from the grove, and that they had abandoned it at the place nearest the well, as if they had designed to go, for some purpose, directly to that spot. They might, it is true, have passed it by accident on their way to the woods; but it was evident from the marks, that a halt had been made there, and this seemed to render it probable, that the persons on leaving the grove, and pursuing the path, had it in view to stop at the well. What their object was in going thither, if not to dispose of their burden, could not be divined.

Carleton, who seemed to take the lead, immediately decided to have the well examined, and ordered a rope to be brought for that purpose—the apparatus for drawing water, having long since been taken away. While a servant was absent on this errand, one of the company, a young man, descended the distance of a few feet, by stepping from one projection to another, and discovered something white lying on the bottom, but could not distinctly see what it was.

Strong fears were now entertained that Alice had been murdered, and as she was a universal favorite through that part of the country, among those who were intimate with the family, her friends there assembled, almost dreaded the searching of the well, lest their worst apprehensions should be confirmed.

At length, a long and strong cord was brought, and the young man who had before descended a little way, offered to go to the bottom. As he was light and otherwise well-fitted for the task, his offer was accepted; and the rope being attached to his waist, he commenced the descent by using both hands and feet against the rough sides of the well, the rope being gradually slackened by the person who held it, but kept sufficiently tight to prevent his falling.

When he had descended within a few feet of the bottom, the signal to be drawn up was given, and as they were about to obey it, a powerful jerk drew the cord from their hands, and the noise of a heavy body striking upon the earth, told them that the adventurous young man had fallen. They called to him, but no answer was returned, and Henry, who fortunately held the extreme end of the cord, ordered him to be drawn up without a moment's delay. He then despatched three or four of the men for some water with which to purify the well of its mephitic air, before a second descent should be made. His opinion was, (and the result proved its correctness), that the cause of the accident was the gas which is frequently found in such places, and in which it was impossible to live but a very short time.

In a few seconds, the man was drawn up in a state of insensibility, and laid upon the grass. He very soon revived, however, and, at length, entirely recovered; but could not remember what he had seen, if anything, while he was in the well.

After a few pails-full of water had been dashed to the bottom, a person still lighter than the first was selected to make another descent. The rope was attached to his body, and he went down and returned in safety, bearing a white shawl which Mr. Stafford, who witnessed these proceedings, pronounced to be one which he had purchased for

his daughter but a month or two before. All present were relieved from their fears, on learning that Alice was not in the well.

The search was then re-commenced, and, in the course of three or four hours, the whole country within a circle of two miles, was thoroughly scoured but without success. No farther traces of Alice, or of those who had carried her away, could be discovered; and the neighbors and servants, one after another, returned to the Woods, bearing no tidings to cheer the heart of her afflicted parents.

Poor Cato now began to despair. Hitherto he had been as busy as the most active among the number, and was indefatigable both in searching himself, and in directing his fellow-servants who looked to him for orders. When, however, he saw how fruitless had been all their efforts, he suddenly became discouraged, and, sitting down in one corner of the kitchen, began to shed tears. This evidence of grief immediately affected the other domestics to such a degree, that they soon followed his example.

Mrs. Stafford still kept her bed under the belief that Alice was lost to her forever. Her husband took part in the deliberations which followed their return to the house, and although he endeavored to conceal his increasing alarm, he betrayed it by a restlessness of manner, of which he did not appear to be conscious.

Carleton, though his feelings had been extremely unpleasant, from the moment that the absence of Miss Stafford was discovered, had not entertained any serious apprehension that she would not be found; but now he began to feel some alarm for her safety, and feared that she might have fallen into the hands of men, whose characters would warrant the most intense anxiety on her account. It was somewhat remarkable, that he had not thought of Crawford, as the person most likely to

have been concerned in setting fire to the building and abducting Alice. It is true, however, that until he returned to the house after an unsuccessful search, it had not occurred to him that such might be the fact; but no sooner did he think of that individual, than he communicated his suspicions to Mr. Stafford.

He now for the first time informed his host, of having seen Crawford at midnight very near the house—a circumstance which, connected with the conversation that Henry had overheard while on the island, made it extremely probable that that individual had committed the double outrage. Mr. Stafford now saw, that Carleton's warning to be prepared for some attempt of the kind, ought not to have been disregarded, and admitted the folly of his supposition, that no man could be found audacious enough, to fire a dwelling and carry off one of its inmates. He little knew at that period of what such men were capable; but a longer experience in those disturbed times, made him better acquainted with their desperate character.

It only remained now to repair, as far as possible, the mischief that had been done; and as soon as it was made to appear probable, that Crawford was the man they should seek, Mr. Stafford ordered immediate preparation to be made for his capture. The neighbors who offered to assist in securing him, went home to procure such weapons as they had, and in a very short time returned, some with guns, others with pistols, swords, or knives. Those that had none of these, contented themselves with billets of wood, and with stones.

A formidable force was soon collected, and there was no lack of courage among them, if an accurate opinion could be formed from their deportment while assembled at the house. There cannot be a doubt, that every man felt—for awhile, at least—as bold as a lion, and determined to do or die in the cause of his young neighbor.

In these warlike preparations, Cato was not behind the others. It happened that, amongst the property possessed by this worthy negro, there were an old musket, and a huge sword and belt, which had been presented to him by the father of Mr. Stafford. He had always cherished these articles, as the gift of a gentleman to whom he had been much attached, and took a pride in keeping them in excellent order, and ready for use. Since the beginning of the war, he had been particularly careful of them, not knowing, he was accustomed to say, how soon he might be called upon, to defend his own and his master's family. As soon as he learned that an expedition against Crawford was projected, he ran for his arms and accoutrements, and very shortly appeared fully equipped and prepared for active service.

About fifteen, including Henry and Julian, reported themselves to Hugh Stafford, ready to proceed, under his direction, to the island to which it was supposed that Alice had been conveyed. They then went down to the water, where two large boats belonging to some of the neighbors, received the little party, Mr. Stafford commanding one, and Henry Carleton the other.—In the former's boat was Julian.

As the tide was low, they were compelled by lack of water on the inside of the islands, to go on the outside of them; and in a few minutes they found themselves riding gallantly over the waves that dashed against the rocky and wood-crowned islets, and surrounded them with a girdle of foam.

The aspect of the islands on the outer side, being new to Henry, he was unable to decide which of them contained the residence of Crawford. He could only remember that the one to which he was taken, appeared to him the largest among the number, and that the ground in the middle rose to a considerable height above the surface of the water.

As they sailed close to the shores, he endeavored to discover some clue to the spot, but the trees grew so close to the water's edge, that he could perceive no sign of the place they sought.

At length, having come abreast of the largest islet, and seeing no other below it, that he thought could be the one occupied by Crawford, Henry ordered his men to stand toward the shore. They landed upon the rocks, and, after securing the boats, left three men in charge of them, and proceeded under the direction of Carleton, to search for the unique habitation of the Skinner.

They had not gone far, before Henry recognised a spot which he had passed in his flight, and, guided by this, he turned to the right, struck into a slightly trodden path that approached the water, and then wound round a clump of thick and high bushes, to the little opening before Crawford's dwelling. In this place the men ranged themselves in order, and stood prepared to repel any attack that might be made by the reckless tenants of that rocky lodge.

Henry and Mr. Stafford with pistols cocked, advanced to the mouth of the cleft, and found it entirely empty. The bench, table, chest, canvass, pallets, et cetera, had disappeared, and naught was left but the carpet of dry leaves, and some fragments of the last meal.

It was now apparent that the expedition was likely to prove unsuccessful, unless Crawford had shifted his abode to some other part of the island; but this did not appear probable, as little or nothing was to be gained by the change. It was Carleton's opinion that he had conveyed Alice to another island, or to a place farther up or down the main shore, under the belief that he would be unsafe upon ground which he was known to frequent. Julian advised that a strict search should be made through the island, deeming it possible that the ob-

ject of their pursuit might still be concealed thereon; and agreeably to this advice, the company visited every part of it, and soon became satisfied that it had been deserted by its former occupants.

Great disappointment was felt on finding the game beyond their reach. After stopping at the other islands in that vicinity, they returned home in bad spirits, but with no intention of relinquishing the search. Each man had something to propose, and some conjecture to advance, touching the probable place of Alice's concealment. Mr. Stafford knew not what to do, nor what to advise; and Henry Carleton and Julian Melville were at a loss what steps it behooved them to take, towards the recovering of one so dear to both.

Among the number, none felt greater disappointment than Cato. His sorrow had been converted into indignation, and had Crawford come in his way, the consequences would doubtless have been fatal. As he sat in the prow of the boat, he kept constantly talking to himself in an under tone, and his language clearly evinced that his feelings were wrought up to a high pitch, not against the supposed kidnapper of Alice only, but against the whole body of "rebels," from Washington down to the lowest that deserved the title. His monologue, under other circumstances, would have been diverting to those who sat near him.

When the company arrived at the Woods, Henry withdrew to his chamber to make some change in his dress, and in doing so, accidentally placed his hand upon the note which, on the preceding day, had been dropped into his hat, and which had since remained forgotten in one of his pockets. The contents inspired him with new hope, and he determined to repair, forthwith, to the designated spot. Having put on his riding dress and ordered Romeo to be saddled, he held a few moments' conversation with his host, and told him

of the receipt of the letter, and of his intention to learn, if possible, whether the dark hint therein contained, did not refer to what had taken place the night before.

Henry galloped to the place where he had last met Crawford, but no person was there, and he began to think that the writer of the note had practised upon him a paltry hoax. He waited a few moments to see whether any one would approach him, and then went farther into the woods, and rode to a slight elevation, from which he could look round him to a considerable distance in every direction. The silence was unbroken, except by the winds among the leaves, and nothing like a human form was to be seen. Vexed by the apparent deceit, he struck his spurs impatiently into the flanks of Romeo, and turned his face towards the road, intending to waste no more time upon what he now considered a fool's errand.

When he regained the road, it occurred to him that, possibly, the writer of the note did not mean to communicate with him in person, and that another letter might have been left for him, somewhere about the spot to which, if he should need advice, he had been directed to go. He returned to the tree under which he had conversed with Crawford, and observed a piece of sail-cloth a yard in length, suspended against the trunk, as if to attract his attention; the lower end of it partly covering a hole, in which was a letter folded and directed in a manner very similar to the other. With a feeling of joy Carleton drew it forth, and on breaking the seal which consisted of a drop of tar, he read the following: "Three miles below this on a point, you will see a small house once the dwelling of old Lake the fisherman. Go there with a strong force, and you will find the daughter of Mr. Stafford. Destroy this letter and the other. N. B. Lose no time as Crawford may not stay long in that place."

CHAPTER IX.

CARLETON's first impulse was to set off immediately to the house of Lake; but after a little reflection, some difficulties occurred to him, which raised a doubt as to the propriety of going thither without a force sufficient to overcome any resistance that might be made. He knew that Crawford would not have engaged in such an undertaking, but with the full determination to effect his purpose by force of arms if necessary; and he could not reasonably suppose, therefore, that he alone could prevail upon Crawford to surrender the person of one whom he had incurred such risk to obtain. Then the letter which he held in his hand, advised him to go with a strong force, showing that the writer, who was doubtless well informed as to Crawford's intentions, believed that nothing short of coercion would avail to deprive him of his fair prisoner. It seemed to him, therefore, that the surest way would be, to call in the aid of those persons he had left at the Woods, and then proceed to the place of Alice's confinement, with a determination to rescue her at the hazard of their lives.

He was about to follow this plan, when another thought struck him, which again induced him to draw his rein. He recollected that he had it in his power to do Crawford a signal service—one on which that person appeared to set a high value, as it promised to divert him from the life of which he had become weary, and restore him to a respectable standing in society. Crawford had confessed that Carleton was the only individual who could ac-

comply with this desirable object; and the remarks he had made, and the course he had adopted, to procure an interview with, and to solicit the assistance of Henry, clearly evinced that he would not willingly forego the promised application to the Commander-in-chief, for a commission in the army.

Carleton hoped, also, that this deed of the outlaw, (for such he might be properly termed, who seemed regardless of all law), was done simply to annoy a conspicuous Tory whom he hated; and that, having accomplished his purpose, he would yield Alice to her friends, without driving them to the necessity of taking her by force. At all events, the more he thought of his recent intercourse with Crawford, and, more especially, of their last conversation, the more probable it appeared, that he had it in his power to influence him, by threatening to withdraw the promise he had given, unless Miss Stafford should be immediately restored to her family. Satisfied of this, he determined to make the attempt, and, accordingly, without further delay, set off on a hard gallop towards the point to which he had been directed.

Ten minutes brought him, as he judged, somewhere near the place, and, on inquiring of a boy he saw in the road, was told to follow a lane leading for half a mile toward the Sound, whence he would see the house that he sought. Throwing the lad a small piece of money, he struck into the lane, and at length perceived—situated upon a point—a small house, which, as it was the only tenement visible, he knew must be that temporarily occupied by Crawford. It was a low wooden building containing but two rooms, and from the dilapidated condition both of the house itself, and of the fences, et cetera, about it, he concluded that it had no permanent tenant, which, indeed, was the case.

Between the point, and the avenue on which

Carleton travelled, there was a small creek about ten feet in width, running nearly to the road he had just quitted. While he was looking for the usual crossing place—the rude bridge not being visible to him, in consequence of the projection of a hill,—he heard his name pronounced in a voice which he instantly knew to be that of Crawford. Carleton halted, and casting his eyes about him, saw that individual approaching the creek from a clump of trees, whence he had but a moment previously emerged. His dress was the same in which Henry had seen him at the tavern, and beneath his overcoat which was buttoned at the waist only, the handle of a pistol on one side, and that of a dirk on the other, were purposely left in sight. In his hand he held a thick rough stick, which he had used as a cane, and behind him followed a huge black dog of the Newfoundland breed, which Carleton had not before seen. “Silence, you scoundrel!” said Crawford to the brute, as it commenced a hoarse barking; and then, as if regretting the harshness of his command, patted the dog upon the head, and bade it return to the house.

At this moment Carleton turned his eyes towards the cabin—for such in truth it was—and, in the little window of the room nearest to him, saw a female form, which he immediately recognised as that of Alice. The barking of the dog had apparently apprized her of the approach of a stranger, and brought her to the window; whence she saw her lover, and gave him a token of her recognition, by waving her handkerchief to and fro. His heart beat violently on seeing her thus cooped up in so vile a tenement, and under the first impulse of his indignation, he struck Romeo with the spur, intending to dash across the creek and set her at liberty.

Crawford, who saw the motion and understood its meaning, immediately hailed Carleton, and bade him remain where he was at the peril of his life;

made to Crawford, would have upon his indomitable resolution.

"But why do you wish to detain this young lady?" he demanded. "You dislike her father because he is a Tory, and to injure him, you fire his dwelling and carry off his daughter. Is it consistent with your notions of what is right and honorable, that you should thus treat a defenceless female?"

"It is not simply because Mr. Stafford is a Tory" replied Crawford, "that I have acted thus, though that circumstance, Heaven knows, is sufficient to make me detest the man as I do the devil; but I have an old account to settle with that gentleman, and have adopted this method of compelling him to do me justice. He is now in my power, and I can force him to grant what I shall demand: without his daughter I might plead in vain. There is a way, you perceive, whereby we poor devils can place ourselves in a position in which we can treat with these wealthy nabobs on equal terms, and without being weighed down by their superior power. As to Miss Stafford, she shall be well cared for, as she has been from the moment she quitted her apartment at the Woods; and I much regret that, in the execution of my purpose, it has become necessary to subject her to some inconvenience."

"And how long, pray, do you expect to detain her here?" demanded Carleton.

"Until Hugh Stafford shall assent to what I propose," responded Crawford; "and when that is done, he may rely upon receiving back his daughter unharmed."

"Do you propose to negotiate in person," asked Henry, "or to employ an agent?"

"I had thought of despatching a letter to him in the course of the day," replied Crawford, "and if you are willing to be the bearer of my proposition, I will immediately state it in writing."

"I will carry it," said Carleton, "and return in less than two hours with his answer."

"Stay where you are, then," said Crawford, "and I will be with you in a moment."

So saying, he leaped over the creek and returned to the house. During the few minutes that he was absent, Carleton contrived to make Alice understand by signs, that her release would shortly be effected—the distance between them being too great to admit of their holding an oral conversation.

"Look you," said Crawford when he returned, "you must come hither unattended, except by a vehicle in which to convey Miss Stafford home. I shall have a man stationed on yonder hill to watch your approach, and should you come prepared to release the lady *vi et armis*, I will immediately push into the Sound, and carry her away. I would have you distinctly to understand this; for, by the saints above, I will not be driven to an unconditional surrender of my prisoner."

"I promise to return with an answer," said Henry, "and make no attempt to secure you or her, until it be delivered. But remember, Crawford, should Mr. Stafford refuse to accede to your wishes herein expressed, and you detain Alice beyond three hours from this moment, I will withdraw my promise to speak to the Commander-in-chief in your behalf. Do you hear?"

Crawford did not immediately reply. He seemed to be taken by surprise, and, after a short pause, simply said, "We will not discuss that matter now; go and return as soon as possible."

Carleton had turned his horse, and was about to start, when Crawford added, "Stay one moment if you please. Tell me how you obtained a knowledge of my whereabouts."

"I cannot comply with your request," said Carleton.

"You received information from that rascal

Stark. He used improper language to me yesterday morning, and presumed to remonstrate, in such terms, against visiting Mr. Stafford, that I found it necessary to administer a blow. If he should again come within my reach, I will send a bullet through his head."

Carleton now rode speedily back to the Woods, and bore the welcome news of Alice's safety. The information soon spread through the neighborhood, and, in a little while, the people again assembled, to learn where she was concealed, and the particulars of her abduction. Much joy was manifested by every person, on hearing these tidings, and the greatest pleasure was felt when they were told, that she would probably be at home within an hour. Cato was actually beside himself, and cut the most ridiculous antics imaginable. He ran about the house and grounds, like one under the influence of exhilarating gas—jumping, singing, and laughing—to the surprise and amusement of every one present.

When Carleton informed Mr. Stafford of the result of his search, that gentleman at once proposed to go with a strong force, and make an attack upon Crawford and his gang. His apprehensions on account of his daughter, had taken such a hold of his mind, that his naturally stern and energetic character had not displayed itself; but now that he was assured of her safety, and knew precisely where she was, he seemed a different man from what he had been through the night, and during the morning. Instead of following the advice and direction of others, he was now for taking the lead, and proceeding with great vigor to the rescue of Alice. "Get the men together," said he to Carleton, "and let us lose no time in securing this audacious robber. The knave shall be hung upon the first tree, in requital of last night's work."

"He certainly merits a severe chastisement," said Mr. Strong, who had just arrived at the Woods,

much alarmed at what had occurred, "and I give it as my opinion—an opinion that is certainly entitled to some respect, considering the high calling to which I am devoted—that the interests of society and of the church require, that this wicked individual, and those who aid and abet him in his nefarious labors, should either be incarcerated in a dungeon, or punished severely with many stripes."

Having delivered this sage opinion in his usual grandiloquent manner, Mr. Strong was about to give some advice for the government of the party in their proceedings, when Henry, who was impatient at the delay, interrupted him by requesting Mr. Stafford to withdraw to another apartment.

When the last-named gentleman and Carleton were alone in the adjoining room, the latter gave a brief account of his interview with Crawford, adding that their object could probably be effected without a resort to force; and that an attack upon him and his gang, as proposed by Mr. Stafford, would doubtless result in the immediate removal of Alice to a more distant place. He then delivered the letter with which he was charged, stating that, if the proposal therein contained, should be acceded to, Miss Stafford would forthwith be given up to her friends.

Hugh Stafford broke the seal impatiently, at the same time muttering a curse upon his tormentor, and having glanced at the brief contents, and read the signature, exclaimed, "Good God! is it possible!" and then looking fixedly at the page for more than a minute, during which his thoughts seemed to be wandering from the letter before him, he at length added, "Can it really be? Then I must indeed submit."

"I hope," said Henry, after a short pause, "that the requirements of this person are such as may be honorably complied with."

"He has taken the surest means of success," said

Mr. Stafford; "but I tell you, Henry, that, if my daughter were at home, I would beard the villain in his den, and bid him do his worst. As it is, I must assent to what he demands. He requires, as the price of Alice's restoration, certain papers which I have in my possession; and threatens, in case of my refusal to deliver them up, to carry her away and detain her till I yield. What can I do but submit to what the rascal asks?"

"I know nothing of the papers you speak of," said Henry, "nor of the importance that their possession may be to you; but, unless they be given up, I apprehend some difficulty in effecting the release of your daughter."

"The papers are of no intrinsic value," said Mr. Stafford, "but they would enable me to justify a course of conduct which I once held towards this man, and to prove him to be—I will not say what. He must have them, however, for his requisition cannot, under the circumstances, be evaded. Wait here a few minutes, if you please, till I return."

Mr. Stafford then withdrew to his library, and, from a secret drawer of his cabinet, drew some papers that had slumbered there for years. He sealed them in an envelope, and placed the packet in the hands of Carleton, authorizing him to give them to Crawford in exchange for the freedom of Alice. He then ordered the carriage to be got ready and brought to the door, and while Cato was employed on this errand, he went to Mrs. Stafford's chamber, and found her in high spirits, in consequence of the news that had been received concerning their daughter.

Carleton returned to the room in which the neighbors were collected, where he found, among the others, Julian Melville, unusually sullen and silent. The latter gentleman, although he rejoiced at the discovery which had been made, was exceedingly vexed by the good fortune of his rival. He would

almost rather that Miss Stafford had not been found, than that Carleton should have been the means of restoring her to her family and friends. As he stood apart near one of the windows, apparently buried in deep thought, and unconscious of what was passing around him, Henry walked near, and addressed a few words to him upon the subject which, at that time, engaged the minds of every person in the house.

"You have doubtless heard, Mr. Melville," said he, "that I have had the happiness to discover where Miss Stafford was concealed."

"You have achieved the wonderful feat," said Julian sarcastically, "of finding what was probably never lost. The affair seems to have turned out agreeably to your wish." These words were purposely spoken in so loud a tone, that they immediately attracted the attention of every person in the room.

"I scarcely know how to interpret your language, Mr. Melville," said Henry turning red in the face, "for I cannot believe that you mean to insinuate, that I have been engaged in this horrid plot."

"The most obvious meaning of my words is generally that intended to be conveyed," said Julian.

"Then sir," said Carleton, under some excitement, "I proclaim in the presence of these gentlemen, that you have knowingly uttered a most absurd, false, and malicious charge."

Julian made no reply, but immediately left the room. Cato now entered and announced that the carriage was ready, and Mr. Stafford at the same time appeared, and declared himself in readiness to depart. He and Henry went to the coach followed by Mr. Peleg Strong, who, imagining himself to be the almost accepted suitor of Alice, thought it incumbent on him to assist in escorting her home.—Mr. Stafford was not a little surprised at this unex-

pected movement, but said nothing to discourage the clergyman from accompanying them.

“This is truly a most alarming affair,” said Strong, when they were fairly started, “but we have reason to thank Heaven that we are enabled to rescue the lady from her perilous and unpleasant situation. I rejoice that it is my good fortune to participate in the task of releasing her from confinement, and in the personal danger necessarily encountered, in effecting this desirable object.

The clerical gentleman, as the reader will readily believe, was fully apprised of the true state of the affair, and well knew he was going where danger would be incurred.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN they arrived at that part of the lane opposite Lake's, Henry requested Cato to stop, and having desired Mr. Stafford and the clergyman to remain in the carriage, (to which the latter very readily, and the former very reluctantly, consented,) descended from the vehicle, crossed the little bridge over the creek, and walked towards the house.

As he passed along the path, he observed, at a distance, two boats on the shore, and several men lying about on the beach and on the grass, ready at a moment's notice to obey the orders of their leader, and, in case of need, to carry him and his prisoner beyond the reach of any pursuer. When Carleton approached the house, Crawford opened the door and invited him into the room adjoining that in which Alice was confined, at the same time expressing the hope, that the result of his errand had been such, as would secure the immediate return of Miss Stafford. Carleton replied that he believed he had been successful in obtaining what was demanded, and then handed Crawford the packet, which was received with signs of great satisfaction. "I will trouble you," said the latter, "to remain here a few moments," until I shall have examined the contents." He then ascended a pair of stairs, leading to the upper apartment or garret.

He was absent but a very short time, and when he returned, his countenance showed that the possession of those papers afforded him much pleasure. "This must appear to you a strange proceeding,

said he, "and the only excuse I have to offer is, that the papers I have been so fortunate as to obtain, are of the greatest importance to me, and could not have been procured but by means of some such manœuvre as I have practised. I admit that the expedient was a harsh one, and scarcely to be justified by the most urgent necessity; but I have endeavored to make it as easy to Miss Stafford, as the nature of the case would allow. I see that you are impatient, Mr. Carleton, but before I open the door, I must do myself the justice to say, that the house was not fired by my directions. It was done by that hair-brained Marriner, who, without apprizing me of his intentions, set a candle near some combustible materials in one of the small rooms adjoining that of the young lady. I was extremely vexed by the circumstance, and am really glad that it was the cause of no serious mischief."

"Where is Marriner?" demanded Henry.

"He went to the city early this morning," answered Crawford, "and expects to return in the evening."

By this time the door was unfastened, and Crawford, after begging Henry to excuse his conduct to the young lady, withdrew from the house, and joined his men on the shore. Carleton then advanced alone into the room, when Alice rushed into his arms, and hid her face in his bosom.

"God be praised, my dear Alice, that we find you safe," said Henry, as he passed his arms around her slender form.

She looked up to his face through the tears that bedimmed her eyes, and in the fulness of her heart said, "Thanks, Henry, thanks, for your goodness."

A moment such as this would have amply repaid Carleton for years of toil and anxiety on account of the being he so much loved. If there could have lingered in his mind, any traces of doubt that

his attachment was requited, the conduct of Alice on this occasion, would have removed them forever.

On their way to the carriage, they met Mr. Stafford hurrying towards them, and, on inquiring the cause of his great haste, learned that he was in pursuit of the man whom he so much detested. He had reluctantly remained in the vehicle, desiring to castigate Crawford, if not to do something worse; but the moment he saw him pass from the house to the shore, he could restrain himself no longer, and, leaping to the ground, ran with all his speed towards him. Crawford saw his movement, and, not wishing to have a personal encounter with him, betook himself, with his men, to the boats, and rowed swiftly down the stream.

"You are too late," said Henry; "Crawford, you may perceive, is already far beyond your reach."

Mr. Stafford stopped suddenly, uttering a malediction upon his tormentor, and then embraced his daughter affectionately, expressing his happiness at seeing her safe. "We are indebted to our friend here," said he, in the fulness of his delight, "and you must thank him for restoring you to your parents and home. But you need not do it now," he added with a smile, "for we are in too much of a hurry to show you to your mother."

Alice heard this observation with pleasure, and if she made no reply, it was because she was thinking whether these words of her father, did not afford her ground to hope for a favorable change in his sentiments towards Carleton. They called a sweet blush into her cheeks, and looking up, her eyes met those of Henry, which expressed the satisfaction he felt, on hearing a remark so different from what he could have expected, considering the feelings which Mr. Stafford had lately entertained towards him.

When the little party were seated in the carriage, Mr. Strong congratulated the young lady on her release from the custody of an unprincipled wretch like Crawford. "You can scarcely conceive, my dear Miss Stafford," said he, "what our feelings have been on your account, and I do assure you that we have not relaxed our exertions for a single moment, nor should we have done so, however long you might have been absent, till you were found and extricated from so unpleasant a situation. I told your father, and my respected friend Mr. Carleton, that I would most cheerfully share the danger of the task we have just concluded; and I should have been extremely mortified, if this courageous youth had been beforehand with me, recovered you by his own unaided exertions, and prevented my participating in the honors he has this day acquired. Considering my peculiar relations to you, I must deem myself fortunate in having been present at the rescue."

"There is nothing like being in at the death, parson," said Mr. Stafford, winking at Henry.

Alice was not a little surprised at Mr. Strong's language, nor did she know what he meant, when he spoke of his peculiar relations to her; not dreaming that the gentleman still regarded himself in the light of an almost successful candidate for her hand. The remarks of the clergyman were amusing to Mr. Stafford, who could not but admire the coolness with which he appropriated to himself a share of the credit due to Henry alone. Carleton was not less diverted, and being in good spirits, was disposed to humor the self-satisfaction of the worthy parson, who seemed to be as happy as if he were returning from church, with Alice as his blooming bride.

"We are certainly under obligations to you for your assistance," said Mr. Stafford, "and I have no doubt" he continued, looking at his daughter, while a smile played about the corners of his mouth,

"that Alice will set a proper value upon your exertions."

"Undoubtedly papa," said she, "I shall most sincerely thank all who have, in the slightest degree, contributed to release me from so uncomfortable a situation."

Alice then gave a brief history of what had occurred from the moment that Crawford and Marriener entered her chamber on the preceding night. It appears that she was not mistaken when, as the reader may remember, she thought she heard the sound of footsteps in the corridor leading to her apartment; for, at that moment, both these men were approaching her room, and escaped her notice by stepping into the small chamber to perfect their plan of operations.

In a few minutes these sounds were repeated, and presently, two men entered the room, one of whom went directly towards her, and placed his hand upon her mouth. This is the last circumstance she remembered, till she found herself in the open air, and borne along in the arms of him, whom she subsequently ascertained to be Crawford. When she revived, she perceived that they were passing through the grove, and, having gone into the adjacent field, and pursued the path for some distance, they turned towards the well already spoken of, and halted by its side. There they took a shawl from her neck, and placed it where it was subsequently found, and also left behind them on the ground, the ribbon and cross to which we have before alluded. Their object, judging from the remarks overheard by Alice, was to cause a prodigious fright to the family, by making it appear that she had been disposed of in a manner that must have proved fatal. How well they succeeded in this mischievous and cruel design, has already been seen.

Thence they crossed the field to the neighboring

woods, and, having traversed them, took the road leading towards the Sound, (passing within half a mile of Mr. Stafford's mansion,) and intersecting that which now runs parallel with the shore. This wide circuit was doubtless made, in order to mislead any pursuers that might attempt to follow their tracks—an event that would have occurred, had they, on quitting the house, betaken themselves at once to the highway.

At the shore, a boat was in readiness to receive them, and having wrapped Alice in one of their coats, they pulled into the Sound, and proceeded directly to the house in which she was afterwards found. During the passage, the young lady demanded to know their purpose, and whither they intended to carry her; but the replies, though courteously made by Crawford, were by no means definite or satisfactory. He assured her, however, that she should be treated with the greatest respect, and be made as comfortable during her sojourn with them, as circumstances would permit. He expressed the hope that he should not be under the necessity of detaining her longer than a day or two; and observed that, on the following morning, he might communicate with her father, and submit a proposition which would probably lead to her speedy return to the Woods.

On their arrival at the house, an apartment was assigned to Alice, containing a pallet, table, and chair; and, by Crawford's orders, a fire was made, and the room rendered comfortably warm. Some food and a light were afterwards brought in, and Alice was then left to her own reflections. Her first thought was of escape, but the impracticability of effecting it was soon rendered apparent by an examination of the door and window, both which were securely fastened. In this unenviable situation she remained during the night, hearing nothing but the

whistling of the wind, the pattering of the rain, and the dashing of the waves upon the shore.

She did not, however, allow herself to despair. She had thus far met with the most respectful treatment; she had been assured by Crawford that such terms would immediately be offered for her release, as, he thought, would be accepted by Mr. Stafford; and she was disposed to believe, not only that no harm would befall her, but that she would very soon be set at liberty.

Crawford had been careful to provide for her convenience and comfort, so far as his limited time would allow; and had even charged Mariner with the duty of seizing such of her apparel as might be visible in her room, that she might be tolerably supplied with clothing. That worthy obeyed the command so far as to take a hat and shawl or two that lay upon a table, and then possessed himself of several golden trinkets and a well-filled purse—articles that had more attraction for him, than almost any thing that can be named.

In the morning, Crawford knocked at her door, and inquired whether she needed any thing that he could supply, and, on being answered in the negative, desired her not to be dispirited, telling her that her detention would, in all probability, be limited to that, or, at most, to the following day. The hours dragged heavily, and, towards noon, she began to grow impatient, having nothing to afford her amusement, or to divert her thoughts from the unpleasant predicament in which she was placed. A solitary vessel only passed through the Sound, and that was the *Cerberus* in which Captain H—— was a prisoner. How would her unhappiness have been increased, had she known that it contained the friend of Carleton!—a gentleman whom she admired, not less from her own observation, than from the glowing description of his amiable qualities, which she had received from her lover.

At length, the baying of a dog was heard—a sound which, in the country, frequently announces the approach of a stranger—and, on going to the window, she instantly recognised Carleton mounted upon Romeo. From that moment she felt that her deliverance was effected; for she knew that, having ascertained where she was, Henry would not rest or sleep, till she should be restored to liberty.—What subsequently took place, up to the moment they entered the carriage to return, the reader already knows.

When they arrived home, the neighbors, who had awaited her return, came forward to greet her, and signified, both by word and act, the pleasure they felt in seeing her again. Alice thanked them for their kindly interest, and to each one gave her hand, as she rewarded his exertions with her blindest smiles. It would not be too much to say that there was not a man among those brown and stalwart farmers, but considered himself fully compensated for the labors of the morning, by the pleasure of holding—though but for a single moment—her small white hand, and hearing her thank him in a voice, and with a smile, of captivating sweetness.

Alice, anxious to relieve the mind of her mother, repaired to the chamber, where Mrs. Stafford, scarcely recovered from the effects of her fright and agitation, received her with open arms, while the strong emotions of her bosom, prevented her giving expression to the joy excited by her daughter's return.

It was now too late for Carleton to think of leaving the Woods that day, and he therefore concluded to defer his departure till the following morning. He was not sorry that an excuse for staying a few hours longer had presented itself, for he dreaded the hour that was to separate him from Alice, perhaps for a series of years, if not forever.

When the company had gone, and the house become quiet, Carleton repaired to his room, and

having changed his dress, went down into the garden, where, lost in reflection upon the events of the last few days, he walked alone for an hour, and, at length, sat down in the grove. He there debated with himself the question of bidding adieu to the Woods and its inmates on the succeeding day; now determining that nothing should detain him any longer under the roof of one, who, he had reason to believe, considered him, on account of his political principles, an unwelcome visiter; and now almost deciding, that, without thinking less than he ought of what had passed between him and Mr. Stafford, he would postpone his departure for a few days at least. Again his spirit rose, and he scorned the idea of staying even for another night; but at last, after much thought, he fully resolved that his visit should not, under any circumstances, be protracted longer than three or four days, or, at most, a week; and that he would leave early the next morning, unless Mr. Stafford should, meanwhile, express a decided wish that he should remain.

As he was about to return to the house, his host suddenly made his appearance, and sat down beside him. "What is this I hear, Harry?" demanded Mr. Stafford, who was in one of his pleasant moods; "Alice says you leave us to-morrow—is it so?"

"I had thought of it," answered Henry, "and should probably have gone ere now, but for the unfortunate occurrences of last night."

"Now you have taken offence at what I said yesterday," observed Mr. Stafford; "for nothing else, I am sure, could have altered your mind so suddenly. But I will tell you what you must do, my boy: forget what has passed, and stay here as long as you at first contemplated. You should not listen when I swear at the rebels, and if you can, in future, shut your ears, and exclude language so offensive to them, we shall get along more har-

moniously. You know that I can hardly control my tongue upon that subject; and I must ask of you, as a favor, to give as little heed as possible, to my remarks upon the projectors and conductors of this unholy warfare. What say you, Harry, shall we forget and forgive?"

"So far as it depends on me," answered Henry, "our amicable relations shall not be disturbed."

"And you will not leave us immediately," said Mr. Stafford.

"I will remain with you two or three days longer," replied Henry, "and perhaps a week."

"Let it be a week at least," said Mr. Stafford, "and as much longer as you choose. You will probably become tired of the Woods, before we shall of you. I suppose" he continued after a short pause, "that I scarcely need hope to reclaim you from your political heresy."

"As I observed to you yesterday, my mind is unalterable," responded Henry, "and until our country is set free from the dominion of England, it shall be the one great hope of my life to see so desirable an object consummated."

Mr. Stafford bit his lip, and remained silent, evidently afraid to trust himself to speak. A word in favor of the revolutionists or their cause, was sufficient, at almost any time, to excite his feelings beyond his power of controlling them; and his flushed cheek and knitted brow told that the last observation of Henry, had again ruffled their previously smooth surface. After a silence of more than a minute, during which Henry observed the effect of his remark, Mr. Stafford again became calm, and resumed the conversation in the same jovial tone in which it had been commenced. He had made up his mind to give no further cause of offence, and he succeeded in passing over without comment, an observation which, but for the resolution he had formed, would have provoked a terrible storm of words.

CHAPTER X.

ON the following morning, while Henry and Alice were conversing in the piazza, a young man of good exterior, and having the appearance and air of a gentleman, was seen to enter the gate at the road, and to walk up the avenue.

"Some acquaintance of yours, perhaps," said Henry.

"I do not know him," replied Alice, "nor do I remember to have seen him before."

When he approached the steps of the piazza, he raised his hat and inquired, whether he had the honor of speaking to Mr. Henry Carleton; and, on being answered in the affirmative, requested to be favored with a private interview. Henry immediately assented, and was about to propose that they should withdraw to a distant part of the lawn, when Alice rose and went into the house, leaving them to hold their conversation upon the spot. Henry reached the gentleman a chair which was declined with thanks, and then paused to give his visitor an opportunity of declaring his business.

After a few seconds of silence, during which the young man exhibited some signs of hesitancy—not to say embarrassment—as if he had something to communicate, of which he was reluctant, if not ashamed, to speak, he said, "I have come hither, Mr. Carleton, upon business of an unpleasant nature—such as few men can meddle with, but with a feeling of regret that the usages of society demand, in certain cases, of all honorable men, the course which a friend of mine, Mr. Julian Melville,

has felt himself called upon to adopt, in reference to the misunderstanding between you and him. The mention of that name will immediately suggest to you, that I have a letter from my friend, requiring satisfaction for language used by you yesterday, which, as it is derogatory to his character as a gentleman, he finds it impossible to overlook."

While he was uttering the last sentence, Mr. Clifford—for such was his name—drew a note from his pocket, and, with a slight bow, presented it to Mr. Carleton. It was brief, consisting of three lines only, simply stating that the writer considered that he had been insulted, and demanded satisfaction for his wounded honor; adding that the bearer, Mr. Clifford, was authorized to arrange the preliminaries with any friend whom the challenged party might appoint.

Henry read this missive with a feeling of no little surprise, as the probability of being called upon in this manner, had not occurred to him; although, when he recollected the words he had addressed to Melville on the preceding afternoon, he could not but acknowledge, that he had suffered an observation to escape him, which a duellist would not be likely to overlook. He perused the letter twice, and, after refolding it, sat more than a minute reflecting upon the course it behooved him to pursue. During this brief pause, Mr. Clifford, as if he desired to afford Carleton a little time to consider the demand that had been made upon him, walked a few paces along the piazza, and examined some flowers that grew in an adjacent bed.

Carleton was exceedingly embarrassed by this call. He was opposed to the practice of duelling, and had determined that he would never give or accept a challenge to mortal combat; preferring to suffer the consequences, even to the loss of his character for courage. The hour of testing the stability of his principles had now arrived, and he

found that it was not so easy as he had imagined, to restrict himself to a certain line of conduct, in opposition to the established usages of polite society. Two circumstances conspired to render a refusal of the call a matter of great difficulty, and to shake the resolution he had formed, of braving the opinion of the world on the subject of duelling. First, he had insulted a gentleman by declaring him guilty of falsehood; and, secondly, he had almost concluded to join the army, which rendered it absolutely necessary that he should avoid the imputation of cowardice. He had, it is true, received a provocation which might, perhaps, justify the language he had used; but then the world, without examining into the merits of the case, would pronounce him guilty of uttering an insult, and of refusing satisfaction to the injured party. He would be called a coward, and perhaps posted as such by the gentleman who felt himself aggrieved. Should this be the case, how would he be received among the gallant officers of the army, whose notions on this subject are regulated, not by the principles of Christianity, but by the practice of gentlemen throughout the world?

On the other hand, his long-standing aversion to duelling restrained him from accepting the challenge, and he felt assured that, should he decline it and the fact become public, the act would be approved by the Commander-in-chief, who was known to abhor the custom of submitting private differences to the arbitrament of mortal combat. This consideration so far encouraged him in the line of conduct which he desired to pursue, as to determine him to take a few hours at least, to consider the subject maturely, before returning an answer to the call. Having come to this conclusion, he approached Mr. Clifford and said, "You are doubtless apprized, Mr. Clifford, of the contents of this missive, and of the remark of mine which gave rise

to it; but you may not know what provoked the language, at which your friend has taken offence."

"I do not indeed," replied the gentleman.

Henry then, in a few words, stated what had passed between Julian Melville and himself, and it was easy to perceive, that Mr. Clifford was surprised to learn, that his friend had made a charge, which would have elicited from any man of spirit, even harsher language than that used by Henry Carleton. He had evidently undertaken to perform the office of second, with the conviction that Mr. Melville had been wantonly insulted; but the other side of the story, as generally happens, had materially altered the aspect of the quarrel, and led him to suspect that there was less cause of complaint, than he had at first supposed.

"You will readily see, Mr. Carleton," said Clifford, "that I have nothing to do with the merits of this controversy. Mr. Melville conceives that he has been insulted, and my duty as his friend, is, simply, in the present stage of the matter, to carry his message and receive your reply."

"I am perfectly aware of that," said Carleton. "My object in stating to you the provocation that I received from Mr. Melville, is, to show that I am really the aggrieved party, and that, consequently, I am entitled to ask a little time for reflection, before giving my answer to the contents of this note. If my notions concerning duelling corresponded to those of most men, I should have no hesitation in accepting the call at once; but the truth is, sir, I have long detested the practice as a wicked and absurd method of adjusting disputes, and some years ago I determined, that nothing should ever induce me to engage in a duel, either as principal or second. I confess, freely, that it is more difficult than I had supposed, to disregard a demand for satisfaction, seeing that, whatever may be the nature of the quarrel, and on which side soever

may lie the right, the world will be very likely to attribute a refusal to other than the true motives. I shall, therefore, so far suspend my resolution on this subject, as to request a little time before giving my reply; and if you think it proper to grant me two or three hours, I will furnish you with my answer by eleven o'clock."

"This is an unusual course," said Mr. Clifford, with a smile, "and I am by no means sure that my friend would approve such an indulgence, as he expects that you will promptly either accept or decline the challenge. Nevertheless," he continued after a moment's reflection, "I will venture to consider the call as, for the present, neither accepted nor evaded, and to name eleven o'clock as the time at which I shall require a reply."

"Thank you," said Henry. "Pray where may you be found at that hour?"

"If agreeable to you," replied Clifford, "I will have the honor of waiting upon you again."

"I assent to the proposition," said Carleton, "though it will be subjecting you to some additional trouble."

This being arranged, the second touched his hat and departed, leaving Henry in a predicament from which he knew not how to extricate himself with honor, except by violating his duty as a Christian, and acting in direct opposition to his feelings and principles. That he might reflect upon this matter without interruption, he withdrew to the grove, where he remained more than two hours in deep thought. Urged by various considerations, and especially by his dread of being called a coward, to give Mr. Melville a meeting, and extremely apprehensive that his declining to do so would mar his prospects, by bringing him into contempt, he had to struggle hard against his inclination to satisfy, what the world would call, the reasonable demands of an insulted gentleman.

At length, however, his principles prevailed, and he concluded to decline the meeting and abide the consequences, whatever they might be, even to disgrace. When he had formed this resolution, a load seemed to be taken from his mind; he felt comparatively cheerful and happy, and he returned to the house prepared to see Clifford, and to give, without a feeling of shame, a negative answer to the call.

He had no sooner entered the drawing-room than Alice, who suspected the object of the visit and was anxious to learn the result, came in and immediately inquired whether her suspicions were well founded. Henry had previously narrated to her what had occurred, during her absence, on the preceding day, not omitting what had passed between him and Julian Melville; and as Alice was well acquainted with the latter's disposition, she felt confident that he would soon call his rival to an account. When, therefore, Mr. Clifford requested to see Henry alone, her fears were at once confirmed, and from that moment, she was sure that the gentleman's business could be nothing else than to bear a hostile message from Mr. Melville. She retired to her room, and suffered the most intense anxiety till she saw Carleton return from the grove, when she immediately descended the stairs, determined to prevent, if possible, a meeting between the parties.

"Why do you imagine," demanded Henry, "that the gentleman was a messenger from Mr. Melville?"

"Oh, do not keep me in suspense, Henry, I beg of you," replied Alice. "I know Mr. Melville too well to suppose, for a moment, that he will overlook your language, and I have too much reason to fear that you received a challenge by the hands of that young man."

"And if such be the case," said Henry with a

smile, "why should my Alice give herself so much uneasiness about so trifling a matter?"

"A trifling matter, Henry?" said Alice in a serious tone; "do you call it a trifling matter thus to sport with human life—to expose yourself to the risk of going suddenly, and, perhaps, unprepared, into the presence of your Maker, or of becoming the murderer of a fellow being? Oh, Henry, relieve my fears at once, and tell me what you propose doing. Excuse my importunity, for I am seriously concerned at the prospect of a meeting between you and Julian Melville."

"What would you have me do, Alice?" demanded Carleton. Mr. Melville declares that I have insulted him, and as I cannot deny having used the language which has given offence, how can I refuse the satisfaction he has an undoubted right to require at my hands?"

"Refuse it peremptorily," replied Alice, "without fearing the consequences, and teach Mr. Melville to be careful, in future, how he provokes unpalatable retorts. In my opinion, he has not the slightest claim on you for satisfaction; on the contrary, it is you who have the best, nay, the only, right to complain of what has passed. In making so false and preposterous a charge, what could he expect but to be told, in plain terms, that he had uttered what was untrue?—and how can he reasonably call upon you for satisfaction, when the language at which he takes exception, and considers so derogatory to his honor, was not only true, but precisely that which, he might have known, would be elicited by his absurd, yet insulting accusation?"

"All this is very true, Alice," said Henry, amused at the earnestness with which she argued, "yet the world will not give itself the trouble to try the case, and to weigh all the circumstances;—it will look at the simple fact, that I charged Mr. Melville with falsehood, and subsequently refused his

challenge. I should be regarded as a coward, and if I should join the army, the officers might refuse to associate with me, on the ground that, in declining to fight, I had rendered myself unworthy of companionship with men of honor."

"Let them do so," said Alice; "the approbation of your own conscience, and the consciousness of having obeyed the laws of God, in preference to bowing to the opinions and practices of men, will console you for the lack of their friendship. Besides, you will be countenanced by one man at least, and his approbation will assuredly outweigh the contempt and sneers of ten thousand duellists."

"Well Alice," said Henry, "your arguments on this subject will be useless, as I have already decided how to act."

"Oh, Henry, be advised and pursue this matter no farther. Have I no influence with you?—and cannot I persuade you to alter your purpose?"

"You cannot, dearest Alice," replied Henry, "my determination is fixed and unalterable."

"And you will meet Mr. Melville?"

"I may meet him, but—I will not fight," answered Carleton, taking her hand. "Does that content you, Alice?"

"It does," she replied with surprise; "but why did you not tell me so at first, and spare me the mortification of exhibiting so much feeling?"

"Because it pleased me to see the interest you manifested," replied Carleton, "and also, because I was desirous to know what sort of arguments you would use, against my accepting the challenge."

"They were sound, were they not?" asked Miss Stafford with a smile.

"I considered them so," replied Carleton, "for all that you said had occurred to me with sufficient force to influence my decision. I assure you, however, that, although, I have long abhorred duelling, I found it no easy matter to bring myself to my pre-

sent determination. I acknowledge that I feared the world's opinion—I was afraid, that even you, Alice, would look upon me as a coward, and hold me in contempt. But I am rejoiced to find that my decision accords with your own wishes, and now, with your approval of my course, I will brave the sneers of those who may scout the idea that I have been guided in this matter by principle alone."

At this moment Cato entered, and announced that a gentleman was waiting to see Mr. Carleton.

Henry repaired to the piazza, where he found Mr. Clifford. The former then declared his intention of declining the challenge, at the same time refusing to recall his offensive words, or to make any apology whatever. He again stated that his opposition to duelling, founded upon his belief that it was wrong, was his chief reason for refusing to give Mr. Melville the meeting he had demanded; and added, that he well knew how probable it was, that that gentleman and his friends, and all others who believe that no man but a coward ever refuses to fight, would ascribe the course he had adopted, to a fear of exposing his person to danger. He was willing, he said, that they should form what opinion of him they chose, as he had made up his mind not to violate his principles, let the consequences be what they might.

"People may say that you are a coward," observed Mr. Clifford, "but it cannot be denied that you have more moral courage, than most men of the world possess. It may not be proper for me, standing in the position that I do, to make the remark, but I cannot refrain from expressing my approval of your decision. I will confess to you, that, within the last two hours, I have thought more upon duelling than ever I did before; and the conclusion at which I have arrived, is, that it is, as you have termed it, a wicked and absurd custom, and one that ought, long since, to have been abolished.

Having become the second of my friend, I could not refuse him my services; but I secretly hoped, from the moment I left here, that you would not accept the call. It is the first affair of the kind in which I have participated, and I assure you it shall be the last."

Carleton was not a little surprised at a confession of this kind from such a source, and was much pleased to learn that his response to the message was approved by one of the persons, most likely to impute his conduct to other than the true motives.

CHAPTER XII.

WE will now, for a short time, shift the scene from the Woods to the White Rose Tavern in Dock street. It was in the evening of the third day from the date of the incident recorded in the last chapter, at a retired room in the public house above named, and two men closely engaged in conversation. The door was fastened to prevent interruption, a single lamp was dimly burning upon a stand in the corner, and between these men, was a table, on which stood a decanter of brandy, four pistols, two dirks, and a large knife. The occupants of the room were dressed in the ordinary attire of the lower order of citizens, and their weather-beaten countenances, which indicated great energy and determination, wore an unusually grave and severe expression. One of them sat with his head resting on his hand, while his elbow leaned upon the table beside him; and his large black eyes were tensely fixed upon a spot in the fire-place, as he listened to the remarks of his friend. The other, at the moment that we introduced the reader, held a glass of brandy in his right hand, while he leaned backward in his chair, talking in an under tone, but with great earnestness of voice and manner. Occasionally, the person to whom his speech was addressed, shook his head as if he were unwilling to give assent to what was asked by his companion. "He will die like a hero," said Marriner, in the latter part of their conversation; "and this night he shall be gloriously avenged. Come, Crawford, you are to give me your decision this evening—will you join me or not?"

"I am reluctant to do so," said Crawford, "and yet I would like, above all things, to strike a blow among these d—d Tories and English. I have my reasons, however, for hesitating to co-operate with you in this business."

"Oh, the devil take all reasons," said Marriner impatiently; "what should induce you to forego this opportunity of annoying our enemies? How often have you declared to me, that you took no pleasure in any thing, but in aiding the cause of the revolutionists, and that you would never let a chance of doing an injury to the English and their American abettors, pass unimproved? You cannot have forgotten the conversation we had a few weeks since, as we were gliding through the Gate, when we agreed to do some deed that should astonish the world. Then you were ready to join heart and hand in the most daring enterprise; but now, methinks, you have become chicken-hearted, Crawford, and dare no longer expose yourself to danger."

"Do you mean what you say?" demanded Crawford in a mild tone, turning his eyes towards his friend, "or do you speak in jest?"

"Not in jest certainly," replied Marriner; "I say, in earnest, that I do not know what else than fear, could prevent your engaging in this matter."

Crawford, on hearing this, smiled contemptuously, but made no reply, as if he might have considered it beneath him to say a word in vindication of his courage. He kept his eyes, however, on Marriner, who, without heeding the anger of the other, continued, in the same vein, to stir up Crawford's feelings; hoping to accomplish by ridicule, what he now scarcely expected to do by persuasion. He was extremely anxious to have the assistance of his friend, but the latter, who was generally ready to take the lead in any expedition involving great personal risk, was, on this occasion, very backward,

and seemed reluctant to participate in the project then on foot.

"If it be not fear," continued Marriner, "perhaps you have repented of your evil deeds, and made up your mind to be a good citizen in future, saying your prayers every night, and going to church on Sundays. I recommend you to turn parson, and if you can get a house to hold forth in, come to me, and I will give you a certificate, in which I will swear that you never cut a purse, nor robbed a roost in your life, and that you have always been one of the most upright and honest creatures in Christendom."

"D—n it sir," said Crawford, starting from his chair and seizing a pistol, "what do you mean by talking to me in that style? If you deem me a coward, stand up like a man, and see who will flinch first."

"Don't hold that pistol with the muzzle towards me," said Marriner, with an irresistibly comic expression of countenance, while he took a mouthful of his favorite beverage; "it may go off and drill me. Such accidents have happened, you know, and may happen again."

Crawford stood mute, looking at his facetious friend, and, from a towering passion, was suddenly brought nearly to the point of laughing outright, at the coolness and unconcern with which Marriner saw the outbreak of his excited temper.

"Come, come, Crawford," continued Marriner, "sit down, man, and don't stand there like some freebooter about to blow out the brains of the poor devil he has just robbed. Remember whose company you are in, and conduct yourself in such a way as to show that my example has exerted a beneficial influence upon your manners. Sit down, I say again, and let us proceed to business."

"I should have been a most incorrigible rascalion, truly," said Crawford smiling, "if I had

followed your example more closely. You have made me bad enough as it is, Heaven knows; and if justice were done, your back should suffer for a portion of my sins."

"And your neck for the remainder," said Marriner, dryly. "But that's neither here nor there; let us talk of something more important than your character."

"Cannot we rescue Captain H——?" demanded Crawford.

"I fear not," replied Marriner, "for the prison in Crown street is a devil of a strong place, and, what is more, the time is now too short to make the necessary arrangements. We do not even know what room he is in, and if we did, I do not see how, at this late period, we should go to work to liberate him. If it could be done, I would join in any attempt, however hopeless, to set him free."

"I fear it would be useless to make the trial," said Crawford, after a few moments' pause, "and yet if we had known a little earlier that he was captured, we might, perhaps, have found some means of communicating with him, and concerting a plan of escape."

"That might, perhaps, have been done in some way," said Marriner, "through Lizzy Grady, whose lover Fowle—the vagabond Tory—is now under-keeper of the prison; but she is not at home to night, and he could be influenced by nobody but her. I have been endeavoring to devise some means of getting H—— out of the hands of these devils; and have come to the conclusion that no human means can now save him. Our only purpose, therefore, must be to retaliate, and make great havoc among the cursed Tories. The same blow will fall heavily on the army. Howe expects probably, to make this city his head-quarters, whence to carry on his operations, and shoot his thunderbolts in every direction. Winter is approaching, and this, he thinks,

is a fine place for British officers to hibernate in. I would make it different, and render the woods or the meadows of Jersey, a more habitable place. Do you understand me?"

"What!" exclaimed Crawford, astonished at the grand conception of his friend, "does your scheme of revenge comprehend the whole city?"

"The whole!" said Marriner with energy, and striking his hand upon the table; "I would this very night snatch the prize from the grasp of this proud Briton."

Crawford paused and looked fixedly upon his friend, as if he might have doubted his sanity; while Marriner, whose enthusiasm was wrought up to the highest pitch, returned the gaze in silence. Both remained mute for more than a minute, when the latter, casting a suspicious glance towards the door, said in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "By to-morrow noon we shall have smoked this foreign wolf from his den. Everything is favorable, even to the wind, and all is prepared. The train has been carefully laid, and when the match is applied, you will see destruction carried to every corner of the city."

"Your project is sublime," said Crawford, kindling with the enthusiasm which burned in Marriner's bosom, "and it will strike terror into the hearts, not only of the English, but of the still more detestable Tories. Yet," he continued, after a short pause, "I have friends in this city, whom I should dislike to involve in such a calamity. But for that circumstance, I would join you in a moment."

"Friends in this city?" said Marriner with surprise, "I never knew that before."

"Ay," replied Crawford, heaving a sigh, as if affected by the recollection of the past, "friends that are still dear to me, though we have been long estranged, and shall probably never be reconciled. But" he said after a little while, during which his

brow was clouded, and the evidence of bitter feeling was stamped upon his countenance, "why should I allow them to stand in the way of the execution of such a purpose as you contemplate? They have sacrificed me, and would doubtless feel it a relief to hear of my death, and if I were rotting in a prison, not a man of them would release me, could he do so by simply extending a hand. Let them share the fate of the others—I care not what may befall them. Marriner, I have decided—you shall have my assistance in this matter. Now tell me what is to be done, and what part in the task you will assign to me."

Marriner, having poured out another portion of brandy, and replenished Crawford's glass, proceeded to lay open to the latter, his plan of annoying the enemy. This occupied but a few minutes, and when he had finished, Crawford exclaimed, "Capital! if it succeed to our wish, it will astonish all Christendom. Let us to the work, Marriner, I am impatient to begin. Gracious Heaven! what a scene will to-morrow's sun set upon!"

"Not so soon," said Marriner, "the hour of midnight must pass, and all be locked in slumber, ere we commence the glorious work."

Marriner and Crawford continued in conversation till after twelve o'clock, when three men in the employ of the former, knocked at the door for admittance. They had just come from the boat which lay at a wharf not far distant; but, as their services were not needed, they were sent back with orders to be ready, at any moment during the night, to quit the city. Crawford's boat was lying at the same place, and his men had already been directed not to leave it till his return, even if he should not make his appearance till the dawn of day.

At three o'clock in the morning of the twenty-first of September, these two daring individuals, *having* resumed their arms, and prepared them-

selves for what they had to do, left the room cautiously, and descended the stairs into the street.—A profound silence brooded over the city, and as they proceeded quickly towards the place where they designed to execute their purpose, they met but a solitary individual on their way. He was dressed in sailor's garb, and having drunk enough to render him noisy and mischievous, accosted Marriner and Crawford as they approached, and insisted upon their indulging him with a little conversation. Not feeling disposed to humor him, they attempted to pass without speaking, when he suddenly caught Marriner by the collar, and, with a jerk, brought him to the ground. In a moment, the latter was upon his feet again, and would have punished his assailant upon the spot, but for the fear of making a disturbance that might attract the notice of the patrols. They were about to leave him, therefore, without a word either of remonstrance or malediction, when the fellow, who was ill disposed to let them off so easily, turned to follow them, seized Marriner by the arm, and attempted to throw him a second time upon the pavement. The noise which this person made, brought several patrols to the spot, and their presence subsequently prevented Marriner and his friend from performing a part of the work in that vicinity, which the former had laid out with so much care. Enough, however, was done.

Finding they were likely to be seriously molested by the man, unless he could be effectually disposed of, Marriner planted a tremendous blow under his right ear, and left him for dead upon the stones. Taking to their heels, they turned the next corner, and soon found themselves in the street leading to Whitehall. Their place of destination was near the foot of that avenue, and they stopped in front of some low wooden buildings, looking cautiously up and down the street, to see if they were observed.

Having remained there a few minutes, they walked to the entrance of a small alley that ran between two of the houses, where they conversed together for a short time, and then entered the passage, closing the gate behind them.

We shall here leave these men to their work, and if the reader be curious to know what the result of their labors was, he will find it recorded in one of the following letters.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISFORTUNES, it is said, seldom come singly, and if this proposition be true, it is scarcely less so, that they often happen, when we appear to be the least liable to calamities of any kind. The sky, in the morning and at noontide, may present its azure depths without a cloud, and promise a glorious eve; but ere an hour passes, and at a moment when we could least expect that a storm is about to burst upon us, the blue expanse of heaven shall be hidden, the hurricane lay waste the beauty around us, and all be changed from sunshine to gloom. Who has not marked these sudden and unlooked-for vicissitudes in the outward world?—Who, in the midst of unmixed felicity, has not experienced a dashing down, as it were, of the cup of pleasure from his delighted lips.

Henry Carleton, after the restoration of Alice, and from the moment that he was solicited by Mr. Stafford to prolong his visit at the Woods, may be said to have been completely happy. In the society of her whom he loved, he scarcely allowed a thought to mar the almost perfect felicity he enjoyed. Hours fled like minutes—days almost like hours—and the only portion of time whose lapse he noted, were the intervals that separated him from his beloved Alice.

In this species of intoxication, he passed three days, but on the afternoon of the fourth, his feelings were destined to encounter a shock more terrible than any they had previously experienced. As he sat in the grove near the close of a beautiful

day, Miss Stafford having just left him to prepare for a ramble in the fields, a servant of his father approached him, holding three letters in his hand. He was glad to receive news from home, and yet the moment he perceived that one of the superscriptions was in the handwriting of his father, a suspicion crossed his mind, that the contents were not such as he could read with pleasure. One of the letters was evidently from Grace—her calligraphy neat and small, being too familiar to him to be mistaken—and the third he supposed to be from Charles Wentworth, as the wax, which was black, bore the initials of that gentleman's name.

At this moment, Alice made her appearance, and excused herself from taking a walk, stating that she had received, by the messenger, a long epistle from Miss Carleton, the perusal of which she could not think of delaying. She then withdrew to the house, leaving Henry at leisure to examine his letters.

As the most important of the three, he first opened that from his father; and he did so with strong fears that he was about to peruse a most unwelcome communication. It was, doubtless his participation in the expedition at Montresor's Island, which gave him reason to expect such a letter from Mr. Carleton; as he could scarcely doubt that information of his connection with that disastrous enterprise, had reached him through Fowle, who, as the reader may remember, happened to be a witness of his return from the island. He had several times thought of that affair with some degree of uneasiness, aware that his father would be exceedingly displeased, if the circumstances should come to his knowledge.

Henry was not disappointed in his expectations as to the character of the letter, but his anticipations had fallen far short of the reality. He had looked for a serious lecture, indeed, if not for something bordering upon a reprimand, for having aided

the revolutionists; but he did not apprehend that Mr. Stafford would take it so much in dudgeon as to visit him with the severest punishment it was in his power to inflict. The following is a copy of the letter:

"SIR: I have been informed that, a few days since, you were among the number of rebels who made an unsuccessful attack upon Montresor's Island. It is needless for me to say, that nothing could have given me greater pain, than to hear of your continued adherence to a cause, more damnable than any recorded on the page of history; for I am now certain that you have so little regard for my feelings, and care so little for the reputation of our family, that any thing I could add to what I have already said at different times, would be thought unworthy of the slightest attention. Good God! is it possible that my only son, whom I would rather see in his grave than a participator in this rebellion, has openly, in defiance of my earnest wishes, and of his duty to his sovereign, assisted these wicked rebels in their unholy labors? Can it be that he, on whom, from the moment that he saw the light, I have bestowed so much care; whose every want has been satisfied, and who has never had a wish that it did not, if it lay in my power, give me pleasure to gratify; has set at naught my deep solicitude for his character and welfare, despised my advice, and acted in open and undisguised opposition to my feelings and opinions? Had I been told one short month ago, that my son would prove rebellious, and array himself against his sovereign, his father, and his God, I should have regarded such a prediction as proof of the utterer's confirmed insanity. Yet how true would have been such a prophecy—how would it have been fulfilled to the very letter!

"But think not, Henry, that I am about to plead with you, or to renew my persuasions with a view

to turn you from your political heresy. No; I have already exhausted my arguments—I have said enough to convince any reasonable mind, of the wickedness and folly of connecting yourself with a cause, which will not only fail of success, but entail upon all its supporters, everlasting infamy, if it should not bring them to the gallows; and all my arguments, my persuasions, my efforts, both as a father and as a loyal subject of the king's, have been treated with contempt, and have only served, apparently, to strengthen you in your determination to persist in the unrighteous course you have adopted.

“The time has, therefore, arrived for me to act with decision. If you will abandon your duty, and incorporate yourself with the rebels, you shall receive no countenance from me. We must henceforth be entire strangers to each other, until you shall return prepared to condemn your late conduct, and acknowledge allegiance to your lawful king. When a change in your political sentiments shall have taken place, I will receive you with open arms, and thank God for tearing the scales from your eyes; but while your opinions and your actions are on the side of rebellion, I am compelled to forbid your return to my house.

“I shall hold two thousand pounds subject to your order, and remain your affectionate but aggrieved father,

RALPH CARLETON.”

“TO HENRY CARLETON ESQ.

When Henry had finished the perusal of this epistle, it fell from his hands, and he sat motionless, like one suddenly bereft of life—his countenance pale, and betraying the feelings which such a letter could not fail to excite. He gazed fixedly upon the earth for some time, buried in deep and painful thought, and at length, his expression changed, his face became flushed, and he burst into tears.

From this paroxysm of grief he found some relief, and after the tumult of his bosom had in some degree subsided, he read the letter again and again, but with a more calm and subdued feeling of resignation to the decisive step which had been taken by his indignant parent. He then carefully refolded the letter, and, having gazed, for a moment, with tearful eyes upon the superscription, relapsed once more into profound reflection. For more than an hour he remained like a statue, moving neither a muscle nor a limb, and unconscious, apparently, of his very existence.

The approach of the dog Tray which came and threw itself at his feet, recalled his wandering thoughts, and, with a deep sigh that spoke the burden of his bosom, he arose and bent his steps toward the gate communicating with the adjacent field. Traversing this grassy tract, on which the last rays of the sun lay in golden streaks, alternately with the lengthened shadows of a few trees, he entered the cool and solemn shades of the woods at the other side, and wandered among them till night had fairly closed.

To say that he felt keenly the displeasure of his father, would convey but a faint idea of the sufferings he endured; for such was the effect produced by the shock which his mind had received, that, for a few hours at least, he may be said to have been almost upon the verge of insanity. His was not that grief, however, which manifests itself by continued groans and tears, although for a few moments he wept most bitterly; but it was of a quiet, deep, and absorbing kind, which took full possession of the soul, and swallowed up every feeling but despair.

It was already dark when Henry repassed through the grove, and garden, and entered the house. He went directly to his room, without answering a question addressed to him by Mr. Staf-

ford whom he met in the hall; for his mind was so fully and painfully occupied, that it did not occur to him to notice that gentleman, or to reply to his interrogatory.

When Miss Stafford reached her little chamber, she broke the seal of her friend Grace's letter, a copy of which we are enabled to lay before the reader.

GRACE CARLETON TO ALICE STAFFORD.

"My dearest Alice, I am still so much agitated, that it is only with great difficulty I can hold a pen. My nerves, which, at best, are not strong, are completely unstrung, as this letter will clearly testify.

"Have you heard of the great calamity which befel the city yesterday morning? It is not likely that you have, and I will, therefore, give you an imperfect sketch of what has occurred. About three o'clock in the morning, we were suddenly awakened by a cry of fire, and papa, who went out to see where it was, returned home to shift his dress, and told us that a large fire had broken out near the Whitehall stairs, and was burning most furiously. The wind was fresh at the time, and it spread with surprising rapidity. All efforts to check its progress seemed unavailing, and it went on consuming square after square, until it threatened the destruction of the entire city. Oh, Alice, the sight of that conflagration was most appalling. The flames rose almost to the clouds, the heavens were brilliantly illuminated, and the whole atmosphere on every side, and as far as the eye could extend, was filled with sparks and flakes of fire floating over our heads, and descending upon the distant buildings and commons.

"In the course of an hour, papa again returned and gave orders to the servants to pack up our furniture and prepare to move. You may judge of our fright, dearest Alice, on being informed that it

was highly probable our house would be consumed. I looked from the window again, and saw the flames, apparently within a stone's throw of us, snapping and cracking most fearfully, and threatening to swallow us up, before we could make our escape. Had you been in my place, Alice, your courage would have made you perfectly composed; but there is a vast difference between you and me, as I have often said.

"Having got every thing ready, we waited till it should have gained a certain point, when it was papa's intention to order the furniture to be removed; and this interval of two or three hours, was, I assure you, one of intense anxiety. Mamma was so much agitated, that she was obliged to lie down; and had it been necessary for us to go, I am sure that both she and I would have had to be carried away.

At length our fears were relieved. The fire spread a long distance in another direction, but left our immediate neighborhood comparatively unharmed. It was only with the greatest exertions, however, that the houses in our street were saved, for during the fire, all the roofs and sheds were covered with sparks, making it necessary that two or three men should be stationed upon each building, and kept constantly supplied with water. By this means, much mischief was prevented.

"The city now presents a most awful scene. Nearly one half* of the place has been destroyed, and, but for the military, whose exertions to extinguish the fire were unremitted, the whole would doubtless have been burned. It took Broadway in its course, consuming both sides of that beautiful

* Grace has exaggerated the truth. Stedman, the British historian, says that one-third of the town was destroyed, and estimates the number of houses burned, at about eleven hundred, besides the churches. He ascribes the origin to American incendiaries.

avenue, together with the English and German churches. It is thought that not fewer than fifteen hundred houses have been reduced to ashes. Next day a great many cart loads of pine-sticks, dipped in brimstone and other combustible substances, were found concealed in cellars, which the incendiaries doubtless intended to set on fire, with a view of rendering the conflagration more certain to spread. Between one and two hundred men were arrested on suspicion, during the night, and sent to gaol, and several men were killed.

"The incendiaries are supposed to be certain of the rebels who intended, probably, to destroy the city, and thus take revenge upon the loyalists and the British. Was not this wicked, dearest Alice, and would you have believed that these men, in addition to all the other mischief they have committed, and the loss of life they have occasioned, could have been so base as to do a deed worthy of fiends? Oh, my dear friend, what horrors has this war produced!—and what will become of us in the midst of times so terrible? Are we never to have an end of such iniquitous proceedings?—and shall we not, ere long, see peace restored to this unfortunate land?

"You will probably remember, my sweet friend, that I have more than once spoken to you of a young man who took it into his head to become fond of me—foolish fellow!—and to pester me with his visits. Would you believe that, in spite of his want of encouragement, he still persists in haunting our house? It is even so; and, not satisfied with coming hither almost every evening, of late, he has made his visitations in the morning, before my hair was out of papers. Now is not this provoking?—If you were in my place, and were disposed to rid yourself of so troublesome a visiter, you would frighten him away with one of your frigid looks; but I am so silly as to be afraid to do anything that might hurt his feelings, and, therefore, suffer him to

come to me, probably with the conviction on his part, that his visits are entirely acceptable.

"This Mr. Wentworth has succeeded, to admiration, in insinuating himself into the good graces of my father and mother. Strange to say, Alice, they consider him a perfect model in every point of view. It cannot be denied that he is amiable and intellectual, and as to his person, even I, prejudiced as I am against him, on account of his importunities, must admit that he is very handsome. Such hair and eyes! Some young ladies have actually called him a perfect Adonis, and I know more than one, who would give their ears to be the object of his admiration and preference. How gladly would I permit them to take him off my hands! Ah, Alice, you do not know what it is to be beset by a young man who seems determined to carry his point. Cannot you—no, I will not ask your advice, for I have already done so; and the only reply you gave me was, to declare that I am in love, and that I ought, if the gentleman be worthy of me, to accept his hand when offered. How absurd!

"Mr. Wentworth was at our house during the fire, and remained till ten o'clock next day. You would have been amused at his anxiety, and I do really believe that I should have laughed at him myself, had I not been so prodigiously frightened. He made himself very useful, it is true, and waited upon me with great assiduity; assuring me, all the while, that there was no danger, and bidding me be calm and composed. He sat by me a part of the night, and, in spite of what I could do, insisted upon holding my hand in his. Did you ever!

"Henry seems pleased with his visit, and, in his letters, expresses himself delighted with the Woods. How could he be otherwise than pleased with the temple, when the divinity within would charm the gods themselves?

"From hints dropped by my father, I am disposed

to believe that Henry is much inclined to favor the cause of the revolutionists. I tell you this in strict confidence my dear friend, and hope you will make some little exertion to convince him of his error. I fear it is that which has affected papa so unpleasantly for the last few days. He has scarcely spoken a word to one of his family, and keeps his own room the greater part of the time. Something is weighing heavily on his mind, and it makes me very unhappy to see him so depressed in spirits.

"I long to see you, my sweet friend, and would give the world to spend a few weeks at the Woods. When Washington and his ragged followers are driven from the vicinity of this city, as they doubtless will be ere long, we shall have it much more quiet hereabouts, and then, perhaps, I will make you a visit. Alice, do you know I have a little plan in my head, which, if carried into effect, will enable us to spend the ensuing winter most delightfully? Here it is: you shall come to New York by and by, and stay with me till spring. The British officers will make it very lively here, and we may enjoy ourselves exceedingly. What say you, sweet? Give me an answer in your next, and let it be in accordance with my most earnest wishes.

"Adieu, my dear friend.

GRACE.

"P. S. Just as I had signed my name, in popped Charles, looking as well as usual, if not a trifle better. Did I mention to you that his hair curls? His eyes are large and very black—but I think I have already described him to you.

"Good Heavens! Two men have just passed under my window, and said something about Captain H——, Henry's friend, which astounds me. It cannot, cannot be true. John is waiting for this, or I would give you the result of the inquiries I shall make concerning the dreadful intelligence.

"Once more, dearest, adieu.

G."

Henry had been in his room but a few moments,

when a loud noise was heard, attended by a concussion like that produced by the fall of some heavy body upon the floor. Mr. Stafford ran immediately to the hall, and his daughter, who had also been startled by the same sound, came to the head of the stairs, and inquired what had caused the noise. The former, having ascertained that it had not proceeded from the kitchen nor from the upper story, replied that it must have come from Henry's room; and, after consulting a moment with Alice, he ventured to open the door of Carleton's apartment, where he discovered the occupant stretched lifeless upon the floor. To raise him, and, with Cato's assistance, to place him upon his bed, were the work of but a moment; and in the course of a very short time, Henry revived, and, looking about him with an air of surprise, at length recollected himself, and pointed to the letter which lay upon the floor. He then rose, threw himself into a large chair, and exhibited the appearance of one from whom every thing but life—even hope itself—had been rudely and suddenly wrested.

Mr. Stafford took up the letter, and, in a tone loud enough to be heard by his daughter who stood by his side, read the following words:

“My dear Sir:—Little did I think when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, that it would soon be my duty to convey to you the melancholy tidings of the death of your late brave and amiable friend Captain H——. It appears that he left here a few days since, to visit the British camp in the character of a spy, and, on his return, having successfully accomplished the object of his perilous errand, was recognised at Huntington as an American officer in disguise, and immediately arrested.

“I have little to communicate to you, my dear sir, concerning the last moments of your friend, but I am assured that his close was worthy of his life, and that he died like a Christian and a soldier. He

breathed his last upon Montresor's Island, "*lamenting*," as he observed, "*that he had but one life to lay down for his country.*"

"Captain H—— was not allowed a trial, but custom in such cases, I am told, justifies General Howe in dispensing with proceedings of that kind. The American army has lost a valuable officer, and you,—I need not say—a most excellent friend.

"I had not the happiness to be personally acquainted with the deceased, but his youth, his virtues, and his courage, but more especially the fact of his having been an intimate of yours, made me feel a deep interest in him, and rendered this sudden termination of his short but brilliant career, a matter of sincere regret and sorrow. I condole with you, upon this melancholy bereavement.

"Respectfully your obedient servant,

"CHARLES WENTWORTH."

Alice, without speaking, retired to her own room, where she paid the tribute of tears to the memory of the departed hero. Mr. Stafford showed that, much as he disliked those whom he stigmatized as rebels, he had a heart capable of feeling deep regret, that the sanguinary rules of warfare had imposed upon Captain H——'s captors, the necessity of terminating his life upon the scaffold.

He stood a moment with knitted brows, and then approaching Carleton, observed, "This is sad news, Henry, very sad. I would to God he might have been spared!" Then retiring, as if he were unwilling, at such a time, to intrude himself upon his young and afflicted friend, left Henry to reflect upon the sudden and irreparable loss he had sustained.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Carleton was alone, he threw open the window, and remained sitting by it during the whole night. Morning broke and found him still a watcher, but at length, notwithstanding his mental distress, drowsiness oppressed his eyelids, and he sunk into a profound sleep, with his head resting upon the back of his chair. In the course of two hours, the sunbeams darting upon his face, caused him to awake; and, having looked at his watch, and found it still early, he made his toilet leisurely, and then sat down to write to his father.

He scarcely knew in what terms to address his parent. To promise all that the latter required was not to be thought of, since he had fully decided to connect himself with the army; nor would his pride permit him to remonstrate against what he considered the unnecessarily harsh measure which his father had adopted. At one moment he felt indignant at such treatment, and was half disposed to express himself in the terms dictated by his feelings; but his attachment to his father, and the profound respect he entertained for him, as the author of his being, restrained him from inditing any thing unworthy of a son. After commencing two or three letters, which he immediately destroyed as unsatisfactory, he at last finished one that appeared to content him; and, having perused it several times, as if to satisfy himself that it contained nothing which might be considered disrespectful, he sealed it, and caused it to be delivered to the servant, who was about to set off on his return.

When he had despatched this duty, his eye fell upon Grace's letter which had remained unopened. He took it up, and while he looked at the superscription before breaking the seal, a tear came unbidden and trickled down his cheek. This playful and affectionate creature, to whom he was most tenderly attached, wrote to him in her usual, lively vein, ignorant, as we have seen, of what her father had done, and not dreaming that, at that moment, her only brother was a discarded member of the family. Had she known it, how would that bosom which had hitherto been tenanted by naught but the most cheerful and happy feelings, have been filled and torn by strong emotions of grief and pain!

"You tell me, my dear brother," said she, "that, so far, your visit at the Woods has been very pleasant to you. I have no doubt of it, and though you pretend to derive your chief pleasure from the country itself, which, you say, is delightful, my own opinion is, that the greatest attraction is my charming friend Alice, who has succeeded in making you a not unwilling captive. Is not this the case?—and are you not obliged to your hairbrained sister, as you sometimes call her, for urging you to make this visit to the Woods?—Certainly you are, brother, and I shall hold you my debtor, for having put you in possession of one of the most lovely creatures in this hemisphere. What a noble couple you will make to be sure!

*'Di lei degno egli, e degna ella di lui,
Nè meglio s'accopiaro unqu'altri dui,'*

says Ariosto, and surely all this and more may be said of you and my excellent friend, when the twain shall have become one.

"I have written a long letter to Alice, and what do you think I have said to her among other things? Why nothing less than this, that she must come to New York sometime during the autumn, and re-

remain with us till spring. Will not this be delightful, and do you not anticipate a great deal of happiness from such an arrangement? Here we shall have the officers of the British army, and the winter will glide away imperceptibly, while we are occupied by a round of innocent amusements. She, whom you love, will be ever at your side, and it will be a pleasure to me to see both of you as happy as birds in spring. Oh, would that these pleasing anticipations of mine, may not end in disappointment!

"Shall I confess to you that, since writing the last period, it has seemed to me that my wishes are destined not to be realized? But I will not permit myself to think so, for I have always been accustomed to contemplate the bright side of every picture, and I will not now begin to encourage gloomy forebodings.

"Henry, will you permit me to speak seriously to you? I know you will not be offended, and I will, therefore, say, that papa is unhappy in consequence of your sympathy with those whom he calls rebels. Let me entreat you, brother, to take no part in this dreadful contest, and, if you must approve their cause, to keep silent on this agitating subject. I know you are better acquainted with the merits of this matter than I am, and your opinions may be correct; but for papa's sake—for mine,—nay, for your own sake,—I beg you to be very cautious what you say and do. Will you not oblige me in this particular? Papa's prejudices are strong, you know, and his peace may depend upon your decision. Adieu, my dear brother.

"Affectionately, GRACE."

"P. S. Have you heard of the fire?—I refer you to my letter to Alice for a brief account of it.—G."

"Sweet and innocent creature!" exclaimed Henry, "how will your happiness be marred, and your

current of cheerful thoughts and feelings be interrupted, when you shall hear what has happened to that brother whom you love so well! Yes, Grace," he continued, after glancing again over the last page, "your forebodings of evil will be realized much sooner than you expect. I, too, could wish that those pleasing anticipations of yours might be fulfilled, but fate has willed it otherwise; and the coming season, instead of bringing with it those hours of felicity which you look to with so much pleasure, will be to you joyless and sad in the extreme."

"Oblige you?—Oh, what would I not do to afford a thrill of happiness to that innocent heart? Alas! my dear Grace, you know not what you ask. The die is cast, and he whose welfare is dearer to you than your own, is henceforth homeless—a soldier of fortune, with no friend but his sword—no object to pursue, but the freedom of his native land. No friend did I say? Forgive me, Grace—you at least and one beside, whithersoever I may be carried by the tide of war, though years may intervene before we meet again, and whether it be mine to exult in victory, or groan a helpless victim upon a vanquished field, will cherish me in your bosoms, and think of me ever as a dear and absent friend. Adieu sweet Grace—beloved sister! the day is distant in which my eyes will rest again upon your slight and beauteous form."

At breakfast, Henry announced his determination to leave the Woods in the course of the morning. Mr. Stafford endeavored to persuade him to remain a few days longer, but he very soon discovered that his guest was bent upon going, and that all efforts to detain him would be entirely useless. The meal was passed almost in silence.—Henry was nearly stupified by the news he had received, and his host and family, though they knew not the extent of his troubles, were full of sympathy for the affliction under which he labored.

Henry made the necessary preparations for his departure, and, having got all things in readiness, and ordered his horse to be saddled, walked towards the parlor, hoping to obtain another private interview with Alice. In the hall he met Cato, who immediately suspended his work, and looked as if he desired to open a conversation, but knew not how to commence.

"Well Cato," said Henry, "I am about to leave you."

"So young Missus say," said the honest negro, twisting a cloth which he held in his hand; "I'm berry sorry to hear dat—I was 'specting you was gwine to stay some time."

"You are very good, Cato," said Henry, holding a few pieces of money towards him, "and as you have been very attentive to me and Romeo, let me present you with these."

"Ta'nk you Massa Henry, I will keep 'em to 'member you by."

"You may do that," said Carleton, "provided you will lay out this guinea in a dress for your wife, which you will please to give to her from me."

"Oh, Massa Henry," said Cato grinning and showing his white teeth, "dis is too much—I h'ant desarved it all."

"Let me be the judge of that, Cato, and do you put them into your pocket. Is Romeo saddled?"

"Yes Massa, he is, and stands tied to de post. Massa Henry," continued Cato following Carleton to the parlor, and thence to the back piazza, "mought I be so bold as to ax when you gwine to come here agin?"

"That is a question, Cato," replied Henry, "which I cannot answer. It may, and probably will, be years, before I shall have the pleasure of seeing this place again."

"Lord, how sorry I be to hear you say so!" ex-

claimed Cato, with an expression of great seriousness. "What will young Missus do? Massa Henry" he continued earnestly, but in a very low tone of voice, "Miss Alice would radder hab you here, and if you can anyhow come agin soon, I'm sartain she'd be oberjoyed to see you. I'm sure on't, for she lubs you better dan her own farder."

"That is a mere conjecture of yours, Cato," said Henry smiling. "Where is your young mistress?"

"In de grove," replied the black, "but Massa Henry, don't tell what I say, for she mought be 'fended."

"Never fear, Cato," said Henry, as he descended the steps into the garden, through which he passed into the grove, where, seated in her usual place, he discovered the young lady holding a book in her hand, but evidently buried in deep thought. He approached her slowly and respectfully, and she received him with one of her sweetest smiles. He took a seat upon the same bench, and a single glance at her face was sufficient to convince him that her eyes had recently been suffused with tears. There was a degree of soberness in her countenance after her smile had disappeared, as if some strong emotions had stamped their traces upon her features, and imparted to them a subdued and melancholy expression, that considerably enhanced their beauty. Her hair was arranged with studied simplicity, and her dress was dark and excessively plain, as if she had designed that her personal appearance should exhibit nothing inconsistent with the depressed state of her feelings.

"I rejoice my dearest Alice," said he, "that I am so fortunate as to see you alone once more before my departure. In consequence of what passed between us a few evenings since, it is proper that I should make known to you the position which I now occupy with regard to my family, and afford

you the opportunity of withdrawing the promise you then made, under the supposition that my circumstances were such as might warrant our union at some future period. From this letter you will learn that I have been so unfortunate as to incur the serious displeasure of my father, who has taken umbrage at my participation in the affair at Montresor's Island, and forbidden me to return home, until I be prepared to change my political principles."

Alice received the letter with no little surprise, and, as she did so, handed him that from Grace, observing that her friend therein requested that he should be allowed to peruse her account of the great fire, which, being pressed for time, she had barely alluded to in her letter to him.

"This is indeed a most lamentable state of things," said Alice when she had finished reading.

"My prospects are now so much changed from what they were a few hours ago," said Carleton, "that I feel it incumbent on me to leave you at liberty either to continue or dissolve the engagement, as you may think it proper. Having resolved to join the army, it is not likely that I shall soon regain the favor of my father; and I shall therefore be compelled to depend upon my own exertions, and the small estate inherited from my maternal grandfather. I cannot reasonably hope for any change in my father's purpose, unless our friends should be successful; and as I am now comparatively poor, with little to rely upon but my sword, perhaps you would best consult your own happiness, by accepting the release which I now tender."

Alice did not immediately reply, but looked steadily in Henry's face for a short time, during which a slight quivering of the lip was perceptible, and her eyes became filled with tears.

"When I promised you, Henry," she at length observed, "that I would never become the wife of

another, I thought not of your fortune or your prospects in life—I regarded you simply as the man who had won the best affections of my heart, and as one to whose keeping I should be more than willing to entrust my happiness.—What, then, is this change in your circumstances to me?—and what ought I to see in it, but a sufficient reason why I should adhere to you the more closely? No, Henry; unless it be your wish that our engagement should now be dissolved, let it stand till brighter days shall dawn upon our afflicted country, and restore you again to your home and family. All is at present shrouded in gloom, it is true, but unless my feelings deceive me, far happier times are approaching, which both of us shall live to see and enjoy.”

“Generous creature!” exclaimed Henry, “you know not the sacrifice you are making; I am comparatively a beggar—you are beloved by one who is well-born and rich, and who would immediately make you a happy wife—”

“A wife, perhaps,” interrupted Alice, with a faint smile, “but oh, not—not a happy one.”

“I shall be long absent,” continued Henry, “it may be for years; I may die, or, what is worse, I may be crippled; and if the chances of war should be against us, I may drag out a miserable existence in some foreign prison, or pay the forfeit of my life upon a scaffold.”

“You may, indeed, be long absent,” said Alice, “but I am very patient, and can await your return. You may be crippled, it is true, but you will not be less worthy of my love; and if, unfortunately, the chances of war should be against you, and you should become the tenant of a prison, or give away your breath upon a scaffold, I should regard myself as your widow, and cherish your memory to the latest moment of my life. But you will not die ere I see you again:—you will neither be maimed nor imprisoned, and, although you may have many

hardships to endure, believe me, Heaven will ultimately send you success. I speak confidently, Henry, for something tells me that when we part, it will be not forever, but for a season only, and to meet again under more favorable circumstances."

"God grant it may be so!" said Henry, surveying her face illumined with a glow of enthusiasm, while his bosom was filled with rapture, such as he had never till that moment experienced. In the society of that charming creature, he had often felt exquisitely happy, it is true; but he had never before heard so full a confession of her feelings towards him—she had never uttered words so full of love and tenderness—and nothing that had previously passed between them, had filled his heart with such ecstatic joy. He seemed suddenly to lose all command of language, as if the enchanting tones of her voice had deprived him of the faculty of speech. But if the tongue refused its office, his eyes failed not in their duty, and he continued to look upon her in silence, intoxicated, as it were, with the pleasure derived from the contemplation of her beautiful countenance.

After a little more conversation, and the exchange of a few trifles to serve for remembrances, Henry, having promised Alice that she should hear from him as often as circumstances might permit, tore himself from her presence.

Mr. Stafford parted from him with great reluctance, and although he knew that his young friend's destination was the American camp, he permitted nothing to escape his lips, that would leave an unpleasant impression upon Henry's mind. He gave him a pressing invitation to return whenever his inclination should prompt, and assured him that, at the Woods, he should ever meet with a most cordial reception.

Cato stood at the gate as Henry passed out, and

repeated the hope that "Massa would soon come back again for young Missus' sake."

In quitting the Woods, Carleton felt that he was leaving behind him the dearest treasure of his heart; and the thought that he had now, perhaps, looked upon it for the last time, stirred a feeling in his bosom, like that which would have been excited by seeing her consigned to the silent tomb. A tear rose to his eye, as he reflected upon the probability of their being long separated—upon the dangers he was destined to encounter, ere they should meet again—and upon the uncertainty that existed, as to whether he should ever re-enter that quiet abode, or be blessed once more with the sight of its lovely occupant. As he rode slowly along, he several times turned in his saddle, to look again upon the house now receding from his view; and the roof, and the chimneys, and the blue smoke curling upwards among the leaves, and the tall trees that sent their giant arms abroad, as if to protect and defend the fair and innocent being that dwelt beneath them;—all had an interest in his eye, and he felt that he loved them because of their proximity to the idol which he adored.

At length, a slight turn in the road carried him beyond the view of even the tallest trees, and from that moment he regarded himself as severed from all companionship with his fellows, and thrust upon the world,—a being without a home—friendless and alone. To him the future appeared a dark and cheerless blank;—he could perceive no bright spot in the illimitable waste before him, on which his eye could repose without pain. Even hope itself seemed to have abandoned him, and he rode on his way, a sad and solitary man.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was on another bright clear morning, with a cool though slight breeze from the northwest, and a blue and cloudless sky, that Henry took his departure from the Woods.—The leaves were beginning to turn, for the two or three cold nights, that had occurred within the preceding week, had nipped a few upon almost every tree and bush, and thus marked the rapid approach of that season, in which the earth lays aside her green garniture, assumes a russet garb to be soon discarded in its turn, and, finally, arrays herself in a mantle of clean and spotless white.

When our hero reached the summit of the first hill after leaving the Woods, he drew the rein of the impatient Romeo, and stopped to survey the beautiful scene before him. He was never weary of admiring the Sound, that rolled its dark blue waters to the sea; the undulating hills of Long Island, tinged with a deep cerulean hue; the woody shores with their numerous points and bays; and the beautiful islets that lay more immediately beneath his eye. All these he looked upon for some minutes, as if he would fix the scene so firmly in his mind, that it should never be erased; and then reluctantly turned the head of his steed towards Harlem, and went off at a rapid rate. Romeo appeared all life, and bore his rider onward with the swiftness of wind. He passed over the ground as if he scorned to touch it with his feet, and so light and airy was his spring, that he seemed rather to fly than to run.

Having ridden about three miles thus rapidly, Carleton, as he approached the top of a slight eminence, again slackened his pace; and when he reached the summit, he discovered, at the distance of a few hundred yards, a horse without a rider standing in the road, and a few rods farther, four men engaged in a scuffle, three of whom appeared to be against one. He put spurs to Romeo, and a few seconds sufficed to bring him very near to them, when he dismounted, threw his rein over a stake of the fence, and, with his pistols in hand, ran to the aid of him who was contending against such fearful odds.

Meanwhile, one of the belligerents had been suddenly put *hors du combat*, and lay stretched upon the ground, bleeding most profusely from the nose and mouth, and, apparently, stunned by the blows which he had received. The other two were hotly pressing their powerful opponent, who defended himself with great vigor, occasionally succeeding in dealing a tremendous stroke with a large stick which he held in one hand, and thus, by disabling, for a moment, one of his assailants, recovering himself sufficiently to sustain the renewed attacks of both. At one time, he succeeded in laying the two prostrate upon the ground, and, but for his stumbling at the critical moment, over a stone, would probably have finished the battle by administering such blows as could not have failed to reduce them to the state of their unfortunate companion. Before he could recover himself, however, they were on their feet again, and the fight was recommenced with great fierceness upon both sides.

At this juncture, Carleton approached the combatants, and was not a little surprised to recognise, in one of the belligerents, Richard Crawford, who seemed in a fair way of receiving a most serious drubbing. Although Henry had no reason to feel otherwise than unfavorably disposed towards that

individual, it was not in his nature to see even his worst enemy laboring against such odds, without rendering him immediate assistance. He lost no time, therefore, in placing himself by the side of the weaker party, presenting both his pistols, and threatening to shoot, unless the assailants should instantly desist from the attack. This unexpected accession of strength, encouraged Crawford to increase his exertions, while the others slackened theirs in the same proportion, and finally stood altogether upon the defensive.

When Crawford perceived who it was that had thus most opportunely come to his aid, he observed, "Let them have it, Mr. Carleton if you please—d—n their cowardly souls! shoot."

It was not Henry's wish or intention, however, to take life unnecessarily, as he well knew that the fray could soon be terminated in Crawford's favor, without resorting to the use of pistols. He was right in his supposition, for in less than a minute, the two men took to their heels, and doubtless considered themselves fortunate in escaping with whole bones.

Crawford had been severely mauled, but was not seriously hurt, though his face and hands were besmeared with blood from a wound which he had received on the forehead over the left eye. His coat was also torn behind from the waist to the collar, and his hat, which had fallen off early in the fray, had been trampled entirely out of shape.

"Stop here, Mr. Carleton," said he, when his opponents had left him, "till I catch my horse, and I will be with you again in a trice. D—n their dastardly spirits," he continued, on his return, "I could have managed two of them, but there was one too many. I should probably have been flogged, Mr. Carleton, but for your timely interference. But why, in Heaven's name, did you not shoot and send the scoundrels to h—ll? If those pistols had been

in my hands, the rascals should have been food for crows in five seconds' time."

"That would have been a useless waste of life," replied Henry. "I make it a point in my practice, never to use harsher remedies than the nature of the case requires."

"A useless waste of life!" exclaimed Crawford; "why, sir, you would have done the state good service in ridding it of such vagabonds."

Henry smiled but made no reply. He probably thought that Crawford might have included himself among the vagabonds, whom the state could easily spare from the number of its citizens. The smile did not escape the latter's observation, nor did he fail to interpret its meaning correctly. "I perceive," said he, preparing to mount, while Henry did the same, "that my last remark has afforded you some amusement, and you doubtless imagine that, if one of your weapons had deposited its contents into my bosom, I should not have proved a serious loss to the community. Tell me now," he continued, laughing, "have I not correctly divined your thoughts?"

"I must not say whether you have or not," replied Henry, "but I agree with you in the opinion, that the fewer a community has of such men, the better; for then we should hear of fewer outrages upon the highway, less robbing of barn-yards, and burning of gentlemen's houses."

"All that is very true," said Crawford, in a more serious tone, "but I will not quarrel with you about the opinion which you seem to entertain of me; for, to confess the truth, what you have seen of my doings, is not well calculated to impress you very favorably. However, I must do myself the justice to say, that I am not quite so bad a man as I seem; and I hope one day to make this appear to your satisfaction. I have done some naughty deeds in my day, it is true," he continued, gathering

his reins and mounting his horse, "but they have been the result of circumstances, not of depravity."

"I should be glad to find that to be the case," said Henry, as he seated himself upon the prancing Romeo.

"Now Mr. Carleton," said Crawford, "as our ways lie for some distance in the same direction—that is if you are going towards Harlem—with your permission, I will ride with you as far as I go."

"I have no objection," replied Carleton, though, in truth, he would have much preferred to ride alone, as he was averse to being seen in company with so desperate a character.

"Did you recognise any of these fellows?" demanded Crawford.

"I thought the face of one of them was familiar to me," replied Carleton, "but the others I do not remember to have seen before."

"They were the same men," said Crawford, "whom Marriner and I drubbed in your presence at the inn a short distance below. The ringleader, Smike, as they called him, swore he would be revenged, and I have reason to believe that he has ever since been on the lookout to catch me alone. About an hour since, as I was riding carelessly along, Smike and two others suddenly emerged from a clump of bushes, and seized my bridle, bidding me, in the most peremptory tone, to dismount. I had no pistols, and nothing to defend myself with, otherwise I should have had little difficulty in beating the rascals off. I put spurs to my horse, and attempted, by a sudden spring, to get rid of them, but all to no purpose;—I found myself their prisoner, and saw no way of escape, unless I could overcome them in a personal encounter. At that moment, my eye fell upon the stick which you saw me wield with some effect; and it occurred to me that, with such a weapon, I might possibly be able to master the three, although, as they were athletic

men, the odds against me were fearfully great. Throwing myself from my horse, before they were aware of my purpose, I seized the club, and the first blow I gave, descended upon the head of the biggest of them, and laid him by for the day. This was a pretty good beginning, and gave me strong hopes of gaining a complete victory. I found the other two, however, no contemptible opponents, and it required all my strength and skill to prevent their beating me to the ground. Occasionally, I succeeded in putting in a blow that checked their impetuosity, and afforded me a short breathing spell; but they invariably renewed the attack with great vigor, and doubtless would ultimately have overcome me, but for your assistance. Smike shall pay dearly for this, if ever I should be so fortunate as to get him within my reach.

The two horsemen rode some distance in silence. Carleton's mind was so painfully occupied with his affairs, that he felt but little disposed to converse; and Crawford, observing the mood he was in, did not continue his remarks. At length, having gone nearly a mile without a word's being spoken by either, Carleton inquired of his fellow traveller, whether he had learned any particulars concerning the great fire in New York.

"I only know from common report," replied Crawford, "that at least one-third of the city has been destroyed. I was in town that night, but left before daylight."

"How did it originate?" demanded Henry; "was it the result of accident or design?"

"It was the result of design, undoubtedly," replied Crawford, "for I am told that combustible materials were afterwards found in some uninhabited houses near the place where it commenced."

Henry looked fixedly at Crawford, as if some dark suspicion had suddenly crossed his mind, and then observed, "You say that you were in the city

that night, and quitted it before daylight. May I ask whether Marriner was with you on that occasion?"

"He was," replied Crawford, "but why do you inquire?"

"Because I have my suspicions," replied Henry, "as to the origin of that fire."

Had any person seen Crawford's sun-burnt face at that instant, he might have observed a slight change pass over it, like the faint and transient shadow of a cloud upon a field of ripened grain.

It was but momentary, however, and when Carleton again looked at him, he saw nothing in his countenance to strengthen the belief that Crawford and Marriner were the incendiaries.

"You cannot know any thing about it," said Crawford, "since it is not suspected even in the city who did the deed, though many have been arrested and discharged."

"A man may have been some distance from the scene," said Carleton, "and yet know better than those who were near enough to be scorched by the fire. Shall I tell you who applied the torch or procured it to be done?"

"Ay, if you can," replied Crawford with a smile.

"You and Marriner," said Henry, who now remembered the language of the latter in a recent conversation.

"You are joking Mr. Carleton," said Crawford laughing aloud, yet betraying, in his forced merriment, that his mind was not quite at ease; "what motive could I possibly have in involving friends as well as enemies in one common ruin?"

"That you best know," replied Henry, "but such, nevertheless, is the fact."

"Well Mr. Carleton," said Crawford after a short pause, "suppose I were to assure you that your suspicions are well founded—that, in order to wrest

a great prize from the hands of the British, and thus advance our cause, I did assist in that glorious deed—what would you say to it?"

"That it was increasing the horrors of war to an unwarrantable extent," replied Henry, "since friends, neutrals and others, were necessarily subjected to a most frightful calamity. The unavoidable evils of war are bad enough, in all conscience, but they become terrible when towns and cities are burned, and thousands of the aged and infirm, women and children, lame and sick, are, in one night, turned into the street, and their homes reduced to ashes. The deed cannot be justified, Crawford, and much as I detest the enemy of my country, I would not have taken part in it, for all the wealth of Britain."

Crawford did not immediately reply to these observations, but rode for some distance in silence, looking about him with an unconcerned air, yet evidently pondering deeply upon what he had just heard. At length he said, "Mr. Carleton, I don't know but you are right in the view you take of this matter. It was Marriner's proposition; he wished to avenge the death of Captain H——, and I was at first very reluctant to join him for the reason which you have named. "D—n him" he continued after a moment's pause, "I told him repeatedly that it was the devil's own suggestion, and would not have consented to it, had he not ascribed my reluctance to cowardice. In aiding him, however, I was actuated by the best of motives. I thought that, although some Whigs might be injured, the British and Tories would be the principal sufferers, and such, I am inclined to think, was the case. I now regret, however, that I had any thing to do with it, since we have caused a severe loss to our countrymen without materially affecting the English."

"Your intention was, I suppose," said Henry, "to burn the whole city."

"No less I confess," replied Crawford, "and had we succeeded, the British would have been deprived in one night of a place, on several accounts, the most valuable of any in the colonies."

"It was a grand conception truly," said Henry, "but one that we can scarcely think of without a shudder. Has any thing of importance occurred below within a few days?"

"I am told" replied Crawford, "that there has been some skirmishing in which the Americans have gained the advantage. One brave officer has been killed—Col. Knowlton of the Rangers—in whose regiment the unfortunate Captain H—— commanded a company."

"What is the prospect in regard to the movements of the armies?"

"I can only judge from appearances," replied Crawford, "having no positive information respecting the intentions of Washington. The probability is, however, that Howe will soon move northward, and it is possible that the Commander-in-chief may deem it prudent to make a stand; but, unless he should have a better army than that which he now has, he must inevitably suffer another defeat. The truth is, Mr. Carleton, our men are not to be relied upon when opposed to British regulars; for they are not only inexperienced, but they are disheartened by the late disaster upon the Island, and are returning by hundreds to their homes. Congress should immediately raise an army to serve for a considerable length of time—one that will not scamper away like sheep at the first glance of the enemy's eye."

"Yet they do all that can reasonably be expected from raw recruits," said Carleton. "Some of them fought well on Long Island, and at Bunker's Hill there certainly was no lack of courage."

They now arrived at a cross road, which Crawford said was the one he intended to take. "Before we part, Mr. Carleton," he observed, "allow me to remind you of the promise you made a few days since, to solicit for me from the Commander-in-chief, some honorable employment. I think I may venture to say, that, if you are successful, I shall be of much service to the cause which I am desirous of aiding."

"I will have the subject in mind," replied Carleton.

"Instead of sending me a letter as at first proposed," said Crawford, "I will manage to see you personally in a few days, when I hope to hear a favorable answer to my application."

Having learned that the American Head Quarters were at Col. Morris's house, on Harlem Heights, Henry left Crawford, and made the best of his way towards that place.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON arriving at Head Quarters, almost the first person that Henry saw, was an officer with whom he had some acquaintance, and from whom he learned that the Commander-in-chief was then occupied with important business. On being informed that it was Henry's intention to join the army, the officer advised him to address a note to the General, and offered to be the bearer of it. This recommendation was immediately followed, and Henry wrote a few lines, simply stating the object he had in view, and referring to the promise of a commission given him by the General at the interview with which he had recently been honored.

The officer carried the note, and soon returned with a verbal answer to the effect, that the Commander would be happy to see Mr. Carleton at two o'clock, at which time he would be at leisure to receive him. As the morning was not yet half spent, Henry was left to amuse himself as he best could; and he passed a considerable portion of the interval, in conversation with several officers to whom he was introduced.

About noon, some of the troops were to be reviewed by the General, and Henry accompanied his new friends to the ground. The appearance of the soldiers was not such as to give him a very high idea of their efficiency, and he could not but feel some apprehension for the success of the great undertaking, as he looked upon the wretched instruments by which it was to be accomplished.

In a short time, the Commander-in-chief, mount-

ed upon a white horse and accompanied by his staff, arrived upon the ground. He sat upon his steed with the ease and grace of a practised rider, and the noble horse, as he stepped lightly over the sod, with head erect, and eyes of fire, seemed conscious that he bore the first man of the age. Washington's countenance was grave; he spoke but little to those around him, and as the soldiers passed before him in review, Henry could discover in the expression of his face, no signs of satisfaction at the appearance they presented.

At length, this business being finished, the General returned to his quarters, and, on his way thither, passed within a few yards of the spot where Henry stood alone. He saw and recognised him, and, having bowed and touched his hat, at the same time drawing his rein that he might speak to him in passing, asked with a smile, "Shall I have the pleasure, Mr. Carleton, of seeing you at the hour I named?"

"I shall have the honor of waiting upon your Excellency at that time," replied Carleton, also raising his hat, when the General and those who accompanied him passed on, and, in a few minutes, entered the house.

At two o'clock Henry repaired to Col. Morris's mansion, and was conducted by an officer to one of the apartments on the lower floor, in which he found the Commander-in-chief alone. At that moment, the General was seated at a table, examining attentively a large map that lay before him. He immediately rose, took his visiter kindly by the hand, and after making the usual inquiries about his health, placed a chair near his own, and politely requested him to be seated.

"Your note informs me," began the General, "that you have, at last, decided to join us. It gives me pleasure to learn that you have so deter-

mined, as we stand in sore need of officers as well as of privates."

"If your Excellency thinks that I can be useful," said Carleton, "I am now prepared to enrol my name. My sympathies have long been with you, and I should, ere this, have connected myself with the army, had it not been for the strong opposition of my family. Circumstances of recent occurrence have removed that obstacle, and determined me to act agreeably to the dictates of my own judgment. I have already seen some service, having been present at the attack on Montresor's Island, and, as your Excellency may probably remember, I was with my late lamented friend Captain H—— of the Rangers, when he captured the British sloop in the East River."

"I remember—I remember it well," said the General, and then paused, looking intently upon the floor, and lapsing into deep and painful thought. His brow became clouded, and his whole countenance betrayed the evidence of intense feeling. Henry perceived that the mention of his friend's name had produced this effect, and as the little interval of silence allowed his own thoughts to revert to the last interview with his deceased friend, the tears that filled his eyes, and a slight quivering of the lip, manifested the strong emotions of his bosom.

"I perceive" said Washington, "that the fate of him of whom you have just spoken, is not unknown to you. The unfortunate issue of that mission, resulting as it did in the death of that excellent youth, was a severe blow to me, Mr. Carleton; and nothing that has occurred since the war began, has occasioned me so much pain. Had he been my own son, I cannot believe that his loss would have afflicted me more sorely. I need not speak of his admirable qualities as a man, for these are as well known to you as to me; but I will say, that, as an officer, I know of none more promising than was

Captain H——. In his death, the Colonies have lost one of their bravest defenders. Had he fallen in the field, I should have felt less grieved, but that he terminated his existence under the rude hands of an executioner, is horribly shocking to my feelings. Yet such, my friend, is the fortune of war. It has pleased Heaven to afflict, beyond measure, the Colonies and those who are maintaining their rights in the field; but we must endeavor to bear it without murmuring, and, in His own good time, I doubt not that Providence will come to our aid, giving us independence, and scattering the blessings of peace over this devoted country."

"God grant that such may be the case," observed Henry.

"You remarked," continued Washington, "that you are prepared to join us, if I think you can be useful. You have already proved yourself possessed of one great requisite—courage;—and I doubt not that you have others that will render you a good and efficient officer. But have you well considered, Mr. Carleton, the duties you are about to assume, so that having, as it were, once put your hands to the plough, you will hold out to the end, and not feel disposed to turn back?"

"I am prepared for the worst that can happen," replied Carleton, with enthusiasm, "and while I have health and strength, I shall devote myself to the great work in which I desire to engage."

"You are aware then," said the General, "that our army is in the worst possible condition, discontented, disheartened, and ready to abandon its colors; that we have to contend with a vigilant and active foe, commanded by officers of experience and skill, flushed with recent victory, and confident of future success; and that we shall inevitably be subject to much suffering, and obliged to labor, perhaps for years, almost against hope?"

"I am perfectly aware of the great difficulties

against which we shall have to contend," said Henry, "but no considerations of that kind will deter me from gratifying my long cherished desire to serve my country in the field."

"Enough," said Washington, taking a paper from the table, "there is the commission which I promised, and, in presenting it to you, allow me to thank you, in the name of the Colonies, for thus making the sacrifice of your personal ease and comfort, on the altar of your country's good. A sacrifice it undoubtedly is, and a great one; for we repose upon no beds of down, Mr. Carleton;—sleepless vigilance—fatigue—unremitted labor—defeat—are the unenviable allotments of those who share with me the great task we have undertaken, with little to cheer us in the performance, but the hope of ultimate success. Take it, sir, and may God who controls our destinies keep and preserve you through this mighty struggle, and let you live to behold its glorious termination, and to receive the thanks of a grateful people."

"I allow you one week to make any preparation that may be necessary, at the expiration of which, I shall expect you to appear at the head of your company."

Having taken the commission, and promised to comply with the order he had received, Henry thought it a favorable opportunity to state what he knew concerning Crawford, and to communicate the latter's wish to be honored with a command in the army. This he did as briefly as he could. "He appears," said Carleton in conclusion, "to have been well educated, and probably belongs to some respectable family. That he is sincerely desirous of changing his course of life, is, I think, satisfactorily shown by the efforts he made to secure my influence in his behalf,—to say nothing of his own declaration to that effect."

"All this may be true," said Washington, after a

moment's reflection, "yet there is nothing in his late deeds, to recommend him to my favor. I abhor such lawless acts as those of which, you say, he has recently been guilty; and I should bring disgrace upon our cause, were I to receive such a man, and place him in command by the side of high minded and honorable gentlemen. No, my friend; let Crawford first abandon his present course, and re-establish his character among men, and then, should he make a second application, I will give it a proper consideration."

So saying, Washington rose from his seat, and thus signified his wish that the interview should close. Henry immediately withdrew—his admiration of that remarkable personage having increased tenfold.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE pass over one month. It was now near the first of November, that delightful season when the American woods put on their richest robes—a mantle of yellow, and brown, and red, all, with their various shades, commingling harmoniously, and presenting to the eye of the beholder, a scene of unequalled brilliancy and beauty. In other countries, the approach of winter is so gradual, that the foliage turns and decays by slow degrees, and from the moment that it begins to change its hue, the aspect of the forest is materially injured; but in America, while the woods are in their summer garniture, and before a leaf has lost its natural tint, the cool winds with their frosty pinions breathe upon them suddenly, stealing their beautiful green, and imprinting upon them the richest and warmest colors of the rainbow. Viewed from an eminence, the landscape presents the appearance of an extensive garden in full bloom, in which the flowering shrubs, as if by the touch of magic, had suddenly increased in size to lofty trees. The chestnut, the hickory, the maple, and even the gnarled and aged oak, seem to be burthened with flowers; and the wood-crowned hills with their mingled colors of fading green, of yellow and of scarlet, appear like gigantic nosegays, prepared in nature's sport, for the gratification of admiring mortals. Thus winter with one blast of its icy breath, destroys the work of spring and of summer, of soft airs and gentle showers; leaving the myriads of leaves that twinkle in the sun, dead and doomed to fall, but, like blasted hopes to those

who have cherished them, beautiful, very beautiful, even in their decay.

Another striking peculiarity of the season, is that hazy appearance of the atmosphere, which shrouds the sky and the distant mountains as with a veil of mist. The heavens lose in a degree their azure hue, the purple tint of the hills is less dark than in summer, and the rays of the sun are shorn of their brilliancy, and come to us with a subdued and chastened radiance.

In the midst of so much beauty, it is strange that the heart should be inclined to sadness. Instead of that joy which a genial atmosphere, a cloudless sky, and a warm sun, usually inspire, a pensive feeling is excited, as we mark the rapid progress of the dying year. The peculiar influence which this season exerts over our thoughts and sensibilities, appears to have been designed to make us ponder upon our own destiny, and to see in the decay of what is so beautiful in the outward world, the type and shadow of that awful change which awaits us all. In the spring, our hearts, like the loosened stream, overflow with happiness; we enjoy nature's budding charms without restraint, plucking her woodland flowers, and drinking pleasure from a thousand rills; in summer, we roam through the forest shades, press the green sod of the enamelled fields, or repose by the margin of the crystal streams; but in autumn we are made to pause in our career, and, as we gaze upon the altered, but still lovely face of nature, to reflect that the enjoyments of the spring and of the summer, are not always to be ours, and to realize the truth that, in a few short seasons, like the leaves that are ready to leave their parent branch, we are destined to yield us to the great Destroyer, and, like them, to go down to earth and "be seen of men no more."

Before we proceed with our tale, we shall take a brief view of the military operations from the

abandonment of New York by the Americans, to the battle of White Plains which occurred on the 28th of October, 1776.

"On the 15th of September the British army took possession of the city of New York, which had just been evacuated by Washington and his army. Although General Howe had recently obtained a decided victory, and had every reason to expect uninterrupted success in his subsequent operations, he was induced by the hope of terminating the contest, to make another attempt to effect a reconciliation with the mother-country. With this view, he invited the Americans to appoint commissioners to meet him upon Staten Island; which was done. Nothing was accomplished however, for the reason that Dr. Franklin and his able colleagues insisted upon the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies, as the only basis of their negotiations. This being refused by the British, the hopes of Howe were not fulfilled.

We have already adverted to the deplorable condition of the American forces at this time, and to the discouraging aspect of the contest that was presented to their able and faithful commander. Efforts were made at his earnest solicitation to increase the army, and a bounty of twenty dollars per man, and a portion of the public lands, were offered to effect that object.

On the 16th of September, a body of British troops showed themselves between the two armies. It immediately occurred to Washington, that, if he could engage these forces and obtain some advantage, it might serve to restore to his men, some of that spirit and confidence which had been so seriously impaired by the battle of the previous month. With this view, he directed Col. Knowlton and Major Leech so to manage as to get into their rear undiscovered, while he should draw their attention upon himself, by making preparations to attack in front.

His orders were faithfully executed, and the plan succeeded. The result was decidedly favorable to the Americans, although they sustained a severe loss in the death of Col. Knowlton, who was shot down at the head of his troops. Major Leech was also badly wounded.

The British general, seeing the vast superiority of his forces over those of the adversary, was extremely anxious to bring Washington to an engagement; confident that another such victory as that of Long Island, would leave the American commander almost without a follower. The latter, however, was too prudent to be drawn into an action, choosing rather to harass the enemy by frequent skirmishes, than to hazard all upon the issue of a single battle.

Finding that he could not induce Washington to deviate from this policy, Howe endeavored to destroy his communication with the eastern states, and thus cut off his supplies of provisions from that quarter. In order to effect this important object, it was necessary to get possession of two roads leading eastward. That running along the coast was obtained without much difficulty, but to secure the inland road, it was requisite to occupy that post of the Highlands, called White Plains. The American general, who was ever on the alert, was not slow to perceive the object of his opponent, and immediately determined to remove his forces to that place, and, if possible, prevent Howe from carrying his plan of operations into effect. He obtained a strong position and awaited the attack of the British and Hessians, commanded by General Howe, Clinton, Knyphausen and De Heister.

It is not our intention to attempt a description of the battle of White Plains, but we shall confine our attention to so much of it only, as pertains to the present history.

On the 28th of October the royal army in two

columns left its encampment on the Bronx, and marched towards the Americans; Sir William Howe accompanying the left column, and Sir Henry Clinton the right. Near White Plains, the right column fell in with several bodies of the Americans, among whom was the company commanded by Henry Carleton. As the latter were not strong enough to warrant any attempt to oppose so formidable a force, the order was given by the officer in command, to march towards the American camp. The enemy overtook them, however, and commenced a sharp attack that resulted in considerable loss to both sides. Henry's company happened to be particularly exposed to a galling fire, and suffered severely throughout the action. The fire of the enemy was quickly returned, and did much execution in their ranks, though the disparity of force was so great, as to afford no chance of successfully resisting the attack.

As this was the first battle that had occurred since Carleton joined the army, he was very desirous of showing that the confidence which his general had expressed in his ability and courage, had not been misplaced. He made the most extraordinary exertions in the very hottest of the action, cheering his men and rallying them whenever they gave way under the murderous execution of the enemy. He was constantly in a position which rendered him a fair mark for the adversary's bullets, but, though they flew as thick as hail around him, dealing death and wounds on every hand, he escaped almost unhurt.

At length, a short pause in the firing occurred, and the British seemed preparing for a vigorous and decisive attack. In a few minutes they renewed the fight with great impetuosity, and the Americans, who were very soon thrown into disorder, gave ground and finally began a regular flight. It required all the efforts of which their officers were

capable, to prevent a total rout, and they succeeded in rallying their men, and bringing them up again to the deadly work. On this occasion, Carleton was exceedingly active, and his voice was heard above the din of battle, calling upon the panic stricken soldiers to stand for the honor of their flag and country. While thus employed two balls passed through his hat, and one struck his shoulder, causing a slight flesh wound.

When the Americans had formed, an officer of light dragoons advanced in front of the British line, and addressing himself to Henry, cried out, "Rebel! cause your men to throw down their arms and surrender!" The latter recognised in that individual, his acquaintance Mr. Melville, and immediately replied with an air and tone of defiance, "Never!"

"We will see then, stubborn fool!" cried Melville, who immediately ordered his soldiers to advance. A furious charge was then made in front, while a strong body of infantry took them in flank, causing much havoc in the American ranks, and compelling them to retreat in great confusion. All efforts to arrest them were fruitless. A panic had seized their hearts, and every man thought only of making good his escape. They ran hither and thither like frightened sheep, followed by their brave officers, who, finding themselves thus deserted, saw the alternatives presented to them, of capture or flight.

After running several hundred yards, pursued by the victorious enemy, who seemed determined to annihilate them if possible, Henry's men found themselves on the margin of a morass, through which it was extremely difficult to pass. A short distance above or below they might have avoided it, but, before they could move either to the right or to the left, the British were again upon them.

Seeing his men unable to retreat through the swamp, Henry cried out for quarter. This was

not heeded by Melville, although the Americans threw down their arms in token of submission. That officer, inflamed by jealousy, and apparently mad with the thirst of slaughter, advanced towards Carleton, and raised his sword as if with the purpose of cutting him down. The latter, supposing that no quarter was to be allowed, called on those about him to defend themselves to the last, and, lifting his sword to parry Melville's blow, he lost his footing in the soft mud, and fell prostrate upon his back. In an instant Melville took advantage of this accident, and raised his weapon in the act to strike, but before the sword descended, two balls struck him, and he fell at Carleton's feet.—One of them penetrated his right shoulder near the joint, and the other buried itself in his body near a vital part. These shots had been fired by a small party, who were hastily making their way through the swamp, to the scene of action, the leader of whom emerged into the open field, just in time to observe the imminent danger which threatened the American officer.

Henry immediately sprang to his feet, intent only on saving his men from slaughter, and was seized by one of the enemy, while another—a grenadier—presented the muzzle of a musket to his head. He now felt that his last hour had come, but determined that one of his assailants at least, should not survive him long. Having, with a tremendous effort, succeeded in wrenching himself from the gripe of one, he passed his sword through the body of the grenadier, and, at the same time, losing his balance, again fell backwards into the mire. He was now completely at the mercy of the other soldier, who raised his weapon to strike, and, but for the succor that was at hand, would, in another moment, have bayoneted Carleton and finished his career. A blow with the butt of a pistol laid the soldier senseless in the mud, and a powerful hand then assisted Henry to rise. When the latter was

on his feet again, he found, to his great surprise, that he was indebted for his life to Richard Crawford and his men.

"They are too strong for us I fear, Mr. Carleton," said Crawford, hurriedly, "and if you will follow me, you may possibly escape."

"We must stop this slaughter first," replied Carleton, who made another effort to effect his purpose, by commanding the few who still held their arms, to throw them upon the ground, as a sign of their wish to surrender. This had the desired effect; for the British soldiers, who were averse to shedding the blood of those who had ceased to resist, desisted from their murderous work, on perceiving that evidence of submission.

To escape was now impossible, for every man, excepting those who succeeded in penetrating the swamp, was in the grasp of the enemy. For a few seconds after the arrival of Crawford, Carleton was at liberty, and had he taken the former's advice, he might, perhaps, have effected his escape; but he and his men were soon surrounded by superior numbers, and compelled to yield themselves prisoners of war.

No sooner did the enemy find themselves conquerors, than they fell to work to despoil their prisoners of every thing of value about their persons. Money, watches, &c., were transferred from the pockets of the conquered, to those of the rapacious victors. A tall raw boned fellow made very free with Carleton's effects, and had the good fortune to find upon his person, a considerable sum in gold. Not satisfied with the contents of his pockets, he was about to appropriate to himself a thin gold chain and its appendage, as a part of his legitimate booty; when the prisoner, exasperated beyond measure at the unceremonious manner in which he was treated, and determined to defend a treasure which he so much valued, struck the grenadier *with his fist*, (having been deprived of his sword,)

and sent him to measure his length upon the ground. The Englishman sprang to his feet swearing vengeance upon the "d—d rebel," and, seizing a musket, was about to plunge the bayonet into Henry's body, when an officer, perceiving his intent, came up in haste and fortunately arrested the blow. He then inquired of the soldier the cause of such conduct, but finding that he was about to be answered with a long winded story, cut him short and put the same interrogatory to Henry. The latter, in a few words, stated, that every thing had been taken from him, but the object to which a small chain was attached, and that, in defence of an article of little value to any but himself, he had struck the soldier a blow. "As you are a British officer and a gentleman," he continued, showing a small locket containing the miniature portrait of one whose name it is not necessary to mention, "you will readily imagine what my feelings were, at the prospect of losing a thing I so highly prize."

"It shall not be taken from you," said the officer courteously, and then turning to the soldier, he commanded him to restore to their owner, the money and every thing else of which he had been robbed. This order was reluctantly obeyed, and the soldier, muttering a curse, hurried to another part of the field, probably to repair his loss.

Henry acknowledged the favor in suitable terms, and, with the other prisoners, was soon after placed under a strong guard, and despatched to New York.

The result of this attack was, that the Americans retired to the main body at White Plains, spreading considerable alarm throughout the camp. Washington maintained his position until a British reinforcement under Lord Percy arrived, when, deeming it unsafe to remain there, he withdrew his troops to North Castle. At that place he left a body of men under General Lee, and subsequently crossed the Hudson to the fort named after that officer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON his way to the city, Carleton was silent and scarcely spoke a word to any of his fellow prisoners. The circumstances which immediately preceded his connection with the army, the anger of his father, and the death of his friend, had taken a strong hold on his mind, and apparently destroyed every vestige of cheerfulness. The unfortunate issue of the battle at the Plains, had increased this dismal feeling, and he more than once regretted that he had not fallen upon the field, that he might have escaped captivity, and, at the same time, terminated a life which he had ceased to enjoy.

When they reached the city, the prison in Crown street received the whole number. It happened that Carleton and Crawford were placed in the same room, which they found already tenanted by more than could possibly live there with comfort. It was in the second story of the building, and overlooked the street. The windows contained a grating of iron, sufficiently strong to forbid the hope of escape, without the aid of such instruments as they were not likely to get; and Carleton had before him the unpleasant prospect of being compelled to dwell in a small room filled with an inferior class of men, whose conversation and society were anything but pleasing to a man of education and refinement.

When they entered the gloomy precincts of the prison, they were delivered into the custody of the Provost Cunningham, whom we have already spoken of, as a base and inhuman monster. This

man's hatred of the patriots exceeded all bounds, and he seemed to take great delight in inflicting upon the unhappy prisoners, every evil which his fiendish malignity could suggest. His bosom never felt a throb of pity for the sufferings which they endured through his agency, and it would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that he would gladly have deprived them all of life by the most cruel means, if he had been permitted to do so by those who employed him. Whether Sir William Howe was informed of Cunningham's inhumanity to his prisoners, it is difficult to determine; but we are inclined to the belief that he was, as it is hardly possible that the frequent complaints should not have reached his ears, or that such barbarity could be practised without its coming to his knowledge.

At the door of the prison, Henry observed Fowle standing in the corridor with a bunch of keys in his hands; and it did not escape his notice, that, upon the countenance of that individual, there was an expression that indicated the satisfaction which the former's capture afforded him. This was another circumstance that tended to increase the horror with which Henry contemplated his situation; since, from what he had seen of Fowle, he had no reason to expect from him, anything but what would prove an annoyance, and seriously augment his sufferings.

Immediately after they were locked up, Henry threw himself upon a settle and indulged in the most bitter reflections. Never had he experienced such feelings as those that disturbed his bosom during the first three or four hours of his incarceration. He was insensible to all that was passing around him, and when any of his fellow prisoners addressed him, and attempted to rouse him from the depressed state into which he was sunk, he made no replies, nor appeared to be conscious

that there was any person in the room besides himself.

Crawford, from the moment he entered the building, was moody and silent, holding no converse with any one, not even with Carleton. He paced back and forth over a small space in one corner of the room, his brows knitted and his eyes intently fixed upon the floor; and, like a caged eagle, suffered his loss of freedom to prey unceasingly upon his thoughts. He was regarded by the other prisoners with much respect; his fine commanding person, his dark eyes and lofty brows, being well calculated to inspire such a feeling in those with whom he was thus thrown into contact.

The other persons composing that motley company, were of quite a different description, and, instead of allowing their imprisonment to chafe their spirits, seemed disposed to make the best of it, and to be as merry as possible. They kept up a perpetual clatter of tongues, laughing, talking, joking, and singing patriotic songs, in which the Tories and British were mentioned in no honorable terms. These ditties were particularly annoying to Cunningham, who would fly into a rage, and threaten his obstinate prisoners with vengeance, if they persisted in assailing his ears with their offensive melodies.

Towards midnight, these men, one after another, fell asleep, and, at length, Crawford and Henry were the only persons awake. Neither felt at all inclined to slumber, and hitherto, little had passed between them, both having been too much absorbed in thought, to be disposed to converse. Henry was seated on a small settle near one of the windows, and Crawford came and sat by his side. "This is not so pleasant Mr. Carleton," commenced the latter, "as to be snugly housed at the Woods; and my lodgings on the Island, though not so commodi-

ous as those you occupied, were certainly preferable to this infernal hole."

Carleton's only response to this remark, was a heavy sigh.

"But it is the fortune of war," continued Crawford, "and he who plays at that desperate game, ought not to complain if he should chance to be the loser, where he expected to win. Yet it is hard to bear, this being cooped within four walls, especially for one who has been accustomed to roam, with naught to guide or restrain him but his own free will."

"It is indeed," said Carleton, "and the loss of liberty is not all that we are likely to endure in this horrid place. To be confined in this Bastile with so many, is, in my opinion, infinitely worse, than to be shut up alone in the narrowest cell of a prison."

"And these d—d Tories and British," said Crawford, "who are more merciless than the savages, will torment us in all possible ways. If I do not mistake the temper and disposition of that cursed provost, we have no reason to count on any favors from him. A fine prospect we have before us truly! But there is one way in which you, at least, can obtain your discharge, and that very speedily."

Carleton looked at Crawford inquiringly.

"You have only to despatch a note to your father," continued Crawford, "soliciting his efforts in your behalf, and promising to abandon the patriots; and my word for it, you will be as free as the mountain eagle, in less than eight-and-forty hours."

"I will end my days in captivity," said Carleton, "before I accept of liberty on such terms. But you suggest this, perhaps, with a view of profiting by it yourself through my aid."

"You were never more mistaken," said Crawford, "I would rot in this vile place, rather than

owe my freedom to the good offices of any Tory that breathes, but particularly of your father."

Henry was silent for a moment, and by the uncertain light that made its way through the small window, he looked intently, and with somewhat of an angry feeling, at the dark and expressive features of Crawford. "You have more than once," he said, at length, "spoken of my father as one with whom you were formerly intimate, and now you speak of him as a man whom you dislike too much, to be willing to accept a favor at his hands. Who are you, pray?—and what have been your relations with him, to whom you can scarcely allude in respectful terms?"

"Have I not already told you my name?" asked Crawford, mildly and with a smile, "I repeat that I was once a friend of Mr. Ralph Carleton. More it does not suit me to tell. But you are mistaken in supposing that I meant to speak of your father disrespectfully. Whatever my feelings may be towards him, I would not willingly insult the son, by speaking ill of the father. I confess to you, sir, that I was once unfriendly to Ralph Carleton, because I considered myself unkindly and unjustly treated by him; but those feelings have long since given place to others of a less objectionable kind, and, although I would not accept a favor from him, I believe I can truly say, that I harbor no sentiments towards him of a hostile or malignant cast."

"I have never known my father," said Henry, "to act unjustly towards any man, nor do I believe he has in your case. If I knew the particulars of your misunderstanding with him, I should be able to judge."

"It were better," said Crawford after a pause, "that such matters should be buried in oblivion. What has happened cannot be changed, and whether I was partly to blame, or he wholly in the

wrong, can make but little difference now. The time may come, however, when I shall consider it advisable to converse more freely with you on this subject; but this will depend upon my being able to rise again, through your promised influence in my behalf."

"That I fear," said Carleton, "will be of little advantage to you. I have already fulfilled my promise, and informed the Commander-in-chief of your wish to serve your country in the army; as I was in duty bound to do, however, I also stated what I knew of you, but gave it as my opinion, that you were serious in the desire you professed, to abandon a roving, unsettled life, and to re-establish your character and fortune. His reply was precisely what might have been expected from such a man. He objected to granting your request, in consequence of your recent acts, but he expressed his willingness to consider your application favorably at some future time, provided that your conduct, in the mean while, shall be such, as to justify his placing you in contact with gentlemen of unblemished reputation."

Crawford seemed surprised and disappointed at hearing this, and he remained for some time in deep thought. He had fully calculated upon being allowed to join the army, as he was well aware that Washington was in want, not only of privates, but of good officers; and he had scarcely allowed himself to doubt that, under these circumstances, his application would receive such a reception as he desired.

"The General advises me," said he, "to re-establish my character. But how am I to do this? I cannot go among my old friends, crave their forgiveness, and, like a whipped school boy, promise to be good for the future. In the army, I should acquire a reputation, and would soon make it apparent that the confidence reposed in me, had not been misplaced. It is true that Washington knows

little of me and my family, but he need have no scruple about placing me near the best men under his command, as I have it in my power to show, that there is no blood in aristocratic Virginia, superior to that which courses in my veins."

"Being ignorant of all this," said Carleton, "and knowing only that you have lately followed a calling that honest men deem dishonorable, though it were practised by a gentleman, the General ought not to be censured for deciding as he did. For my own part, I do not see how he could have done otherwise. Men judge of others from what they know of them, and not from what they do not know."

"Very true," said Crawford, and, after a short time, he added, "The General acted properly, perhaps, in rejecting my application. Do you think, Mr. Carleton," he continued, after a few moments reflection, "that it would avail me anything to address the Commander-in-chief a letter, containing a brief history of my life, and of all the circumstances that led me to abandon the society in which I once moved?"

"Possibly it might," replied Carleton, "and I should advise you to try it; but an interview with him might be more effectual, and if it should ever be our fortune to be once more the masters of our own persons, I will endeavor to open the way for this, if you should then desire it."

"Thank you," said Crawford; "I shall one day call upon you to redeem that promise."

The conversation was then suspended for a short time, and Henry resumed it by inquiring how it happened, that Crawford and his followers were induced to venture among the enemy after the battle was decided, when, without the possibility of affording any aid of consequence, they incurred the risk of almost certain capture.

"We watched the battle from the skirts of a

neighboring wood," replied Crawford; "and I should have joined you at an earlier moment, had there been the smallest chance of success on your part. From the moment that the first round was fired, I saw that you would be defeated; consequently the addition of myself and half a dozen men to the American forces, would have been but as a drop in the ocean. I concluded, therefore, to stand aloof, though Marriner, who accompanied me, was desirous of taking part in the fight.

"When the rout commenced, we ran out of the woods, and, by a circuitous path, entered the swamp towards which your company were making the best of their way; but, at the time, I was not aware that they were under your command, nor that you were in the action at all. One of my men was perfectly acquainted with the ground, and assured me that the swamp would be a complete barrier to their further progress, and that we might thence view what took place, without being exposed to the risk of sharing the fate of the defeated party. We had scarcely obtained a position whence we could survey the field, when Marriner recognised you, and at once insisted upon rendering you some assistance. To this, seeing you so hard pressed, I immediately consented, though I saw no possible way of being of any use in the face of such odds. We had not gone far, when we perceived that your life was in danger from a British officer, and, raising our pistols simultaneously, we both fired at your assailant, and brought him to the ground. The rest you know, excepting, perhaps, that Marriner and three of my men had the good fortune to effect their escape; and you might have done the same, had you embraced the favorable moment, and sought safety in the swamp. Your delay, though caused by the best of motives—the wish to save a useless waste of life—proved unfortunate for me as well as for yourself. However that can't be helped now, and we have

nothing to do but to make the best of our awkward predicament."

"I am very sorry," said Carleton, "to have been the innocent cause of your capture. This circumstance together with the fact of your having saved my life, lays me under heavy obligations to you."

The conversation now flagged, and in a few minutes after throwing themselves upon the floor, both had forgotten all their troubles in the temporary oblivion of sound repose.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the following morning, Lizzy Grady presented herself at the prison door, bearing something in her arms wrapped in a piece of linen. Fowle soon answered her summons, and the moment he saw the fair features and bright smile of that pretty young creature, his hard favored face lost something of its sternness, and manifested that he felt much pleased at the visit. Although he was ardently attached to Lizzy, she had never, either by word or action, encouraged his suit; and latterly, he had been so importunate in his attentions, that, from being indifferent to him and his addresses, she had come to detest him most thoroughly. Fowle had employed every means to win her, without success, and had once spoken to her father on the subject, with a view to secure his influence. The tavern keeper replied that when his daughter's consent was obtained, he would take the matter into consideration. He knew Lizzy's feelings towards Fowle, and was sure that she would never afford him the slightest encouragement. He thus avoided giving offence to the man whom both he and his daughter disliked, but whose good will, for certain reasons, he wished to preserve.

"How do you do this morning, Miss Grady?" commenced Fowle, very much delighted at seeing her, yet scarcely able to believe his own eyes. "Is it possible that this is you, my dear Lizzy?"

"It is indeed, Mr. Fowle," replied the girl with a smile, "and I come to bring a pie that my father

sends to Mr. Crawford. Will you let me carry it to him?"

Fowle's countenance fell on discovering that the visit was not addressed to him, and an angry reply rose to his lips, which, however, did not find utterance. When the first feeling of disappointment had subsided, he observed with a sneer, "You come to bring a pie to Mr. Crawford, do you? Why didn't you say at once that you come to see Mr. Carleton?—ay, Mr. Carleton—you need'nt look so surprised—the gentleman you are so fond of, and who cares as much about you, as he does for old mother Mills in the Swamp."

"I come to see Mr. Carleton!" exclaimed Lizzy blushing, "no indeed, I did not. I give you my word, Mr. Fowle, that I did not know of his being in prison."

"Is that true, you little minx, 'pon your honor?" demanded Fowle in a milder tone, and somewhat relieved from his suspicions.

"It is indeed, and if you will let me carry this to Mr. Crawford, I will thank you."

"Well, suppose I do," said Fowle, "no; on second thought I'll carry it myself, for there's no use in your going into the room. The d—d rebell—he don't deserve any other food than saw dust, or better drink than water from a puddle; but as your father sends it, I suppose I must carry it to him. But Lizzy," he continued in an under tone, and with a smirk upon his countenance, "I would not take this from any body but you, and as I'm going to do you this favor, won't you let me come to see you this evening? Do, there's a good girl—I've something very particular to say to you."

Lizzy blushed and looked down, not knowing what answer to make, as she was afraid, if she denied his request, that he would decline delivering the pie. "If you will let me give this to Mr. Craw-

ford myself," she replied, at length, "you may—that is—"

"Come along then, you sweet little puss," said Fowle, stealing a kiss, which, as both her hands were occupied with the dish, she could not prevent his taking.

Lizzy followed her rough admirer up the stairs, and when they arrived at the door, she handed the pie to him, and requested him to give it to Crawford, whom she saw sitting near a window, by the side of Carleton. Having ascertained in which room the prisoner was confined—an object that she had been particularly charged to accomplish if possible—she quickly descended the stairs, and the next moment, was in the street on her way home.

"Who is kind enough to think of a poor devil like me?" demanded Crawford, when Fowle put the pie into his hands.

"From Mr. Grady, I believe," replied Fowle, in a surly tone, "and you may thank your stars that you have one friend left."

"I know I may, you d—d Tory," said Crawford angrily; "for among the cursed British and their abettors, a prisoner can expect nothing but starvation. Get you gone, you snarling brute, or I'll break every bone in your carcass."

As Fowle withdrew muttering some unintelligible words, he received a shower of curses, accompanied by such things of different kinds, as could be readily seized by the indignant prisoners. Hats, shoes, &c., flew as thick as hail about his ears, and obliged him to make a speedy retreat.

Crawford, prompted by hunger, lost no time in putting his knife into the pie, and the first object that attracted his notice, after removing a part of the crust, was a small piece of paper, which he secured without its being seen by any other person than Henry. The other articles it contained, could not be concealed. Two files, a narrow saw of a few

inches in length, and a strong thin cord, were found in the bottom; and the moment they were seen, every heart beat high at the prospect of escape. Besides these, there were the usual contents of a meat pasty, which the benevolent cook doubtless thought would be quite as acceptable, as the more indigestible instruments we have enumerated. Crawford offered to share this food with his fellow sufferers, but as there was scarcely enough to supply each man with more than a mouthful, all, excepting Carleton, declined receiving any portion.

The following is a copy of the note which Crawford received:

"Don't go to sleep before midnight, while you are in limbo, as I shall endeavor to effect your liberation one of these evenings. I may not be successful for some time, but keep up your spirits and rely on my doing all in my power. Mean time if you can escape with the aid of what I send you, so much the better. In that case you may learn my whereabouts at the White Rose. Give my respects to Mr. Carleton, if he is with you. I drink both your healths in good old brandy.

"Yours,

MARRINER.

"P. S. Don't make a mistake and hang yourself with the cord I send you, for though you are a rare fellow alive, I would not give two-pence for you, dead."

Crawford exhibited this note to Carleton, and both felt their hope revive, on learning that Marriner had seriously undertaken the difficult task of setting them free. Carleton was doubtful of success, but Crawford, who was well acquainted with his friend's ingenuity and courage, had great confidence in his being able to effect their liberation. Both determined to obey the injunctions contained in the note, so that they would be ready to depart at a moment's notice. One of the prisoners—a blacksmith by trade—took the files and saw and went to work

upon the bars of the window; but his progress was slow in consequence of the thickness of the iron, and the frequent interruptions occasioned by the people in the street, every one of whom cast an upward glance at the prison as he passed.

An opportunity of carrying his design into operation, occurred much earlier than Marriner had anticipated. No sooner did he learn that Lizzy had given Fowle permission to visit her that evening, than he made up his mind to improve the circumstance to the uttermost, by taking advantage of the turnkey's fondness for brandy, and possessing himself of the keys which, he was informed, that person usually carried with him. He had no doubt that, if Fowle could be made drunk and the keys obtained, what remained to be done might be easily accomplished.

In order to carry out this plan, it seemed necessary to secure the aid of Lizzy, whose influence over Fowle, would enable her to do with him as she pleased. Accordingly, Marriner revealed his purpose to her and solicited her assistance; but it was not till after much persuasion, nor till she had received permission of her father, that she consented to the rather unladylike task of making her lover dead drunk. She saw the danger of interfering with the prisoners, and warned her father against it; but the latter, who had been assured by Marriner, that the thing would be so managed as to avoid all risk of detection, refused to heed her advice. She then gave her consent to become a confederate, and if her secret thoughts could have been read, it would probably have been found, that she was induced to comply by the fact that Henry Carleton was also to be benefitted by her exertions.

It had been arranged that Marriner, to whom Fowle was unfriendly, was not to show himself until the latter had been put into good humor with liquor; while Lizzy was to undertake, with the aid

of good brandy, to bring him to such a state, that the keys might be taken from him; and the prisoners liberated, before he recovered from intoxication.

About nine o'clock in the evening, Lizzy's lover arrived. He was in excellent spirits, and doubtless anticipated a favorable response to the offer of his heart and hand, which he was about to make for something near the hundredth time. The girl received him kindly, and, unintentionally, gave him reason to believe that, at length, the dearest wish of his heart was destined soon to be realized.

It is unnecessary to repeat their conversation. The task of fuddling Fowle, was found to be an extremely easy one, Lizzy having a powerful assistant in his natural love of liquor, which induced him, with very little urging on her part, to take it in sufficient quantities. In less than an hour, he was as merry as a king, and, at a signal given, Marriner entered and commenced a jovial conversation, singing Bacchanalian songs, and keeping Fowle in rapid progress towards a state of utter insensibility. At length, the latter fell from his chair upon the floor, and Marriner lost no time in examining his pockets, where, to his great joy, he found a bunch consisting of five large keys. With these he immediately withdrew, and was soon on his way to the prison. Lizzy, pleased with the prospect of Henry's liberation, yet ashamed of what she had done, retired to her own room, and was not seen again till next day.

As the prison was not a large one, and by no means complicated in its internal arrangements, Marriner had no difficulty in understanding from Lizzy's description, precisely how to proceed after gaining the interior. Fortunately, the night was dark and rainy, and Crown street was almost entirely deserted at the late hour at which he arrived in front of the prison. Had it been otherwise, he might have been disturbed; as, from some peculiari-

ty or defect in the lock of the outer door, he was a long time in effecting an entrance.

Having got fairly inside, he proceeded with great deliberation, yet with as little noise as possible, to strike a light, which he placed in a small dark lantern that he had brought with him. He then cautiously bent his steps towards the second story, and went directly to the right door, which he found secured not only with locks and bolts, but with a large bar of wood. While shooting back the last bolt, he was startled by a strong ray of light shining up the stairs from below, and immediately concluded that the enterprise was destined to result in his own capture, instead of the release of his friends. His hand was arrested on the bolt, and he remained silent for a moment; but on hearing a person coming up, he hastily opened the door, called upon Crawford and Carleton to follow him quickly, and ran towards the stairs, at the head of which he was suddenly stopped.

Crawford and his fellow prisoner with one other—the blacksmith before alluded to, who happened to be awake and busily at work—did not wait for a second invitation, and when they reached the stairs, a huge fellow with a lantern in one hand, and a club in the other, opposed their descent. This was not an unexpected difficulty to Marriner, and he was not long in deciding upon his course. There was but one way to proceed, and that was to walk over the man's body as soon as possible and gain the street. Their situation was now alarming, for the person who disputed their passage, not only stood firm, but called lustily for assistance, and endeavored to hold them at bay until it should arrive. This he was not able to effect, however, for Marriner and Crawford both seized him, and, with a united effort, succeeded in throwing him from the top to the bottom of the stairs. Unfortunately, in his descent, he carried Marriner with him,

who was considerably hurt by the fall, but not so severely as to prevent his escaping with the others.

All four now made the best of their way to the door leading to the street, and in another moment, found themselves at liberty in the open air, and on their road to the river. Marriner, notwithstanding his bruises, led them down Crown street, at the foot of which was the boat he had provided to carry them away. They were hotly chased a part of the distance by two men from the prison, who spread an alarm by loud outcries, and soon increased the number of pursuers to nearly a dozen.

Perceiving the danger of re-capture to be imminent, Marriner, having told them where the boat lay, and appointed that spot as their place of rendezvous, advised them to separate at the next corner, and to meet again at the earliest possible moment after eluding the pursuit. This was done, and every man took his own direction. Carleton did not slacken his pace till he was near the Battery, Marriner continued running towards the river, and Crawford, after turning a corner, plunged into a narrow and dark alley, where he remained till all danger was past. The remaining fugitive was overtaken, and carried back to prison.

In the course of an hour, Henry walked cautiously along the wharves until he arrived at the boat, where he found Marriner with two oarsmen; and in a short time they were joined by Crawford who, since they separated, had made a visit to the White Rose tavern, and narrowly escaped being taken. The little party then pulled into the river, and stood for the Jersey shore.

When they had got fairly under way, Marriner gave an account of the plan he had so successfully pursued for their liberation, and acknowledged that, but for the valuable assistance rendered by Lizzy Grady, he should have found it a matter of some difficulty to set them free.

"I fear," said Henry, after thanking Marriner

for what he had done for them, "that unpleasant consequences may result to Grady, from what has passed at his house and with his sanction."

"Never fear," said Marriner, "for Fowle has too much respect for himself and his situation as turnkey, to acknowledge that he was intoxicated; and he loves Lizzy too well, to bring her or her father into a scrape. No, no; he will lie like a trooper, and swear that he left the keys at the prison, or that he was knocked down in the street and robbed. Now, as to what I have done to-night, let me say that I consider myself under obligations to you, for having furnished me the occasion of some fun. You cannot imagine how I enjoy such work as we have had to-night, especially when the object is to annoy the infernal British. I would rather do it any time than to — eat; I had like to have said, drink, but that would have been a lie. Speaking of drink" he continued, drawing a flask of brandy from his pocket—an article that he was seldom unprovided with—"reminds me that my throat is as dry as a shin bone in the catacombs of Egypt. Take a swig all around, boys, but use a little judgment and leave me enough to wet my whistle with, for I haven't tasted a drop in almost three quarters of an hour."

Crawford took a draught, and Henry, in order to preserve himself from the effects of the cold and rain, did the same moderately, and was commended therefor by Marriner, who drank what remained—no contemptible portion—and then sang his favorite song in praise of that potent beverage.

About two o'clock they landed on the Jersey shore, and, after securing the boat, went to a small inn kept by an acquaintance of Marriner's, and there spent the remainder of the night. In the morning, Crawford and Henry took leave of their facetious friend, who was about to join his vessel, and, in the course of the day, bent their steps towards *Fort Lee*.

CHAPTER XX.

CRAWFORD had risen betimes that morning, and written a letter to the Commander-in-chief, in which, after giving a brief history of his life, and of the circumstances that induced him to quit the circle of his relations and friends, he again solicited the favor of being received into the army. This letter Carleton delivered. When the General had attentively perused it, he made some inquiries concerning the late conduct of Crawford, and, having learned that he had been captured in the act of rendering assistance to Henry, requested the latter to introduce him immediately. This was done, and the interview resulted in the gratification of Crawford's wishes.*

We must now pass over the remaining years of the war, and hasten to the conclusion of this history; simply observing that Carleton continued with the army, till the great struggle terminated in the independence of the colonies. He was at Valley Forge, when the sufferings of the American soldiers were almost too severe to be endured; he was at the successful battles of Trenton and Princeton, that revived so opportunely the drooping spirits of the troops; he was on the plains of Monmouth, and received a wound, which, though not serious, left an honorable scar that bore testimony to his participation in the ever glorious contest; and

* The author is under the impression that, at this time, Washington was not authorized to appoint officers; but, at a subsequent period, he was endowed by Congress with the power to appoint and dismiss officers below a certain rank.

he was at Yorktown, when the defeat of Cornwallis severed the last link of the oppressor's chain, and erected the liberated colonies into an independent nation.

During this long and arduous service, he devoted himself unceasingly to his military duties. He occasionally corresponded with Grace, and in the first three years, he had received as many letters from Alice; but during the last four, he did not hear from her excepting through his sister, who always spoke of her friend at length, as the most interesting topic on which she could discourse. In her last letter she mentioned a report that prevailed among their friends both in the city and country, but to which she herself attached very little or no importance. Mr. Melville, it appears, after recovering from the dangerous wounds received at White Plains, had again joined the army, and served three years; when, finding his health giving way, he returned home, and, soon after, re-commenced his visits to Alice. He was known to be almost daily at the Woods, and as he was a gentleman whom very few young ladies would think of rejecting, it soon came to be believed that he was the accepted lover of Miss Stafford. So much was known to Grace, and this she communicated to her brother; but, at the same time, stated that she did not coincide in the general opinion, that Mr. Melville was about to succeed. On every other subject, she could speak unreservedly to her friend; but on this, of course, she was compelled to be silent.

When Henry received this intelligence, and connected it with the fact that he had not, for a long period, received any replies to the letters he had addressed to Alice, a feeling of alarm took possession of his bosom, and he regarded her as lost to him forever. His first impulse was to obtain leave of absence, repair forthwith to the Woods, and thus put an end to a state of painful suspense. On

further reflection, however, he became so nearly satisfied that what he had heard could not be true, that he reproached himself for having entertained, even for a moment, any fears of Alice's constancy. For several days he continued to think almost incessantly of Miss Stafford and Julian Melville; and he perused his sister's letter repeatedly, dwelling for a long time upon those parts in which she spoke of her friend in connection with her suitor, as if he could not satisfy himself, that he comprehended the meaning intended to be conveyed. A degree of uneasiness continued to linger in his mind, and made him look with much anxiety towards a visit to the Woods.

It was on the 25th of November, 1783, that Henry accompanied a portion of the American army, when it entered New York, immediately after the British forces evacuated that city. When he passed the house of his father, he observed that all the windows were fast closed, and that no appearance of its being inhabited was visible. It would be in vain to attempt to describe his sensations, while his eye rested upon the building which had long been his home, but which he now regarded as the house of a stranger. There was naught of pride or of exultation mingled with his feelings, and while he deeply regretted the estrangement from his father, he strongly sympathized with the mortification and pain, with which his parent must have viewed the triumph of the American arms. He thought he saw in the outward aspect of the house, an evidence of Mr. Carleton's extreme vexation, and presumed that the windows and doors overlooking the street, had been closed by his order, and every person belonging to the establishment forbidden to behold the passing of the victorious troops.

That day Carleton quitted the army, and took up his abode at one of the principal hotels, nearly opposite the residence of his father. When he found himself alone in his solitary chamber, he threw

himself upon a chair near one of the windows, and having so arranged the blinds, that he could observe what was passing in the street, without being himself seen, he kept his eyes fixed upon Mr. Carleton's house, in the hope of catching a view of some of those relatives from whom he had been so long separated. Had he been sure of a favorable reception, he would gladly have buried the past in oblivion, and gone directly home as if nothing had occurred; but as he was uncertain as to his father's feelings, he determined to make no advances towards a reconciliation, until he was fully assured that they would be met in a kind and forgiving spirit.

While he sat there, endeavoring to decide upon his future course with reference both to Alice and his father, he espied, on the opposite side of the street, a familiar face and form which he at once knew to be those of Cato. He called the faithful negro, and bade him come up—an order that was obeyed with alacrity. No long parted friends ever met with stronger manifestations of joy. Cato was almost beside himself, and, for a moment or two, did not trust himself to speak. A tear sparkled in his eye, and then ran down his sable cheek; while Carleton, to whom the past was most vividly recalled by the sight of that attached slave, could scarcely repress a momentary quivering of the lip.

"I am glad, very glad to see you, Cato," commenced Henry, shaking him by the hand, and then reaching him a chair; "you look very well and have altered but little. I hope your wife and children are also in good health."

"All well I tank you," replied Cato. "But Massa Carleton, I should hardly hab known you."

"Some time has passed since you saw me," said Henry, "and you should remember, Cato, that a few years make a great alteration in the appearance of young men. Besides, we rebels have fought hard, and suffered much since I was at the Woods."

"Yes, and I little tought at dat time, Massa Carleton," said Cato, heaving a sigh and assuming a serious look, "dat day would beat us in de end. De debble himself helped 'em I believe—O, scuse me, I forgot dat Massa Carleton is a rebel officer."

"If the gentleman you speak of," said Henry, smiling, "fought on either side, it must have been against us, as I have no recollection of such a personage in our army; but you must forgive the rebels now, my good Cato, and me among the rest; for peace is restored, and in future, you know, we are all to be friends."

"Sartain, sartain," said Cato; "no use to quarrel any more now. But, Massa Carleton, how soon you gwine to de Woods?"

"That will depend upon circumstances, Cato," responded Henry. "I am afraid the good people there have almost forgotten me. What think you?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Cato; "day nebber forget you. Young Missus tink of you ebberry day—I know she do."

"Well, Cato, if that is your opinion, I will write a letter to your Mistress Alice, and get you to carry it. When do you go?"

"I go dis afternoon, and I'll carry it—besure I will. How her eyes will sparkle when she see a letter from Massa Carleton!—Guy!"

Henry, with a heart lightened of a portion of its burdens, sat down and wrote a letter of which the following is a copy:

"MY DEAR MISS STAFFORD,

Having just quitted the army, I embrace the first moment of leisure to write to you, though I am by no means certain, that an epistle from me at the present time, will excite any pleasurable emotion in your bosom.

"You doubtless remember the tenor of our con

versations at the Woods, during my sojourn there in the autumn of 1776, and the promise you then made, that, although you would never be mine without the consent of your father, no other person than myself should ever obtain your hand. A few months since, a report reached my ears, to the effect that you were engaged to Mr. Julian Melville. I had sufficient confidence in your constancy, to believe that such could not be the case; yet when I coupled this with the fact that several of my letters to you had remained unanswered, I confess that I could not help feeling a degree of fear, that my long absence had weakened, if not entirely destroyed, an attachment, which I had fondly hoped would terminate only with your life.

“But for the general belief which prevails, that you are soon to be united to another, and the circumstance of my not having heard directly from you within the last four years, I should have proceeded immediately to the Woods, and thus realized the happiness which I have long anticipated with so much impatience.

“It only remains for me to add, that, if the reports alluded to are not destitute of foundation, I freely relieve you from your engagement with me, and wish you all the happiness that the most fortunate position in this life is capable of affording. If, however, your sentiments towards me remain the same as they were when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, you have only to cause such pleasing intelligence to be conveyed to me, to ensure my appearing at the Woods, at the earliest possible moment after its reception.

“I shall await your reply with intense anxiety, and have the honor to be mean while,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY CARLETON.”

After a short conversation with Cato, Henry gave

him the letter, and, with feelings quite different from those which, for several months, had been the chief source of his discomfort, saw him depart. Although he had refrained from interrogating the negro concerning Alice and Julian, yet some remarks which had been incidentally made by Cato, afforded encouragement, and strengthened the hope, that, what had been circulated in reference to the brilliant prospects of Mr. Melville, was totally devoid of truth.

When the door was closed upon Cato, Henry again stationed himself at the front window, anxious to see some person issue from the house of his father. That mansion was still closed, and he began to doubt whether it was tenanted at all. On scrutinizing it closely, he thought he discerned certain marks of negligence about the door and on the pavement; and this discovery gave birth to fears that something unusual had occurred, and caused the absence of the family from home. He referred to Grace's last letter, and found that it was dated in February—nine months back—since which time no tidings of any of his relatives had reached him. "What might not have happened within that period?" thought he, and a thrill of alarm shot through his bosom.

Carleton rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, questioned him concerning Mr. Carleton and his family. The information he obtained was not of a satisfactory character. The man recollected that, a few weeks previously, he had heard of their neighbor's being very ill, but having been absent a short time from the city, had never learned whether that gentleman had recovered or not. He did not remember to have seen him, however, since his illness, and his belief was, that none of the family were then in town. Whither they were gone, he could not say.

These remarks, though entitled to little weight, had the effect to leave Carleton in a state of pain-

ful suspense. The bare possibility of having lost his father while they were estranged, was not to be thought of without alarm; and he at once determined that he would go to the house, if necessary, or to some of the neighbors, and ascertain the truth. He put on his hat and gloves, and as he was about to leave the room, his step was suddenly arrested by the recollection of having been positively forbidden to return home. Between a strong inclination on the one hand, and a prohibition on the other, he scarcely knew what to do; but filial affection at length prevailed, and he would have set off immediately, had he not at that moment perceived his sister and Mr. Wentworth coming towards the hotel. The latter he recognised instantly, but the former was much altered, and, until he had a fair view of her face, he had some difficulty in satisfying himself, that it was indeed his beloved sister that approached. Her figure had become very full, though the symmetry was preserved; and the time that had elapsed since he saw her last, had given her a woman-like appearance, quite different from that which she wore when they parted.

Carleton thrust his head out of the window, and when he saw them enter the door, ran down stairs to meet them. They returned with him to his chamber, and no sooner did they reach it, than Grace was locked in her brother's arms. The joy inspired by this meeting, was sufficiently manifested by the tears that streamed down her cheeks, while Henry's quivering lip, and moistened eye, showed that his feelings were in unison with, and not less strong than hers.—Mr. Wentworth, who had, for the preceding three years, been the husband of Grace, expressed himself delighted at seeing Carleton; while the latter, who had always entertained a high opinion of that gentleman, was not less pleased to meet the man, to whose keeping the happiness of his sister had been committed.

After the exchange of a few remarks, Mr. Went-

worth, agreeably to a previous arrangement with his wife, withdrew, that she might converse more freely with her brother. When he was gone, Grace and Henry seated themselves, and the latter, with an indescribable tumult of joy, seized the hand of his sister, and almost smothering her with kisses, gave expressions to those feelings of affection, with which his bosom glowed.

"My dear, dear brother," said Grace, from whose eyes the tears continued to well, "I am so very much rejoiced to see you alive and well."

"Your joy at this meeting, my dear Grace," said Carleton, "cannot exceed mine; for, to behold you again, my beloved sister, after so long an absence, is indeed to me a most exquisite pleasure. But tell me, sister, are our parents both well?"

"They are," replied Grace, "and know of your arrival."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Carleton; "I heard but a few moments since, that our father has recently been very ill, and I feared that he was no longer living."

"His recovery at one time, was exceedingly doubtful," said Grace, "but I am happy to say that God has spared his precious life. Oh! Henry, will you not be reconciled to our dear father, and return home with me?"

"That will depend upon his wishes, Grace," replied Carleton, "for I harbor no ill will towards him, and my affection has never for a moment been deadened by the harsh course which he thought it incumbent on him to adopt."

"How glad I am to hear you say so, my dear brother!" said Grace; "then we shall all be happy again. Papa, I have reason to believe, has long regretted the step he took, and his life, since you left us, has been embittered by the recollection of his conduct towards you. He was an altered man from the moment that he wrote his last letter to you, and although he has seldom spoken of you in my

presence, yet not a day has passed, in which he has not exhibited signs of being very, very wretched. His late illness is supposed by our physician, to have been the effect of mental suffering; and he has grown very gray, and become exceedingly emaciated, like one whose constitution has given way under long continued distress of mind. But, dear Henry, a reconciliation with you will restore him to health and happiness. I am sure he desires it most ardently, and, if he thought you could overlook what he has done, he would come to you immediately, and solicit your forgiveness."

"Forgive him!" exclaimed Carleton; "no, no, Grace, I have nothing to forgive. It is I who should ask *his* forgiveness; for it was my disobedience that led him to exercise the legitimate authority of a father. The course he took was a harsh one, it is true; but due allowance should be made for the state of his feelings at the time. I do not censure him, Grace,—I am ready to forget all in the past excepting my own conduct, and I deeply regret that I have been the cause of so much affliction to our beloved parent."

Henry was much affected by the remarks of his sister, and reproached himself for having been the means of rendering his father unhappy. He buried his face in his hands, and thus betrayed the character and depth of his emotions.

"You will accompany me home then, will you not?" sweetly demanded Grace, after an interval of silence.

"If my father will intimate his desire that I should do so," replied Henry. "I feel impatient to see him, and it will be the happiest moment of my life, when we meet with (as I fondly hope) naught but feelings of affection on both sides."

"I will go to him forthwith," said Grace, rising, "and be with you again in a few minutes."

"Stay one moment, sister," said Carleton, taking

her hand; "I wish to inquire whether you have recently heard from the Woods."

"Yes," replied Grace; "I received a few lines from Alice this morning, by Cato, who, by the way, informed us of your arrival. I have seen her within a month. She is much altered, is in poor health, and, though she affects cheerfulness, I can easily perceive that something is preying upon her mind. During your absence, I have been frequently at the Woods, and she has visited me repeatedly. Lately, she seems to have studiously avoided speaking of you, and this circumstance has, I confess, occasioned me some alarm."

"Is it still believed," demanded Henry, "that she is to become the wife of Mr. Melville?"

"I am sorry to say," responded Grace, "that such is the prevailing opinion. Mr. Stafford and his wife, I have reason to think, are much inclined to bring about the match, and it is well known that Mr. Melville is a daily visiter at the Woods. Whether they are engaged or not, I am unable to say; but my opinion always has been, and still is, that Alice dislikes that gentleman, and it is on this belief, that I ground the hope of seeing him disappointed in his suit."

Henry paused a few moments, and seemed buried in deep thought. At length he said with energy, "He *will* be disappointed, Grace: Alice promised that no other than myself should ever possess her hand, and she is not a woman to disregard her plighted word."

"I confidently believe she will not," said Grace. "Now, brother, let me return home, for I am impatient to arrange an interview between you and our father."

Carleton accompanied his sister to the door, where they met Mr. Wentworth, who had returned much sooner than he had expected. Grace seized his *arm*, and, at the next moment, entered her father's door.

CHAPTER XXI.

It soon became known about the neighborhood, that Carleton had returned, and when it was ascertained where he had stopped, some of his old friends and acquaintances called at the hotel to see him. It was a matter of wonder to all, that he had not gone home, instead of taking lodgings at a public house; and many were the conjectures as to the cause of so extraordinary a step. The misunderstanding betwixt him and his father had never transpired, but it was now suspected by more than one, that the part which Carleton had taken in the war, had unhappily produced some difficulty between them.

No sooner had Grace departed, than several of his friends made their appearance. At any other time, Carleton would have welcomed their familiar faces; but he was too much occupied with the thought of so soon meeting his father, to receive them with much pleasure.

Among those who came to see him, was a man of rather a rough exterior, who desired to be admitted without delay. When he entered the room, Henry recognised his countenance as one that was not unknown to him; but it was not till his name was mentioned, that he remembered the features as those of Grady, the proprietor of the White Rose inn.

That individual approached the officer respectfully, and apologizing for the freedom he had taken, requested a little private conversation. Carleton assented, and withdrew with his visiter to one cor-

ner of the room. Grady then observed, that his daughter Elizabeth was very low with consumption, and not expected to survive many hours; and that, having been told of Carleton's arrival, she had expressed a strong desire to see him. "Indeed," he continued, without suspecting the nature of his daughter's sentiments towards the officer, "she has many times spoken of you since you went into the army, and often expressed a wish that you might return before she died. Poor girl! I don't know why she has thought so much of a gentleman like you; but so it is, sir, and I know it will be a great comfort to her, to see you once more."

Without hesitation, Carleton consented to visit her immediately, and having excused himself to his friends, accompanied Grady to the White Rose tavern. On their way thither, the former spoke of his escape from prison through Lizzy's assistance, and inquired whether Fowle ever suspected her agency in the affair, and whether Grady himself had ever been troubled on that account, by the British authorities. The other replied that Fowle was punished and discharged on the following day, but that he never charged Lizzy with any participation in the matter. "He suspected," continued Grady,—“nay, he was certain that Marriner had stolen the keys, and released the prisoners; and he threatened to take the captain's life, as soon as he got an opportunity. He attempted, shortly after, to execute his threat, and came near losing his own life, from a sound beating which Marriner gave him for his pains.”

"I am glad that you suffered no inconvenience," said Carleton. "If I remember rightly, Fowle was much attached to your daughter, and wished to marry her. I hope his suit was not successful."

"No indeed," replied Grady. "He could never prevail upon her to have him, and had she been so inclined, I never would have allowed her to marry

such a man. He continued to visit and pester her for more than a year, and at last became so troublesome, that I was obliged to forbid him the house. He was at that time very intemperate, and has since died a complete sot."

"Having arrived at the tavern, Carleton followed Grady up stairs to the room in which Marriner and his companions usually passed their Bacchanalian hours, and into which, during the course of this narrative, we have more than once introduced the reader. Within a year, it had been converted into a bed-chamber for Lizzy's use, and she had occupied it during her long and tedious illness.

When Henry entered the apartment, the invalid was in a sitting posture, supported by a chair and pillows; and before her lay a book, which he soon discovered to be the Bible. She was pale and exceedingly thin, and her dark hair parted in front and combed smoothly down, covering her temples, formed a striking contrast with the pure whiteness of her skin. But for the expression and motion of her eyes, Carleton, in the subdued light of the chamber, could have believed that he saw a corpse—so emaciated and deathlike was her whole appearance.

At one side of the bed sat her mother, a large and coarse-looking woman, bearing not the slightest resemblance to the frail and dying creature, whom she was occupied in attending. Although Mrs. Grady's appearance was by no means prepossessing, she was a most affectionate mother, and devoted her whole time to the nursing of her daughter.

When Lizzy saw Carleton enter the door, a sweet smile irradiated her countenance, and, raising one of her hands apparently with some effort, she pointed to a chair standing at the head of the bed. When he had taken a seat, she looked at him for an instant, and then cast her eyes down, as if she were

ashamed of having requested the visit, and felt embarrassed at his presence. After a moment or two, however, her confidence returned, and she stretched towards him one of her thin white hands, which Carleton took, at the same time expressing his sorrow at seeing her so ill.

Lizzy did not reply immediately, but suffering her hand to remain in that of her visiter, and keeping her dark eyes fixed upon him, remained for some time, contemplating his face in silence. At length, she observed in a feeble and just audible voice, "I should—perhaps—apologize—for having—thus—"

Anticipating what she was about to utter with so much difficulty, Carleton interrupted her. "There is no need of apology, Miss Grady," said he, "you were desirous of seeing an old friend, and I am too much your debtor, not to have cheerfully complied with your reasonable and natural wish. I assure you that, had I been aware of your situation, I should have lost no time in coming hither to see you. I would to God that I now beheld you in as good health, as when I last saw you in this room."

"He has ordered it otherwise," said Lizzy looking upwards, "and—we must not—complain."

At this moment, Grady and his wife were called out of the room, and Carleton was left alone with the expiring invalid. "I would not have your wish realized, if it were in my power," she continued, in a still more feeble voice, "for the joy I feel in the prospect of going this day to my father in Heaven is indescribable. I leave nothing behind me with regret but my parents—and—one or two friends; but them I shall see again, if it be God's pleasure, in a better land."

Another pause succeeded, during which Lizzy's eyes were turned upwards, and a slight movement of the parted lips, showed that she was silently praying. Tears of joy filled her eyes, and flowed

down upon her cheeks. Carleton looked with intense interest upon her fragile form and expressive countenance; his heart swelled, and his eyes became full, as his feelings were stirred by the language and appearance of the dying girl. He had never before sat beside a deathbed, nor, excepting on the field of battle, had he been near to one, whose spirit was about to leave its earthly tenement, and wing its way to Heaven. The whole scene excited the most powerful emotions, and when he observed how joyfully she anticipated her departure from this world, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he felt, as if he, too, would cheerfully resign his breath, and accompany her upon the journey she was soon to make.

In a few moments Lizzy turned her face towards Carleton, and inquired whether he would do her the favor to read a chapter in the Bible; and, on being told that he would most willingly do so, she pointed to the book that lay upon the bed, and faintly pronounced the word "Psalms." Carleton opened the volume, and commenced at the twenty-third song of the royal bard, beginning thus: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

While he was perusing this and the three following Psalms, which he did in a very impressive manner, Lizzy lay with her eyes shut, one hand resting upon her bosom, and the other still enclosed in one of Carleton's. When he had finished reading he looked up and found her gazing intently upon him, but in the expression of her face, he thought that he perceived a change. He spoke to her and she answered him with a smile; he pressed her hand, and, with what little strength was left, the pressure was faintly returned. He then remained for awhile silently watching her, and, at length, inquired whether there was anything he could do, which it would gratify her to know, would be attended to after her decease. She closed her eyes,

as if to think of some commission, and, after the lapse of a minute, opened them and nodded in the affirmative, at the same time moving her lips in an effort to speak. Her voice was inaudible, and when Carleton laid his ear close to her mouth, he heard her whisper "Remember me."

"Yes, dear Elizabeth," said he, with energy, "I will remember you. Time shall never efface the recollection of you from my mind."

Lizzy opened her eyes and signified, with a scarcely perceptible smile, that she understood him, and then lay motionless, breathing shorter and shorter, till she ceased to respire at all.

When he found her going, Carleton flew to the door and called her parents; but when they returned, to the bed side, they saw, at a glance, that their daughter was no more. The hue of death had overspread her face, and announced, but too plainly that the gentle spirit had departed.

Deeply affected by the scene which he had just beheld, and feeling as if he had lost one of the best friends he had on earth, Carleton, after remaining for some time with the bereaved family, returned to his hotel. But these emotions were transitory, and the excitement soon subsided into sober sorrow for the death of an humble, but amiable girl, who had more than once interested herself in his behalf, and shown, in her last hour, that she had long and secretly cherished a pure, deep, but altogether hopeless love.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Carleton arrived at the hotel, he was informed by one of the servants, that a gentleman had been waiting for him more than an hour. Presuming it to be his father, he hastened up stairs, and, on opening the door of his chamber, saw Mr. Ralph Carleton there alone. The latter rose when his son entered, and walking towards him with outstretched hand, simply pronounced his name; while Henry at the same time exclaimed, "Father!" and threw himself into his parent's arms. A silence of some minutes ensued, for both were too full to give utterance to another syllable. At last, the elder of the two gentlemen observed, in a tremulous voice, "Henry, my son, it is due to you that I should apologize—"

"No, no, father," interrupted Henry, "no apology—no explanation from you. I was in the wrong—it was my disregard of your wishes—"

"Say no more, Henry, say no more," observed Mr. Carleton; "and now that we are friends again, let us forget and forgive. I thank God," he continued, looking into his son's face with rapturous delight, "that he has spared your life; for, had you died while we were estranged, I should have been miserable indeed."

Henry and his father then took seats, each gazing intently upon the other, as if neither could satisfy himself as to the other's identity. The former observed with pain the ravages which time or mental suffering, or both combined, had made upon the person of his father. So great was the change in

Mr. Carleton's appearance, that Henry thought he should not easily have recognised him in any other place. His hair, which had only begun to turn when they last met, was now very white; and the former rotundity of his face had dwindled away, and left the skin in numerous wrinkles. "So short a time," thought Henry, "without the aid of severe affliction or ill health, could not have wrought this change;" and he then reproached himself again, as the only cause of his father's feeble and broken appearance.

Mr. Carleton, on his part, remarked, but with quite different feelings, the alteration in his son. The person of the latter had increased in breadth, and his proportions were more manly than when his father last saw him. His uniform too—that of a Colonel—attracted the eyes of Mr. Carleton; but the old gentleman gave no sign of his beholding it with dissatisfaction; indeed, if one might judge from the smile that played about his lips, he must have regarded his son thus attired, with feelings of no little pleasure. Ralph Carleton, in truth, was far less bitter against the revolutionists, than at the commencement of the war, when he considered their efforts to throw off the British yoke, as a rebellious outbreak that must soon be suppressed. Long years of unwearied prosecution of the war, had gradually altered his opinion as to the probable result; and he had come, at length, to look upon the success of the "rebels" as certain, and to feel more respect for them and their cause, in proportion as their prospects improved. When the surrender at Yorktown had confirmed the patriot's hopes, and rendered the issue of the struggle no longer doubtful, he ceased to exhibit, if not to feel, a dislike to those whom, in the earlier stages of the war, he had regarded as wicked plotters against their legitimate sovereign. Had the revolutionists been defeated, however, they would, in his opinion, have

been worthy of the gibbet—no punishment, indeed, would have been too severe; but as the result was favorable to them, the character of the contest appeared far less odious in his eyes, and the supporters of it came to be looked upon rather in the light of patriots than as rebels. Such is the important difference betwixt failure and success.

Henry and his father spent an hour in conversation. The former gave an account of his last visit to the Woods, his capture by Crawford, and frankly stated what had passed between him and Miss Stafford. The last seemed new to the old gentleman, who had never so much as suspected that an attachment had sprung up between his son and the young lady, whom he himself had frequently thought of as a most eligible match. He heard with much pleasure, therefore, that something like an engagement already existed; and, without being solicited, gave his consent, and acknowledged that nothing could afford him greater satisfaction, than the prospect of his son's being united to the daughter of his old friend.

"But," said Henry, "you have not yet heard all. I have long had a powerful rival in the person of Mr. Julian Melville, who, it is reported, will one day be married to Miss Stafford."

"What! after the promise which you say she made, that she would either be your wife, or live and die a maid?"

"Such is the opinion of her acquaintance, it appears," replied Henry, "though I cannot believe it true."

"Depend upon it, my son, there is no truth in it," said Mr. Carleton. "If Alice were like your giddy, fickle girls, who care but little whom they marry, so that they get husbands, you might reasonably entertain some fears of her having broken her promise; but that young lady, unless my estimate of her character be exceedingly erroneous, is

incapable of such conduct, and will convince you that she remains faithful to you, however appearances may be against her."

"I believe it," observed Carleton, "and, strangely enough, while I feel the utmost confidence in Alice, I cannot help entertaining some apprehension, that it may turn out differently from what I hope and expect."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. Carleton, "your fears are altogether groundless."

"I know it," said Henry, "for Alice must be true. Yet, I should be glad to know, why she has so long remained silent. It is four years and more, since I received a letter from her, though I have repeatedly written, and taken the utmost pains to have my letters safely conveyed to the Woods."

"That is indeed a little singular," said Ralph Carleton musing, "but then it may be accounted for in different ways. Your letters, perhaps, have not reached her, and she may have thought you negligent;—or, she may have written a number of times, and her letters have failed to reach you. It is not very surprising that a correspondence should be seriously interrupted, considering the state of things we have had for years past; indeed, it would be extraordinary if it were otherwise, unless a special messenger had been employed to convey every letter."

"I shall very soon know," said Henry, "what my fate is to be; for I despatched a letter to her by Cato, and shall probably receive her reply to-morrow."

Henry then proceeded to narrate what occurred after leaving the Woods—the interview with Washington—his first battle after joining the army—the saving of his life by Crawford—his capture and escape from prison—to all which the old gentleman lent an attentive ear.

"Do you know what has become of this Crawford?" demanded Mr. Carleton.

"I do not," replied Henry. "He was badly wounded at Monmouth, and there I lost sight of him, nor have I learned whether he survived or not. He proved himself a brave and valuable officer, and one whose abilities were highly prized by the Commander-in-chief. He was bold but not rash, and his judgment was excellent. No man was better qualified for conducting an enterprise, requiring great courage, skill, and presence of mind on the part of the commanding officer. I should be glad to learn the fate of Crawford."

"I can tell you where he is," said Mr. Carleton. "About three years since, he came to this city, and has been living alone in a small house in the suburbs near the King's Farm, refusing to hold any intercourse with his old friends, and rarely appearing abroad. His health, I am told, is broken."

"He is a singular being," said Henry, "but I am rather surprised at his inclination to live alone, as it was his wish to recover his former station in society, and he went into the army with the avowed purpose of retrieving his reputation, and thus acquiring a new title to the respect and confidence of his friends. He spoke of being well connected in this city, and of having once been an intimate friend of yours."

"He did not tell you then, who he is," said Mr. Carleton.

"No," replied Henry, "but I have long suspected that Crawford is not his real name."

"Your suspicions are well founded," said Mr. Carleton. "That man is your uncle Reginald. You may well exhibit some astonishment at hearing this, though from the strong resemblance he is said to bear to me as I was a few years ago, you might have suspected some near relationship between us."

"The likeness struck me the first time I saw him," said Henry, "but the possibility of his being your brother, or, indeed, any relation at all, never occurred to me. Pray what was the difficulty betwixt him and his family?"

"I do not feel at liberty to make any disclosures," replied Mr. Carleton. "I may say, however, that he and Mr. Stafford visited Europe together many years ago, when they quarrelled in reference to some pecuniary transactions, concerning which, heavy charges were brought against your uncle. When they were explained to me, Reginald's conduct appeared to have been such, as to render him unworthy of my friendship, and, in a moment of anger, I drove him from my presence, and told him that, thenceforth, we must live as entire strangers. This cut him to the soul, and he immediately disappeared. Whither he went I know not, but I was subsequently informed that he became somewhat intemperate, played high, and was supposed to have lost all his property.

"About the same time, this affair with Reginald became the subject of discussion between Mr. Stafford and myself, and led to a misunderstanding which put a period to our intimacy. Latterly, however, we have become more friendly, and, during your absence, have exchanged a visit or two. Grace and Alice, as you are aware, have been attached to each other since they were children, and Mr. Stafford and I have always encouraged their growing friendship. It has resulted, I believe, in a mutual benefit."

Henry expressed a wish to visit Crawford in his humble and secluded abode, and his father promised to show him the house on the following morning. They then withdrew to Mr. Carleton's residence, and when they entered the door, that gentleman desired his son to consider that house his future home, and, if possible, to banish from his mind, all

recollection of having long been denied the right to cross its threshold.

As they walked along the corridor, a little boy with large black eyes and raven locks, stepped for a moment from the parlor, and, seeing a stranger, returned to his mother, as fast as his little legs would allow.

"Whose is that beautiful child?" demanded Henry.

"That is your namesake and your nephew," answered Mr. Carleton, as they entered the room. "Do you not see Grace's eyes, nose, and mouth?—Come hither, Harry," he continued, addressing the child, "and let me introduce you to this big soldier."

Little Harry was, at first, rather shy of his warlike relative, afraid, probably, of his tarnished regimentals; but a little coaxing soon gave him confidence, and, ere long, he and his uncle were the best of friends.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT night Henry occupied his own room, and found it in nearly the same condition as when he left it, seven years before. The same chairs—the old bureau—the walnut book-case, were all there; and he almost fancied that they recognised him, and welcomed his return. All his favorite books were still upon the shelves, and the identical volume, in which he had been reading on the night preceding his departure for the Woods, contained the same paper he had placed therein, to mark where he had left off. All these particulars he noted with a feeling of satisfaction, as it seemed to him that every thing had been suffered by his mother to remain in the same condition in which he had left it, in the hope, at least, if not the belief, that, at some future time, he would again be the occupant of that room.

It was with no small degree of pleasure, that, surrounded by his *penates*, he enjoyed the luxury of his own bed, and remembered the scenes through which he had passed since he slept under that roof—the heat—the cold—the summer's shower—the wintry storm—the battle—the retreat—the victory!"

Next day Henry went with his father to visit Reginald Carleton, better known to the reader as Richard Crawford. The latter did not intend to enter the house, and, after pointing it out to his son, left him, and returned home. A few minutes walk brought Henry to the door of a low wooden building, situated something more than a rod from the road, and surrounded by a dilapidated pale fence. Every window that overlooked the street was

closed, and the ground about it, consisting of a quarter of an acre, betrayed a total want of care. The remains of a garden were visible, but vines had overgrown the earth, tall weeds were still standing, and the soil was entirely covered with dead leaves from the neighboring trees. The whole aspect of the place was that of desolation.

Henry entered, knocked at the door, and was answered by a low growl, succeeded by the hoarse barking of a dog. A voice within silenced the brute, and presently the door was opened by Reginald himself. His form was strikingly attenuated, his eyes sunken, his cheeks hollow; and there was every appearance about him of decayed health.

He looked at his visiter for an instant or two with evident surprise, as if he could scarcely believe that Henry stood before him; then his countenance assumed an expression of pleasure, and he shook Carleton warmly by the hand, and requested him to enter. Reginald led the way into a back apartment of small dimensions, and meanly furnished—the only article of luxury being a large well-cushioned chair. A small table stood near to it, covered with books, one of which—the *Satires* of Horace—was lying open. There he welcomed his nephew, and expressed himself highly gratified at seeing him. “I live quite alone, Henry,” said he, “and receive no visitors;—but you I shall always be most happy to see.”

“May I ask,” demanded Henry, “why it is that you have not returned to that society which you profess to respect, and which, at one time, at least, you were sorry to have left? If I understood you correctly, your chief object in entering the army, was, to acquire a reputation that would entitle you to be received again by your friends, and to re-occupy your former high position in social life.”

“That was my object, I confess,” said Reginald. “I felt at that time a strong desire to return to them;

but, after I had been a few months in the army, it gradually became weaker, till, at length, I abandoned the idea altogether. I had been many years estranged from them, and the whole current of my life had so long flowed in a different channel, that I feared the restraints of society would prove burdensome, and render me unhappy. There was another consideration more powerful, perhaps, than the other, but to which I had at first attached but little importance. It occurred to me that, however desirous I might feel to reappear among my relatives and friends, they might possibly view my return with feelings of pain rather than of pleasure. They had doubtless heard of the life I had been leading, and regarded me as an unworthy member of the family, who had brought disgrace upon myself and them; and I could not but believe, therefore, that they would prefer my remaining in obscurity, to thrusting myself again upon their notice. After long and mature reflection, I determined to pass the remainder of my life in seclusion."

"I think," said Henry, who now felt a deep interest in his uncle, "that you are mistaken in regard to the feelings of your friends towards you. My father"——

"You know, then, who I am?" interrupted Reginald.

"I do," replied Henry, "and I assure you that nothing would afford my father greater pleasure, than to receive you again with open arms. He knows, it is true, that, previously to entering the army, you were disreputably occupied; but if I understood him rightly, he is disposed to take some blame to himself, for having, in an unguarded moment, driven you from his presence."

"All this may be true," said Reginald, "but I have decided never to renew the intercourse with my relatives and friends. A little property, the wreck of my fortune, I still possess, and here I will

spend the remainder of my days, which, I am satisfied, will be but few. My wants are limited, and, in this lowly tenement among my books, I shall be far happier than if I should re-appear in society, without the means to support a respectable rank. No, no, Henry, your persuasion will be in vain. Let me see you, occasionally, and I shall be content."

"I regret exceedingly," said Henry, "that your resolution is taken. I had hoped to be the means of effecting a reconciliation between my father and you; as I believe it would contribute both to your happiness and to his, if past differences should be forgotten, and a fraternal intercourse renewed."

"I have no objection," said Reginald, after a few moments' pause, "to meet him here, and to assure him that notwithstanding what has occurred, my feelings towards my brother are all that they should be; but that interview must be our last."

"It will be a satisfaction to him to give you the same assurance," said Henry; "and ere long, I will come hither again, and bring him with me."

Henry passed an hour and more in conversation with his uncle, but as it turned chiefly upon the war and its consequences, and touched but slightly upon the personal adventures of either, we shall not stop to record it here. Reginald stated that his wounds had made so serious an inroad upon his health, as to disable him from continuing with the army; and that, as soon as he was able to travel, he had returned to New York, and taken up his abode in the dwelling in which he then lived. He had received one or two visits from Marriner—the only person, excepting his nephew, who had ever crossed his threshold.

After offering his services to Reginald in any way in which they would be useful, Henry returned home, and met Cato just dismounting at the door.

The object of Cato's return, as the reader will

naturally conclude, was to bear a letter to Henry from his young mistress Alice. Henry seized it with avidity and withdrew to his chamber, where, with a palpitating heart he broke the seal. He was impatient to learn the nature of the contents; for, on them he knew that his fate depended; yet it was with a feeling of dread, that he unfolded the sheet that might render miserable the whole of his future life. The suspense, which is generally more painful than the realizing of our worst fears, was of short duration. He had read but a few words when his bosom bounded with joy; for they gave him the pleasing assurance, that, whatever may have been his apprehensions, Alice was as true to him as the steel to the pole.

"It was with no small degree of pleasure," she wrote, "that I received your letter by Cato; but I confess that the feeling was soon changed into one of pain, when I learned that you had listened to the reports concerning Mr. Melville and me, and admitted to yourself that they might not be untrue. If you have not received any letters from me within the long period you name, it is not my fault; nor is it more a matter of wonder, than that none from you has reached me during the last three years. I ascribed the fact, not to any change in your affections, but to the difficulty of transmitting letters in times so deranged. I believed that, if your life were spared, you would come to me again, with a love rather strengthened, than weakened, by your long absence. Oh, why, Henry, had you not the same confidence in me? Have you yet to learn the character of her whose vow is registered in Heaven, that if not you, none should possess her hand. Need I say more to convince you, that not a day—nay, that scarcely an hour has passed since we parted, in which you have not been the subject of my thoughts?"

"It is true, Henry, that Julian Melville has long

and perseveringly sought my hand. He has been a constant visiter at the Woods, and he receives the countenance and aid of my parents, who desire his success. I have repeatedly told him, that he could meet with naught but disappointment; yet, in proportion as his prospects have become less promising, has he increased his attention, and wearied me with his importunities. He is even at this moment in the house, and when you come hither you will probably meet him. Armed with the favor of my father and mother, he deems himself at liberty to intrude himself into my presence whenever he lists; but this, I trust, will soon come to an end, and while you are here, I shall have an interval of relief. I have much more to say to you, but shall reserve it till you come. Adieu, ALICE."

This letter would have rendered Carleton's happiness perfect, had it not contained the unwelcome intelligence in regard to Julian Melville. A great load was, indeed, removed from his heart; for now he was certain that, however formidable were the obstacles that encumbered his path, promising to render the attainment of his object a matter of no easy accomplishment, Alice's love was his, and her hand unpledged to another. She was unwavering in her resolution to cling to him, and years of devotion on the part of his rival, aided by all the influence which her parents could exercise, had failed to weaken her attachment, or to shake her determination. This reflection, though his own success was doubtful, encouraged him to persevere in his suit, and he resolved to set off immediately for the Woods.

In the afternoon of the same day, he left the city followed by Cato, and, in two hours, found himself at the end of his journey. Giving the horse in charge to the negro, he walked up the little avenue that led to the front porch, and, on his way, met

Julian Melville who was returning home. They passed without a token of recognition on either side, but Henry noticed that great surprise was depicted on the countenance of his rival, who, when he arrived at the foot of the path, paused a few moments, as if he were undecided whether to go on or return. At length, he passed through the gate into the road, and was not seen again at the Woods till the following day.

Alice had expected that Henry would visit her immediately after the receipt of her note, and was sitting in the front drawing room, awaiting his arrival. The meeting of lovers, after a long separation, has been so frequently described, that we shall not weary the reader with a repetition of what passed on this occasion, between our hero and heroine. He will take it for granted, doubtless, that much was said far more interesting to them, than it can possibly be to a third party, especially after the lapse of so many years.

Mr. Stafford appeared glad to see his young friend, and told him, half in joke and half in earnest, that he would never forgive him for having assisted in securing the independence of the colonies. That gentleman, unlike Ralph Carleton, retained all his bitterness of feeling towards those whom he persisted in styling rebels; but he had the good sense, now that the result was certain, to speak but little on the subject, and to use more moderate language in reference to the successful party.

In the course of the evening, Henry and Alice had an opportunity of conversing privately, while apparently engaged in one corner of the room, examining some of her recent drawings—Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, being occupied with some neighbors, who had called to discuss, for the hundredth time, the state of the colonies and their prospects.

“Do you believe,” demanded Henry, in the course of their conversation, “that there is any

probability of your parents' consenting to our union, seeing that they are so favorable to the pretensions of Mr. Melville?"

"I cannot say that I think there is," replied Alice, "for they have set their minds upon my accepting the gentleman you have just named. I have told them, repeatedly, that their wishes can never be realized; but I have not disclosed to them that my affections are unalterably fixed in another quarter, though they suspect that such is the case, and that you are the object of them."

"I will take an early opportunity of speaking to your father on the subject, if you will permit me," said Carleton.

Alice made no reply, and Henry understood her silence to imply consent.

Miss Stafford was not aware of the extent of her father's information in regard to her attachment and partial engagement to Henry Carleton; nor did she even suspect that he could explain the cause of her letters and those of her lover, failing to meet the eyes for which they were designed.

On the following morning, Henry, seeing Mr. Stafford alone in the piazza, went to him, stated what had passed between Alice and himself, and concluded by asking his consent to their union. Mr. Stafford listened in silence, but there was a frown upon his brow which augured unfavorably. Henry saw it not without some apprehension of receiving a negative response. When he had finished, Mr. Stafford sat for some time buried in thought, and at length rose and said, "Send Alice to me in the library."

This was done, and, in a few moments, his daughter stood before him.

"What do you think, Alice," he commenced, with something of sternness in his tone, "Henry Carleton, this rebel officer, has just had the audacity

to ask my consent to his marriage with you! Have you given him any encouragement, pray?"

"I will not deny that I have," said the young lady respectfully but firmly.

"Do you love him?" demanded Mr. Stafford in a milder voice, "and would you for his sake, be willing to leave your parents and your home?"

"I confess I do love him," said Alice, with a blush, "and although I am much attached to my home and to my dear parents, yet—" here she paused and looked down.

"Yet you love Harry better than all," said Mr. Stafford with a smile. "Well, go to him, you little baggage, he continued, giving her a kiss, and say that, since you will have him, he may take you."

This, the reader may be assured she did very speedily, and, in the course of the day, Mr. Stafford himself had another interview with Henry, and confirmed the pleasing intelligence. Though for reasons already stated, he would have preferred Mr. Melville as his son-in-law, yet, on finding that a union between him and Alice could not be brought about, without doing great violence to his daughter's feelings, he concluded not to oppose her wishes, but to ratify, without a word of remonstrance, the long-standing engagement between her and Mr. Carleton.

There remain but two other characters to notice before we close, namely, the Rev. Peleg Strong and Captain Marriner. The former gentleman, when he had satisfied himself that Miss Stafford was not to be won, turned his attention, with better success, to another quarter. The lady who became his wife, was a short woman, just half her suitor's height: and as she had no eyes but for the good qualities of Mr. Strong, and being convinced, moreover, that, if she did not accept him, she would incur the hazard of passing the remainder of her life

in single blessedness, she did not wait to be twice asked, but said "Yes," to the first application for her hand, and was soon after united to the man of her choice. This worthy pair continued their visits to the Woods, and when Mr. Carleton and the clergyman met, the latter delivered himself of a long-winded sentence, in which, as nearly as the former could understand, he intended to express the great pleasure he felt at seeing his young friend after so long an absence.

Captain Marriner was taken prisoner during the war, and quartered at the house of a private gentleman of New Utrecht, having the liberty of ranging at will through the four southern towns of King's county. It is told of him, that, at one of the taverns at Flatbush, he encountered Major Sherbrook of the British army, and by his sarcastic wit, provoked him to the uttering of abusive language. After Marriner was exchanged, he determined to capture the Major and several other important personages residing at Flatbush; and, having procured a whale-boat and a crew of well-armed volunteers, he carried his design into successful execution. This was one of the numerous enterprises of a similar character in which he was engaged during the Revolution. After the war, he lived some years at Harlem, and on Ward's Island, where he was accustomed to entertain his friends, with the relation of his many hairbreadth escapes and adventures both by land and sea.

THE END.



RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

LIVES OF
THE MOST EMINENT FRENCH WRITERS,
BY MRS. SHELLEY, AND OTHERS,
Containing Fenelon, Racine, Corneille, Mirabeau, Rousseau, &c., &c.
In Two Volumes, 12mo.

TRAVELS TO THE
CITY OF THE CALIPHS,
Along the Shore of the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean, including a
Voyage to the Coast of Arabia, &c.
BY J. R. WELLSTED, F. R. S., &c.

THE TOWER OF LONDON,
BY AINSWORTH.
Illustrated by Cruikshank, in one Volume.

CARLYLE'S TRANSLATION OF GOETHE'S
WILHELM MEISTER,
In Three Volumes.

THE ABBEY AND OTHER TALES, by Mrs. Gore in 2 vols., 12mo.

THE RENUNCIATION; A Romance, by Miss Burney, in 2 vols., 12mo.

A New Edition of GREYSLAER; A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK, by Mr. Hoffman, author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," &c., &c., in 2 vols., 12mo.

SAM SLICK'S JOURNEY, by the author of "The Clock-maker," &c., in 1 vol.

JESSE'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS, including the Protectorate, complete.

THE YOUNG PRIMA DONNA, A Romance of the Opera, by Mrs. Grey, author of "The Duke," in 2 vols., 12mo.

HOWARD PINCKNEY, A Novel, by the author of "Clinton Bradshaw," &c., in 2 vols., 12mo.

QUODLIBET: A Political Satire, by Solomon Second-Thoughts, Schoolmaster, in 1 vol.

A new Edition of Lord Brougham's CELEBRATED STATESMEN OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III, in 2 vols. 12mo.

A New Edition of DUNGLISON'S NEW REMEDIES, brought up to the year 1841.

TWEEDIE'S LIBRARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, Vol. 1, containing Dissertations on Fevers, General Pathology, Inflammation, Diseases of the Skin, &c. Vol. 2, containing Diseases of the Nervous System, with American Notes and Additions, by Dr. Gerhard. Vol. 3, containing Diseases of the Organs of Respiration, with American Notes and Additions, by Dr. Gerhard. Each volume is complete within itself, and will be sold separately.

No. 1 of the New Series of THE AMERICAN MEDICAL JOURNAL. Subscription price, 5 dollars per annum, payable in advance.

A new Edition revised and corrected with an index to the volumes of COOPER'S NAVAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the earliest period to the closing of the last war, in 2 handsome volumes, bound in embossed cloth.

A new, beautiful, and complete edition of the works of MRS. HEMANS, with a portrait of the authoress, a memoir by her sister, and an essay on her genius by Mrs. Sigourney, printed on fine paper, and handsomely bound in embossed cloth, or extra binding.

A new and handsome edition of IRVING'S WORKS, containing all his earlier writings, 2 vols. super royal 8vo.

THE YOUTH OF SHAKSPEARE, by the author of Shakspeare and his friends.

INGLIS'S RAMBLES IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTTE.

PATCH WORK, by Captain Basil Hall, in 2 vols.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE, by Mrs. Austin in 2 vols.

THE DOWAGER, a Novel by Mrs. Gore, 2 vols. 12mo.

THE KINSMAN, by the author of Guy Rivers, in 2 vols. 12mo.

SKETCHES OF CONSPICUOUS LIVING CHARACTERS OF FRANCE, with a Portrait of Thiers, translated by R. M. Walsh, in 1 vol. 12mo.

RANKE'S HISTORY OF THE POPES OF ROME, translated from the German by Sarah Austin, 2 vols. 8vo.

[REDACTED]





1936

